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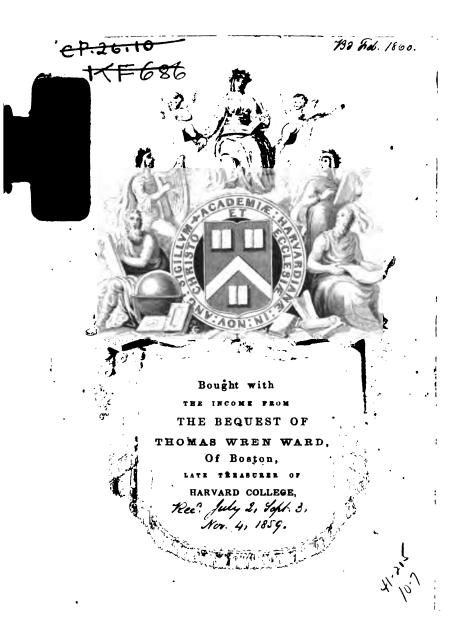
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THE

# CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

## VOLUME LXVII.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME V.

JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1859.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, . . . . verus philosophus est amator Del." — Sr. Augustava.

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# The Christian Examiner.

#### EDITORS.

REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D., BROOKLINE, MASS. REV. E. E. HALE, BOSTON.

#### - NOTE TO A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

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# CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

### JULY, 1859.

ART. I.—ASIATIC CIVILIZATION.

- 1. NIEBUHR'S Lectures on Ancient History. 3 vols. 1852.
- 2. MARCO POLO. [Hugh Murray's Edition.] 1845.
- 3. Du Halde's China. 4 vols. 1736.
- 4. TAVERNIER'S Travels in Persia and India. Folio. 1678.
- Travels of Mirza Itesa Modeen [a Mohammedan of Bengal]. 1827.
- 6. Residence of Two and a Half Years in Great Britain. By Now-RAJEE and MERWANJEE, of Bombay. 1841.
- 7. British India, its Races and History. By J. M. Ludlow. 1858.
- 8. New York to Delhi. By R. B. MINTURN, JR. 1858.

It is a common notion that all civilizations flourish and culminate, then decay and perish. In a sense this is true; but in a better sense no civilization perishes; it only transmigrates into another civilization, and thus lives in spirit, though dead in form. We are drinking from the old fountains of Memphis, Thebes, Babylon, Persepolis, Jerusalem, Tyre, Athens, Rome, as truly as from the modern springs in England, France, and Germany. Some of our most popular ideas were brought by the Jews from the Euphrates, and, still earlier, from the Nile. China and India, which continue to this time, are not better than Egypt and Assyria, which have passed away; to us, indeed, not so good, since we inherit the wealth of the latter, while the former live on, destined possibly to inherit ours, — thus completing the great circle. must," says Hegel, "banish from our minds the prejudice in favor of duration, as if it had any advantage as compared with

transience: the imperishable mountains are not superior to the quickly dismantled rose, exhaling its life in fragrance."

The great civilizers have been language, religion, war, agriculture, manufactures, commerce, government, art, literature, science. As secondary means of civilization, we may enumerate family, poetry, law, theology, migration, nationality, colonization, philosophy, churches, schools, mental and political freedom, journalism, travelling. Some of these are only specific forms of the general or primary instruments of progress. Classifying these primary and secondary means of civilization according to their order of development, so far as this can be done where there is so much variety and seeming irregularity in the order of progression, our chart of human development will stand somewhat thus: in the primitive or wild state of man, anterior to all history and all states of society now existing, (with a few obscure exceptions among the Asiatic islands and hill-tribes,) there are to be found language, family, and probably worship; war may be regarded as the transition from the wild to the savage state, followed by poetry and law in their ruder forms; agriculture and government, accompanied by manufactures, trading, migration, law, theology, churches, show themselves more or less in the barbarous state; civilization comes with commerce, art, nationality, colonization, literature, philosophy; science introduces and ennobles the enlightened state, which is also characterized by schools, travelling, journalism, intellectual freedom, leading to liberty of all sorts. We have placed war among the promoters of civilization, while sympathizing also with the Peace Society, though not to the extent of general non-resistance, which would make civilization impossible. In the early stages of society, war teaches men to combine for a common purpose; and in the more advanced stages it is not unfrequently a scourge and corrector of greater evils than itself, like the thunder and the tornado clearing the atmosphere. It has helped to create civilization, it is still needed to maintain it. Mormonism, polygamy, and free-loveism need not frighten us with the notion that family and monogamy are in danger of perishing; a little attention to history will dissipate such fears. Religion is one of the most powerful civilizers in certain phases

of development. In Hinduism, Judaism, Islamism, and the Mediæval development, it ranks as the foremost agency. Among the Greeks and Romans, through large portions of their respective histories, it was secondary. In modern Europe, since the rise of the inductive sciences, it has been thrown into the background; greatly improved and still improving (especially in the subjective), essential to the well-being of man, ever prominent as an effect, it has ceased to be powerful as a cause, — it no longer leads, but is led. So manifest is this retirement of religion and metaphysical philosophy from the front rank, that Comte, with apparent, and only apparent reason, infers the ultimate extinction of one of the noblest human intuitions. It is among the possibilities certainly, that, in the far on ages of the future, religion may again take its turn of leading the march of civilization. Humboldt, Herschel, and Agassiz may retire for a time from the leadership, to let Socrates, Paul, and Luther come forward again. Priest, lawgiver, prophet, martyr, conqueror, poet, artist, orator, philosopher, man of science, - all have their times and turns. Science is now the great primary influence; literature, (including journalism), commerce, schools, colonization, liberty, are powerful secondary influences. Government, though a potent civilizer at times, by its antagonisms, internal and external, as well as by direct influences, has perhaps been somewhat overrated. Nationality, which we sometimes include in the idea of government, is a compound development, evolved out of race, language, religion, government, and geographical position, and, when well constituted, is one of the most efficient agencies of human progress; as may be seen in the case of the Romans, the French, the English, the Americans, and perhaps we may add the Russians. Language has much to do with human improvement; it is the record and index of the quality, direction, and power of a civilization, - the conservator of its results, the stimulator of its progress. Chinese civilization, however, presents an instance of a people who have attained a respectable position while held back by one of the poorest of languages.

In what we have been saying thus far, we may be thought to treat man himself as a constant quantity, uniform in his capacities throughout all his races. But this is far from being our idea; we believe that race modifies, promotes, limits civilization in various ways, and very powerfully.\*

Some writers, starting with the commonly received idea that there is a tendency in man to civilization, have pushed the idea so far as to suppose that man, in all his races and all his circumstances, will rise, unhelped, into civilization, if only allowed time enough. Facts seem to forbid so broad a conclusion. Those nomadic races that have roamed from time immemorial over the steppes of Asia, from Poland to the Pacific, though often affording excellent raw material of humanity for the civilized races to work up into valuable results, have never risen, unassisted, out of the barbarism of their native plains. What the Scythians were in the most ancient times they still remain, with no change except that of their name into Tartars,

Niebuhr thinks that in the dawn of human development there are "manifest traces of the education of our race by God's direct guidance" through instinct. He says the working in metals could not have occurred to man had he not been guided by instinct. "At a later period, man was guided by analogy and combination, and the inward higher voice of instinct became weaker and weaker, the more the reasoning powers were developed." (Lectures, Vol. I. p. 50.) We would ask whether there may not be Divine guidance through intellect, as well as through instinct? In the same paragraph he says, "God made direct provisions for all: real wheat to the Asiatics, and maize to the Americans." Besides the wheat civilizations, — Chinese, Hindu, Mohammedan, and European, — and those of maize, — Mexican and Peruvian, — he might have referred to those of rice, — Javanese, Ceylonese, Tamul, Bengali, Burmese, Siamese, Bugis.

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Buckle, in his History of Civilization in England (the great merits as well as great defects of which were pointed out in the Christian Examiner for March, 1858, Art. IV.), sometimes overlooks, sometimes denies, the influence of race. In our chart of civilization, which differs considerably from his, we gratefully acknowledge the instruction derived from his book; but we should have been better pleased, if, instead of saying, as he does, that European progress "is entirely due to intellectual activity" (p. 162), he had been content to affirm that it is mainly due to that cause. He overrates, we think, the importance of the understanding, and the influence of knowledge, as distinguished from the discipline afforded by its acquisition; while he underrates the imagination and its products, art, poetry, heroism, worship. As a book to stimulate the mind of the student of history, it may be compared with the writings of Carlyle in general literature. The notes and references are alone a mine of wealth to students who do not already know everything, as would seem to be the happy lot of some of his critics. In speaking of India he follows Mill too closely, and gives too little heed to his able commentator, Wilson, whose more favorable opinion of the Hindus is based on far more extensive information, and also on long personal observation. He seems even to have imbibed the notorious prejudices of Mill against the Hindus.

which the superstitious writers of the Middle Ages are said to have derived from Tartarus; their fears suggesting an origin so formidable. Other races, like the Malays, rise to a certain point in semi-civilization, then pause, and then decline, as if the limited capacity of the race for elevation were exhausted. In still other races the tendency to rise has been so weak, that the contact and example of civilized races have produced first despair, next debasement, then extinction. Some of the American tribes are instances of this kind; Eliot's Bible. which no one now can read, testifies of an extinct tribe and a lost language. We therefore state our conclusion thus, that civilization is the product of the best races in the best circumstances. As in every acorn there lives a possible oak, a tendency to expand into the monarch of the forest, though only a few acorns, comparatively, grow into actual oaks, so in human nature there is everywhere a tendency upward, yet only here and there, where all things in man and around him are favorable, does he germinate and bloom into civilization.

A different class of writers, fixing their attention too exclusively on the stationary and retrograde races, limited also by the requirements of their theology, have concluded that the tendency of man is not upward, but downward, to degradation and ruin. To account for civilization these writers bring in miraculous and supernatural agencies, and introduce logical methods which strike at the root of all science. Their logic would prove, that because ninety-nine acorns out of a hundred decay and perish, therefore the tendency of acorns is downward and oaks are supernatural.\*

<sup>\*</sup> One of the best writers of this school, Dr. Bushnell, in his "Nature and the Supernatural," makes his definition of the supernatural so broad as to include in it man, and all his voluntary doings, consequently, as we suppose, all civilization. Nothing is gained to his argument by this peculiar use of language, though in the confusion thus occasioned there may sometimes be a seeming help to his theory. He says, "All God's works, even such as are most distinctly supernatural, are determined by fixed laws." (p. 270.) From this, taken in conjunction with facts of history and observation universally admitted, it follows that there is a tendency of some sort (call it natural or supernatural), according to fixed laws, upward; and so disputes about human development and regeneration become in a great measure verbal, or rather they tend toward ultimate harmony. He also says, "Pantheism has a great truth, and is even wanted as a balance of rectification to the common error which places God afar off, outside of his works." (p. 30.) True; yet one of the faults

If we seem to be approaching Asiatic civilization slowly, it should be remembered that the subject is a broad one, leading us necessarily over almost the whole field of human development, though we aim to be as general and brief as consists with definite thought. Our attention will soon be directed chiefly to the civilizations of the Chinese, the Hindus, and the Mohammedans; the other civilizations of Asia - Assyrian, Persian, Phænician, Hebrew - having directed their currents, in great measure, westward, to swell that vast stream of human improvement which it is our privilege to call our own, under the designation of European civilization. To this last, in its various steps of progress and change, it will be necessary to refer, from time to time, as a standard of measurement. For in order clearly to understand either of the four great civilizations which now fill the world, we need to understand all, - sufficiently, at least, to be able to compare them together and measure them by each other; and not only so, but we should understand the civilizations that have passed away. It will be seen that we are using the term civilization, without attempting a definition, in its broad and popular sense, as including every form of improvement, individual or social, physical or intellectual, religious or scientific.

We encounter a serious difficulty in the want of a definite standard by which to measure and appreciate other and very

The more intense and decided advocates of the downward theory paint a most repulsive picture of human tendency and destiny. Their very light is darkness. Even what they call Christianity is an eclipse; and civilization is the penumbra of mitigated gloom, surrounding their circle of deeper darkness, escape out of their sanctuary into what they call the world being relief. Such a system has one advantage, — all changes are for the better.

of the book is precisely this, that it labors frequently (not always) to place God outside of his works, to unspiritualize Nature, to make it "a machine compounded of wheels," "a realm played upon by forces of mischief,"—thus robbing the material universe of its charm, a pervading Deity. Sometimes, and particularly in the last chapter but one, he sinks into conclusions—the natural fruit of all such theories—which seem to have been rather startling even to himself, for he frankly declares, "I do not seem to be as positive and full in the faith on this subject as I ought to be." (p. 491.) Notwithstanding these defects, the considerate reader will be thankful for this remarkable volume. Its very errors will be a serviceable passport to introduce its truths to a wide circle of minds that would reject the truths if they came alone. We say this by the way, in anticipation of yet more complete review of it.

different races and civilizations. The traveller, or merchant, or missionary, who carries with him only his European or American scale to apply to Asiatics, gives us a report as incorrect as it is honest. Everything he sees is distorted by his point of view, even if not by his prejudices also. And when we come to read the report, we add our own prejudices and ignorances to distort the view still more. At the best, and when on the spot as travellers to see with our own eyes, we are beset with obstacles to clear vision. Our position is like that of the rich man's son, when attempting to compare his own attainments and dignity with those of the toiling multitudes around him; his palace, his pictures, his horses, his whims, his fastidiousness, blind him, so that he cannot see the dignity and wisdom, and even refinement, that are living in the poorest streets and on the coarsest fare. Many a traveller, looking on the poverty of the Hindus and Arabs, their simple habits, their cheap and often scanty covering, turns away, sad or sneering, according as his way may be, and asks if civilization can do without forks and stockings, and even go barefoot; forgetting that Socrates, the grand old Greek, went barefoot, and in a climate requiring shoes and stockings much more than Southern Asia. As to forks, it is only a few centuries since the Italians invented them; Dante, Cicero. Pericles, even Alcibiades, cynosure of delicate eyes, having eaten with their fingers: forks had not reached England when Shakespeare wrote Hamlet, and were only beginning to come in when Bacon published the Great Instauration; so that high intellectual development and refined fingers had a fair start together. It was then or a little earlier that our Europeanism fairly began. Before, we were, like the Asiatics, civilized, but not yet enlightened. As one of the best ways of curing the rich young man of his conceit is to direct his attention backward to his honored father and grandfather, whose toil and penury accumulated the advantages he misunderstands, so it is a good way to cure ourselves of our European conceit, to go back to the fifteenth century, when Europe had scarcely reached the highest Asiatic standard, and then still further back, to the tenth century, when Europe was so decidedly below Asia. So low indeed had Europe then sunk.

that it is a wonder how we ever came up out of so great barbarism and superstition. Of Asiatics it should be remembered that they have never known any great retrograde movement like our "Dark Ages"; the Chinese and Hindus once civilized having always remained civilized. We are too forgetful of our own history, our haltings and backslidings. A little looking back upon our course, so marked by barbarisms, delusions, cruelties, inquisitions, slavery, ought to shame us out of the folly of despising Asiatics because we happen for the present to have outmarched them. Only a hundred years ago, Scotland, one of the glories of our modern world, "was a poor and haggard country"; "without roads"; wheat almost unknown; "manure, when used, carried to the field on the back of the crofter's wife"; one coach only to London, starting once a month, "and the journey occupying from fifteen to eighteen days"; Sir Walter Scott knowing "a man who remembered the London post-bag, which contained the letters of all England to all Scotland, arriving in Edinburgh with only one letter."\* If the progress of Scotland in a hundred years has been prodigious, Asiatic history has at least one passage that is more than a match for it. In the seventh century, unlettered Arabs, half unconsciously, formed the plan of launching upon the world a manlier religion than that mixture of Judaism and Paganism which then was struggling doubtfully, almost hopelessly, under the name of Christianity, but with too little as yet of the spirit of Christ to rescue and reconstruct the wrecked and sinking fragments of the old civilizations. In seventy years they achieved, though with sublime one-sidedness, their great work, - greater than anything done by Alexander or Cæsar or Napoleon, - and then went on to build up a civilization almost rivalling that of the Greeks. For five hundred years they took their turn of being the foremost people of the world. They were the teachers of Europe when we most needed instruction. They stimulated us by their antagonism, as well as by their example. Wise helpers in peace, high-minded enemies in war, they fought and taught us till they made men of us.

<sup>\*</sup> London Quarterly Review for October, 1858, Art. IV. p. 231.

relumed our lamp when it was going utterly out. We went to that strange school, the Crusades, superstitious and fanatical, and came back wiser and calmer, with heroism not extinguished, but rationalized and ennobled. We owe them a debt which most of our historians (Sismondi is an exception\*) are slow to acknowledge.

Perhaps the best common ground to start from in our comparisons of Asia with Europe, is that of the fourteenth century, when Europeans, Arabians, Persians, Hindus, and Chinese were all at nearly the same stage of advancement. And to get a tolerably clear idea of the common people of the fourteenth century, we have but to consider that the common people of Naples and of modern Greece will represent them sufficiently well. The Neapolitans and Greeks are abundantly provided with that duplicity toward superiors and toward foreigners, which is so annoying to Europeans in Asia, particularly to honest and truth-telling Englishmen, who in their impatience and disgust, not to say proud insularity, overlook the fact that lying and cheating are the developments of certain stages of immature and arrested civilization, and a compensating protection against the insolence and blundering injustice we are so apt to mete out to inferiors. Besides, we see but one side, and the worst side, of Greeks, Hindoos, and Chinese, and can find the same or similar vices elsewhere, in past and present, by a little searching and a good deal of candor. In all countries and ages, the educated and rich, while overrating the knowledge and goodness of their country and their church, are too ready to underrate the virtue and capacity of the poor and ignorant, when of another race, or another language, or another religion, or another color. A portion of the present peasantry of even France, England, and Germany, differ but little from the same class as they were four or five hundred years ago. The French habitans of Canada are a similar specimen, nearer to us and well deserving our study, which, if unprejudiced, will bring to light, in the midst of great ignorance and superstition, virtues and capabilities we little suspected. Our knowledge of the small intellectual class in Asia and Europe in past times, and in

<sup>\*</sup> Also Heeren.

Asia down to the present time, must come mostly from books, in using which we must be on our guard against the prejudices of the writers, as well as against our own prejudice and ignorance. The more also we can multiply and improve and diversify our points of view, the better. The best books for our purpose are those written by Asiatics themselves.

Partly, then, by going back to the time when Asia and Europe stood on nearly the same plane of attainment; partly by going down in our observations to the present peasantry. more especially of Eastern Europe; partly by help from books, we may institute comparisons that will not, or at least need not, mislead us. Even a century later than the fourteenth, when European progress began to require the printingpress and the discovery of a new continent, it requires an eye that looks below the surface to discern the commencing superiority of Europe. But from that time onward, while Asia has been nearly stationary, Europe, except a portion of the peasantry, so slow to move, has strode forward astonishingly, by means of developments in political liberty, freedom of thought in religion, and most of all by progress in science. It should not be wholly forgotten, that so late as the sixteenth century, that illustrious period when Europeanism was girding itself so grandly for an unparalleled destiny, three of the greatest sovereigns and governments of the century were Asiatic, - Akbar of India, Abbas of Persia, and Soliman the Magnificent of Turkey. The last two, it is true, tarnished their great qualities by great crimes; but these are half forgotten when we turn to the contemporary history of the West. and read of Henry VIII., murderer of wife after wife, of Philip II., unequalled ecclesiastical and theological tyrant, of the St. Bartholomew butcheries in France, with the consequent Te Deum in St. Peter's. The name of Akbar is a glory to any civilization that can claim it. His imperishable fame must be divided between the Mohammedans and the Hindus. The greatest and best contemporary monarchs of the West, Elizabeth and Henry IV., much as we would honor them with our gratitude, must yield the palm to Akbar. With the foregoing hints to aid us in our comparisons and judgments. we proceed to a more detailed, yet rapid, survey of our wide field.

The human race or races (for we cannot delay upon the question whether there was one Adam or many) rose out of barbarism into civilization in at least four distinct localities, between the parallels of 25° and 35°, and on fertile plains watered by great rivers. On the Nile, on the Euphrates, on the Indus and Ganges, and along the two great rivers of China, the tillers of the earth, aided by soil and sun and river, were able to produce more food than was needed for themselves, and so a class of men could be spared to turn their attention to other things than the production of the necessaries of life. Thus in those four productive regions men proceeded on their upward course. We mean their upward course from barbarism. How they reached the barbarous state from the savage, and how the savage from the wild, are questions not specially contemplated by our present inquiry. Questions, therefore, respecting the Aryans, the supposed starting-point of the Hindus and Persians, and even of the Greeks and Germans, and respecting the origin of the Chinese, and the Asiatic origin of the Egyptians, are excluded from our plan.

Of all the present civilizations of the world, the Chinese is the most independent and homogeneous. A great people, secluded from the rest of mankind by mountains, deserts, and remoteness, have been left from the first, so far as appears, to their own unaided resources, save as helped by the Supreme Helper of all. It is, then, a strictly self-made, self-evolved civilization. Giving to this fact its due weight, the result seems remarkable and encouraging. We might incline to attribute to them, as to the Greeks, some superiority of race, but for the sad inferiority of their language. It could never be that a superior race should contrive, or be content with, so poor an instrument of communication and culture. The conclusion therefore must be, not a superiority, but a peculiarity of race; and probably such a peculiarity as implies inferiority. There is in the Chinese a marked deficiency of imagination, - too little of the ideal, too much of the practical. Looking at their language, it is difficult to understand how they have risen by it out of barbarism. Can it be, that, without clearness and flexibility of expression and well-defined thought, men can

advance on the path of improvement by some half-blind method intermediate between instinct and thought? Or may some strengthening of the will serve as a compensation for a deficiency in an important intellectual faculty? Or is the Chinese imagination of such peculiar constitution that it only slumbers, waiting for its century of blossoming? Or are the Chinese and their language destined, like the Egyptians and their hieroglyphics, the Assyrians and their cuneiform letters. to pass away, leaving us another problem to wonder over and study out? Whatever our impression respecting the Chinese and their destiny, we can hardly fail of an encouraging conclusion, from their experiment, concerning human nature and destiny in general. For here is an unseconded race, slow and plodding, believers only in tradition and old custom, hindered by the most unwieldy of languages, with no discoverable compensating advantages, yet pushing their way upward to civilization at a very early period, and holding their ground steadfastly against all enemies from within or without. Repeatedly subdued by Northern barbarians, they have always civilized their conquerors, and still pursued their undeviating march. Wonderful indeed must be the energy and tenacity of man, his ability to subdue nature, his skill to use and evade circumstances, his nearness to the Unseen Guidance and his alliance with the Infinite Strength; so that everywhere and always there may be hope and work and progress, eternal prophecy of the Future where all faith is in the Past; as if the personal and impersonal were rounded into one, Asiatic Pantheism and European Theism flowing into and complementing each other; and as if the energy and rapidity of Europe, the slowness and tenacity of Asia, the high and low tides of the one, the almost tidelessness of the other, might all coalesce and contribute to the nobility of man.

The Chinese seem to have owed their civilization chiefly to agriculture, government, morality, manufactures, commerce, and schools. No people have owed so little to worship, theology, war, poetry, and art. Marco Polo, contemporary of Dante and Giotto, the Herodotus of the Middle Ages, as Ritter calls him, going to China from what was then the foremost country of Europe, uniformly speaks of the Chinese and their

civilization with respect, sometimes with admiration. He evidently looked upon them, in all except religion, as more advanced than his countrymen, the Italians. "Riding through Cathay you find always handsome cities and castles, abundance of arts and merchandise, fine inns, trees, vines, and a civilized people."\*

The civilization of Japan, so similar to that of China, does not require special notice in a survey so general. Passing from the Chinese to the Hindus, we have one of the most remarkable contrasts to be found in the whole circle of human development. If, in judging of these two races by our standard, we discover in the Chinese a deficiency of imagination, we perceive in the Hindus an excess of the same faculty. We thus have the mind of man poised on three different

<sup>\*</sup> Murray's Marco Polo, Part I. XXXV. He also says: "The houses of the citizens are well built, and richly adorned with carving, in which, as well as in painting and ornamental buildings, they take great delight, and lavish enormous sums. Their natural disposition is pacific, and the example of their former unwarlike kings has accustomed them to live in tranquillity. They keep no arms in their houses, and are unacquainted with their use. Their mercantile transactions are conducted in a manner perfectly upright and honorable. They also behave in a friendly manner to each other, so that the inhabitants of the same neighborhood appear like one family. In their domestic relations they show no jealousy or suspicion of their wives, but treat them with great respect. Any one would be held as infamous that should address indecent expressions to married women. They behave with cordiality to strangers who visit the city for commercial purposes, hospitably entertain them, and afford their best assistance in their business. On the other hand, they hate the very sight of soldiers." (172. Part I. LXXV.) This pleasing picture, painted five hundred years ago, is known by the traveller of to-day in China and Italy to be perfectly faithful, and, making due allowance for the Italian stand-point of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, not highly colored in any respect. Polo several times speaks of paper money, which seems to have been invented by the Chinese. Of Fugui (Fuchow, probably) he says: "The people have abundance of all things necessary for subsistence, fine gardens with good fruit; and the city is sounderfully well ordered in all respects." (LXXX.) Of Kinsai (Hangchow) he writes: "I will tell you all its nobleness, for without doubt it is the largest city in the world." There is "a palace of the king, the noblest and most beautiful in the world." (LXXIV.) He often commends the Chinese for cleanliness. The European or American of the present day finds them a filthy people; not because there has been a change in the Chinese in this matter, but a great improvement among ourselves. We may thus use the Chinese as a metre to measure our own progress in other things besides cleanliness. Infanticide is not to be taken as proof of peculiar cruelty in the Chinese. Making suitable allowance for over-population, it may be questioned whether the Chinese are much worse in this respect than Christian nations.

pivots, balanced according to three different degrees of that faculty which philosophers tell us "is the great spring of human activity and the principal source of human improvement."\* But let us not too hastily conclude that our proportion of imagination is alone good, our balance of faculties alone safe, our pivot the only one in the heart of which wisdom dwells. To most observers, perhaps to all observers at first, the Hindus seem inferior to the Chinese. In all externals, except grace of manners and cleanliness, the Chinese make the most favorable impression upon strangers. They live in better houses; wear costlier, though less becoming, garments; have more thrift and comfort and wealth. Like many of the aristocratic families of Europe, and like much of the fashionable society of all countries, the Hindus have a bad habit of running in debt and keeping in debt. This is a chronic evil in Hindustan, and the parent of other evils. Money-lenders abound; borrowers superabound. This habit is so inveterate, so interwoven with all business and society, that the English have hitherto found it as unmanageable as caste itself. Oppressive taxation from time immemorial has induced this habit on the part of the many, and that of hoarding on the part of the few. To make the matter worse, the English have introduced the European custom of government debt; so that all India, from the Coolie upward, is doubly enslaved by debt and caste,all freedom, private and public, spiritual and material, mortgaged over and over; - a bad condition of things, though not worse than can be found, in one form or another, in many civilized countries, while the evils of barbarism are worse, and those of the savage state much worse. By fixing the eye exclusively on the evils of the world, from a single point of view, in any age or country, it is easy for even a wise man to lose half his wisdom and all his patience. Accordingly Mr. Minturn, author of one of the books on our list, though a catholic, careful, and intelligent observer, has sometimes shown himself too severe a critic of the Hindus, too much disposed to prefer the thrifty Chinese, too ready to adopt the prejudices of the patriotic and gentlemanly, rather than

<sup>\*</sup> Dugald Stewart, Philosophy of the Human Mind, Chap. VII. Sec. VI.

philosophic, mess-tables to which he was welcomed. The traveller may be pardoned for being biassed by the opinions of society so hospitable, manly, and intelligent as that of the Anglo-Indians. In previous numbers of the Examiner we have spoken of the English in India with admiration. This admiration was appropriate when Englishmen, taken by surprise in the midst of their lordly and luxurious living, the claret circulating and the punkah swinging, were the next moment at their posts to prove, by achievement and endurance, that England could be as grand and heroic under Havelock and the Lawrences, as ever before under Wellington and Marlborough, the Henrys and the Edwards. But English heroes, as well as all other heroes, have their faults, which must be mentioned, since justice to Asiatics requires it. It now turns out that the barbarities of the Hindus, proclaimed so loudly throughout the civilized world, were greatly exaggerated, and that the subsequent barbarities of the English were greater and less excusable. Furthermore, it now appears that English insolence was one of the chief causes of the revolt. Evidence of these statements has been furnished abundantly by the English press and Parliament. Not as a digression, but in order that we may remove some of that prejudice through which the Hindu and Mohammedan civilizations are commonly viewed, we shall give a few quotations, to show that the enlightened world was too hasty in concluding that cruelty and barbarism had died out of Christian civilization, and lived only in heathen. We are not without hope that the tide is beginning to turn, and that, in a generation or two more, Europeans and Americans will look upon Asiatics with candor, and Christians judge of Pagans and Mohammedans with charity. Yet perhaps we are too hopeful; it has been truly remarked, that "as our civilization and refinement increase, we look with more abhorrence upon any departure from our confirmed habits and prejudices." The London Quarterly Review, in an able article on British India, (July, 1858,) says:-

"Young men [Indians] who have received an education, and have passed an examination scarcely inferior in the variety and difficulty of its subjects to those of our English Universities, are treated with haughty contempt, or, at best, with condescending civility, by a youth

fresh from an English school, who has just managed, by cramming or interest, to get an Indian appointment, and who is taught, the moment he puts his foot on Indian ground, to look upon the 'niggers' as of a race so inferior in every respect to himself, that contact with them amounts almost to contamination. And yet these 'niggers' are men of very subtle intellect, of great reasoning powers, and of extraordinary aptitude for acquiring knowledge. No race, perhaps, shows a higher intellectual development than the Brahmins of Western India or the higher castes of Bengal. Their thirst after knowledge - whether for its own sake or for the object of obtaining employment — is unbounded. . . . . Our English mode of life, our dress, our food, and our habits are neither suited to the climate nor the people. . . . . . There is no sympathy between us; we have no common interests, affections, or pleasures; we treat them with an overbearing insolence, a haughty contempt, or an insulting indifference. They are too generally addressed in terms of the grossest abuse. . . . . The oft-repeated Anglo-Saxon assertion, that natives are unfit, by the absence of the necessary intellectual and moral qualities, to take a share in the government of the country, is rendered absurd, as much by the instances of the great men who ruled India under the ancient native dynasties as by those of Dinker Rao, Salar Jung, and other living statesmen, who have shown no less integrity in administration than wisdom in legislation." рр. 130, 129, 132.

These quotations we make not to cast reproach upon the English,—very far otherwise. Americans in the same circumstances would be no better, and in somewhat similar circumstances, where slavery prevails, often dishonor our common human nature by worse manifestations. Bad systems—despotism and slavery—will make even high-minded men brutal.

That our proofs may not be confined to one period or to one phase of things, we go back for a moment in our quotations to the evidence given before Parliament in 1813, when Sir Thomas Munro, that great statesman and good man, who drew to himself the affection and reverence of the multitudes of Asiatics and Europeans who knew him, bears the following strong testimony to the character and civilization of the Hindus:—

"If a good system of agriculture, unrivalled manufacturing skill, a capacity to produce whatever can contribute to either convenience or luxury, schools established in every village for teaching reading, writ-

ing, and arithmetic, the general practice of hospitality and charity amongst each other, and, above all, a treatment of the female sex full of confidence, respect, and delicacy, are among the signs which denote a civilized people,—then the Hindus are not inferior to the nations of Europe; and, if civilization is to become an article of trade between the two countries, I am convinced that this country will gain by the import cargo."—Mill and Wilson's India, edition of 1858, p. 371.

Warren Hastings, on the same occasion, said: -

"Great pains have been taken to inoculate into the public mind an opinion, that the native Indians are in a state of complete moral turpitude. I affirm by the oath that I have taken, that this description of them is wholly unfounded. . . . . . They are gentle, benevolent, more susceptible of gratitude for kindness shown them than prompted to vengeance for wrongs inflicted, and as exempt from the worst propensities of human passion as any people upon the face of the earth; they are superstitious, it is true, but they do not think ill of us for not thinking as they do. Gross as the modes of their worship are, the precepts of their religion are wonderfully fitted to promote the best ends of society, its peace and good order. . . . . They possess in a very high degree the principles of gratitude, affection, honor, and justice."—

Ibid., p. 372.

The North British Review, which on points of religious orthodoxy will be received as good authority, says: "The Hindus can no longer be regarded as mere ignorant and fanatical worshippers of stocks and stones. In this country Christian writers have not hitherto done justice to heathenism." Sir Charles Napier said of the Indian army: "If these sepoys were not the best men in the world, they would give their commander much trouble." He could "never think of them but with respect and admiration." He calls "the manners of both armies"—the Queen's and the Company's—"toward natives of all ranks, a vulgar bahaudering." Such deeds were done as made him wonder that England held India a year. Lutfullah, a Mohammedan gentleman of India who travelled in Europe, remarked, with Asiatic keenness, that "the more you proceed on toward England, the more you find the English people endowed with politeness and courtesy."\*

We come now to quotations fitted to make the ears of Anglo-

<sup>\*</sup> Lutfullah's Travels, p. 876.

Saxon Christians tingle. Captain Hervey, in 1850, speaks of "the harsh measures of all classes of Europeans towards na-The very brutes are not so treated. To maltreat a native is considered a meritorious act." He quotes the remarks of respectable natives in regard to our religion: "You call yourselves Christians, you profess temperance, soberness, and chastity; you preach against idolatry. Where is your temperance? you are always drinking! Where is your chastity? Whom do you worship? Not God surely. Your belly is your God; vanity and self-indulgence your worship; and your religion is nothing." The Calcutta Conference of Missionaries, in 1855, say: "The ryots generally believe that the Christian religion consists in having no caste, that is, no selfrespect, in eating and drinking freely, and in trampling upon the social, political, and religious rights of the 'niggers.'"\*

After the taking of Delhi, an officer wrote to the Bombay Times:—

"Many will be glad to learn that women and children are suffered to go unmolested. This was a stretch of mercy I should not have been prepared to make, had I a voice in the matter. . . . . All the city people found within the walls when our troops entered were bayoneted on the spot, and the number was considerable, as you may suppose, when I tell you that in some houses forty or fifty persons were hiding. These were not mutineers, but residents of the city, who trusted to our well-known mild rule for pardon. I am glad to say they were disappointed."

And this in the nineteenth century of Christ, among the most Christian of the Christian nations! Let us not speak of Asiatic cruelty, of heathen bloodthirstiness. Mr. Ludlow himself says:—

"A relation of mine wrote to me from India only the other day, that he had known a European officer who kept an orderly for the sole purpose of thrashing his native servants; that another was recently tried for beating his orderly because he did not thrash his servants hard enough. Another relative of mine, an officer in a Bombay regiment, wrote lately in terms of just disgust at the conduct of the young officers of his corps towards their native servants, — maltreating them,

<sup>\*</sup> For this last quotation, and for several others, we are indebted to the valuable Lectures of J. H. Ludlow, Vol. II. pp. 355-365.

leaving their wages unpaid for a twelvemonth, — and yet some of these men were so faithful, that they would pawn their own clothes to procure grain for their master's horses."

#### Another witness declares: -

"If a man who left India thirty years ago were now to revisit it, he would scarcely credit the change he would universally witness in the treatment of the natives, high and low. The English were not then absolute masters everywhere. Now they are."

Alas! it is a fearful thing for any of us to be intrusted with unlimited power. Besides, the Anglo-Saxon race, wherever found, manifest a peculiar scorn of the dark races and their Whatever advantages of race or culture or peculiarities. religion we may possess, freedom from prejudice is not among them. We persist in holding that all good things are of one kind and fashion, and that our own. We cannot easily admit that there may be more than one good color for the skin, more than one good form of government, more than one style of beauty, more than one good religion, more than one commendable routine of manners and customs. Even in food we have our prejudices. This was ludicrously shown in the case of an English lady, long absent from England, who, on returning, wept to find she had lost the taste for roast-beef. Lesson upon lesson we must have before we can so far rid ourselves of prejudice as to do justice to Asiatics. And when we partially succeed in curing ourselves of this prejudice, we are suspected of degeneracy. Strange to say, the prejudice of race and religion seems strongest among those who hold it as a sacred dogma, that all races originated in Adam, and that all the sound morality and theology found among the Chinese, Hindus, and Persians came, in some way, from our Bible. It should seem to be a legitimate inference from such a creed, that all men are brethren, and that all religions are related, and therefore to be treated tenderly, - at least fairly.

The basis of Hindu civilization is broader than that of the Chinese. Besides agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, which belong to the two in common, to an extent not equalled in Europe till the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Hindu civilization has been eminently aided by

worship, war, and poetry, - helps to which China has owed little. In government the Hindus have been weak, except in the local governments of villages, while the Chinese have been strong. In philosophy the Chinese have been respectable, the Hindus highly so. In language, a higher instrument of civilization, the Hindus have been very strong, the Chinese very weak. In morality, the four civilizations - Chinese, Hindu, Mohammedan, and European — seem to have been about equal till the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. If Europe was superior in some points of morality, Asia was as much superior in others. In fact, taking religion in its broad sense, as comprehending worship, morality, theology, and church, Europe could claim little superiority over Asia till the time of Luther. An absurd assertion this to strict Catholics, and a puzzling one to those Protestants whose aversion to heathenism is scarce equalled by their hatred of Romanism, but sufficiently accurate to those Protestants and Catholics who consider Luther a great blessing to our common Christianity, who look at Oriental religion through a clearer medium than Occidental prejudice, and who perceive that all religions and moralities, still more all theologies, are meandering streams, not the straight canals our dogmatisms decree. If it be said that Europe before Luther, however superstitious, had no Juggernath, it is sufficient to reply that Asia had no Inquisition, - a more horrible thing, yet so deeply imbedded in Europeanism that its spirit still afflicts, in modified forms, some of the most enlightened regions of Europe and America. Bigotry and intolerance are little known among Chinese and Hindus, though nearly as common among Mohammedans as among Christians. 'It is humiliating to think, and a salutary lesson if we will but receive it, that so good a thing as religion may be proud and unbrotherly, dogmatic and insulting. Dwelling fondly on the whole history of our civilization and religion, even the darker passages, we are slow to perceive that we may in some things learn truth and a Christ-like spirit from other religions and races; that even Asiatics may sometimes, with reason, turn away from our too narrow and hard-hearted theology, our too complacent philanthropy, our too arrogant ecclesiasticism. The universality of our claims is in singular contrast with the partialism of our dogmas, and even of our practice. Some of us have proceeded so far in tolerance as to bear with other races and other complexions, without being able to enlarge our charity sufficiently to comprehend other religions also. It is a serious fault in our religious education, that we are taught to underrate all religions but our own. The poor Irishman we can often bear with as a Celt, but not as a Papist. The African or Hindu we can treat with tenderness and respect as a black man, but not as a heathen or Mohammedan. To some it is a justification of aggressive wars and the slave-trade, that black men thereby have Christianity imposed upon them; to a far larger number, this gain to Christianity is felt to be some apology for the wrong. We have yet to learn, and we can learn it from the Hindus and the Chinese, that religions are to be treated with tenderness and respect, as well as races and complexions. We have yet to learn, and we shall learn it, that the religious convictions and sincere worships of others are as sacred as our own. What we now pride ourselves in as Christian toleration is often nothing but ecclesiastical insolence, - a relic of barbarism to be civilized out of us. The Inquisition dies hard. It lingers on, in spiritual assumption, sectarian narrowness, theological unfairness and bigotry, sanctimonious slander.

We have remarked incidentally, that the Chinese and Hindus have known no retrograde movement in their civilization so marked as to make for them "dark ages" like our own. There has been a physical ground for this, which we do not remember to have seen noticed, and which we will here briefly state, though our limits scarcely allow the consideration of physical agencies. China, having the sea on the east and south, and almost impassable deserts and mountains on the west, has been open to barbarians only on the north; India was equally fortunate in its position; so that these two civilizations in their struggles with barbarous hordes were stimulated and reinforced, but never overwhelmed, by their Northern invaders. Very different was the position of Europe, which at one time had to contend with the energetic tribes of the north and northeast, and also with the still more dan-

gerous Saracens on the south and southeast, and thus came near being overwhelmed with an excess of stimulation and reinforcement. Hence those strange chaotic centuries, wherein rose up four providential men, — Charlemagne, Alfred, Hildebrand, and Dante, — full of inspiration and strength, to conduct the chosen people, Moses and Joshua like, through and out of the desert and darkness. There were doubtless moral causes co-operating with physical position to enable the Chinese and Hindoos to maintain their civilization; but these causes we have neither the space nor the materials to trace out.

Of all the great civilizations of Asia and the world, Mohammedanism has the narrowest basis, has been developed by the fewest instrumentalities. Religion, war, and poetry have been the great forces by which it has grown into such vast dimensions. Law, philosophy, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, have contributed their aid in less degree than in the other civilizations. It is a simple, grand, energetic development, but not manifold and comprehensive. In agriculture and manufactures the Mohammedans have always been behind the Chinese and Hindus, owing chiefly, we suppose, to inferiority of soil and other physical hinderances. We are accustomed to condemn the Mohammedans for despotism, polygamy, and the degradation of woman. But it is not they alone who are chargeable with these sins. Despotism has always prevailed in Asia, and always will till a higher civilization is developed. The Anglo-Indian government is as despotic as other Asiatic governments, and necessarily so. Polygamy also is an Asiatic rather than a Mohammedan evil. Europe owes its freedom from polygamy, and the higher position of its women, to a combination of favorable circumstances and influences. Monogamy prevailed in Greece, was still stronger in Rome; and respect for women was a marked peculiarity of the Germanic tribes. During the Middle Ages, the ideal of woman, and as a consequence her condition, was still further elevated by Mariolatry, chivalry, and the home influences of feudal castles; so that at the close of the Middle Ages the woman of Europe was considerably higher than the woman of Asia, though the superiority of the European man

was only beginning to be discernible. The extent to which polygamy prevails in Asia has been somewhat exaggerated, and so also has the degradation of woman. In Arabia, Persia, India, and China the condition of woman on the whole corresponds with the stage of civilization. While polygamy is permitted throughout Asia, (as it has been from time immemorial,) monogamy is the common practice. Nature enforces it in all countries and climates, under all religions. By fixing our attention on the harems of Utah and Constantinople, we may incline to a different opinion; but a broader survey will bring us back to the conclusion, that polygamy is only the exception. That it is a great evil, wherever it prevails, is certain. It shows itself in its worst forms in the notorious harems of sultans, pachas, rajahs, and Mormons.

Mohammedan civilization is now in eclipse, or, as many think, in decline, owing to a combination of adverse causes. First, its military power is paralyzed by the military science of Christendom; and Islam is too proud and self-reliant to borrow of Christians. The example of Runjeet Sing and the Sikhs shows what can be accomplished by Asiatics, when willing to borrow the military discipline and science of Europe. ondly, the Turks, the least civilized of the greater Mohammedan races, and the most recently arrived from barbarism, having risen to the first military and political position, have proved too ignorant to maintain it. Thirdly, the Mohammedans, unlike the Hindus and the Chinese, have had no broad agricultural basis to fall back upon, - the most conservative and stable of civilizing influences. Tyre, Athens, Carthage, in ancient times, Venice and Portugal in modern, wanting a numerous agricultural class, were also short-lived. Fourthly, Islamism, having a narrower basis than any other contemporary civilization, manifests its comparative weakness as soon as one only of its elements of strength fails.

The distinctly religious element of Islam, contrary to common opinion, is probably, on the whole, as strong as ever; perhaps it has even gained in some directions more than it has lost in others. In heroism and intensity it has declined; but in power of habit and unyielding tenacity, it is as strong as any religion has ever been or can be; in its ability to spread

itself by spiritual influences and peaceful conquests, it has been for four centuries, and is still, the leading religion of the world. Christianity, since the fifteenth century, has greatly improved itself by internal reform and development, - has spread itself extensively by colonization, - has, in South America, Mexico. and the Philippine Islands, established itself by conquest: but as a proselyting power it has accomplished little. Roman Catholics, from the fourteenth century, have exerted themselves with great zeal to make converts; their perseverance and self-denial continue to the present time; but the results are insignificant. Protestants began their missionary labors a hundred and fifty years ago, and during the last fifty years have rivalled the Catholics in zeal, and surpassed them in the expenditure of pecuniary resources, but with even less success. These statements, however contrary to popular impressions, are not made rashly, nor without careful attention to facts. Limited and temporary successes have encouraged earnest and hopeful men and women in their praiseworthy labors and sufferings; but it may now be considered as established by the experiments of more than four centuries, made in all methods, upon all races, that Christianity, in its present stage of development, and in the present state of the world. has little to expect from propagandism, - though considerable good, of various sorts, may be hoped for from the efforts in that direction. Meanwhile, during the progress of these varied and widely extended Christian experiments, Islam, by spontaneous and not spasmodic movement, has been quietly spreading itself through the Asiatic islands, through large portions of Africa, and to some extent in the cities of India. Half the conquests of Islam have been made without the sword, and the greater part of its peaceful triumphs have been achieved since it has been working side by side with Christianity. All great prevailing religions have their periods of proselytism, - periods when external conditions and. internal adaptations favor this method of extension. Portuguese, who have exerted themselves in the cause of propagandism with as much zeal and success as any portion. of Christendom, worked as rivals of the Mohammedans in the Indian Archipelago, but were immeasurably outstripped by

them. Conditions and adaptations favored the Oriental faith. but not the Occidental; this is the philosophy of so great difference of result. Mohammedan increase by propagandism, since the fourteenth century, amounts probably to forty millions or more; that of Christianity, in the same way and time. may amount to two or three millions, mostly Roman Catholic converts. One reason why Christianity, especially in its Protestant form, does not find ready reception among half-civilized and barbarous races, is that the missionaries are so widely separated from them in habits, sympathies, developments, complexion. Between the Christians on the one side, and the Malays, Javanese, Dyaks, and the African tribes on the other, there are no mutual understandings and attractions, - no permanent bonds of union. For such races the Arab trader and colonist is by far the fittest and most successful propagandist. Mohammedanism during these last four centuries has spread itself much as Christianity did in the first five or six centuries of the Church, - quite as extensively and by similar adaptations: but this extension has attracted far less attention, because the converted races are less important, and far removed from the central regions of human development. most instances where Mohammedanism has been received voluntarily, (the cases where this or any other faith has been propagated by force alone are few,) it has proved an elevating influence. This is strikingly seen in the case of the Bugis of Celebes, who three centuries ago were unlettered pagans, but who, after receiving Mohammedanism, (which they received while Christianity was also at the door pressing for admission,) invented an alphabet, established government, developed commerce, and are now making more vigorous advances towards a superior civilization than any race of the Archipelago has ever done.

In the matter of race, many of the Mohammedans of Asia appear to have every requisite for a higher culture. The Arabs, the Persians, the Turks, the Afghans, the Beloochees, and many of the Moslems of India, are fine races of men. Military science is likely, sooner or later, to take root among these races, some of whom have already, in an eminent degree, every other qualification for superior soldiers and able gener-

als. Military science will open the way for other science, and then will come rivalship with Europe. Such is the order of development in Russia. There is less of civilization in Russia (the nobles excepted) than in Southern Asia, and the religion certainly is not superior, but military science and energetic government are preparing the way for general elevation throughout the Russian empire. Similar results are more than possible in many portions of Asia. Those high qualities of race which enabled the Arabs to stride forth suddenly, in advance of all the races, continue unchanged, ready as ever to fascinate the Oriental world with revelation and valor and poetry. On the whole, there seem to be sufficient reasons for concluding that Mohammedanism, though declining in some respects and in some localities, has not yet fully accomplished the work which Providence has given it to do.

In order to complete our survey and estimate of Asiatic civilization, it remains to compare it, somewhat more definitely and directly than we have yet done, with the civilization of Europe. The suggestions we have thrown out may be sufficient to fix attention upon the important fact, that the inferiority of Orientalism did not become manifest till the sixteenth century, when Europe entered upon its great career, surpassing its own past unfolding, as well as all other revelations of humanity. The roots of this European superiority may be traced back through the Middle Ages to the wonderful civilization of the Greeks, but to do any justice to this part of the general history of civilization would entirely exceed our limits. It will be seen that our present civilization has a broader and more complex basis than that of any of the civilizations of Asia. The riches of the past, the blood and nutriment of many races and the best, the accumulations of many nations and empires, the beauties and sublimities of the noblest arts, the treasures of the choicest literatures and philosophies, the sanctities and moralities of the truest and best religions (one of them the best of all), - all these foundations and disciplines, whether borrowed or inherited or developed, predetermined Europe rather than Asia to be the birthplace of Bacon and the sciences. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the superiorities and vast possibilities

of European culture were beginning to be obscurely revealed, here and there; but in the sixteenth and all the following centuries, Asia has been left far behind. Besides the moral and intellectual causes suggested for this difference of destiny, there has been a special physical cause in the peculiar configuration of Europe, its seas and coasts and climate, which we can only thus hint at and pass on.

Inferiority is less seen in the laboring than in the intellectual classes of Asia. In fact, the lower orders of Asiatics are superior to the corresponding classes in Europe, so far as it respects actual attainments in some of the valuable results of civilized society, apart from all questions of future promise. They are more temperate, more submissive to reason and law, have more confirmed habits of order and self-control, are more polished in manners, are further removed from riots and mobs and the grosser crimes. They have acquired the habit of living on little, thus maintaining their civilization at a cheaper rate; they succeed better in making poverty and self-respect go together. The civilized European (particularly the Englishman and his descendants in America, both manifesting herein a younger and weaker civilization than that of the French and the Italians) bears about a ponderous burden of expense, which is a millstone about his neck; the Asiatic, having cheaper wants, older and stronger habits of decorum and sobriety, can lose money without losing caste, can rise or fall in style with less elevation or depression of soul. The vices and excesses of the courts of Indian princes - anomalous courts in which there is nothing to do, while there are ample revenues to be squandered on vicious idleness - are not to be taken as specimens of the habits of the people. When the time of self-government shall return, (as return it must, for the blunders and insults and taxations of foreigners cannot be eternal,) these corrupt and idle courts, corrupt because idle, will be swept away.

There is not sufficient reason for believing that the Asiatic man is dying out because he is old, and because he is below our standard in some things, and rejects our ideals in others. The Jews are old and scattered, and long ago lost their nationality, but exhibit no indications of decay; the Armin-

ians and Parsees have had a similar history with similar results; all three are vigorous and superior Asiatic races. without nationality, yet with as sure prospect of a long and The Hindus manifest no prosperous future as any race. symptoms of decay; they are protected from permanent European intrusion by climate, as well as religion and caste. What race but the Arab, and what religion but that of Mohammed (to be greatly improved it may be hoped), is fitted to find a home in Arabia? Mohammed was only a reformer and organizer of religious, social, and military ideas as old as the times of Abraham and Job, and how much older we know not. In Persia, Europeans can live, so far as climate is concerned; but they will meet with powerful, and probably successful rivals, in that superior race of men (now followers of Mohammed after a fashion of their own) whose ancestors had the misfortune (for us, the good fortune) to lose the battle of Marathon, and to have boasting and hostile Greeks for their historians. In China, also, climate will allow European colonization; but in crowding, trading, cheating, working, economizing, they will find such competition as they have never before encountered. It must be long, if ever, before the Chinese can be elbowed out of China, even by insolent Europeans and Americans.

Is Asia then to remain unchanged? Certainly not. roads and telegraphs and military science are becoming naturalized in India. They will be welcomed by the Chinese. European machinery and manufactures will follow: for the Hindus and Chinese will make the best, and by far the cheapest, factory operatives in the world. These changes will draw after them others. Scientific agriculture will be introduced; and at length pure science. Education is already extending and improving. In some of the languages of India, the press, in the hands of natives, is beginning to exert a considerable influence. Religions are becoming modified and reformed. To nourish and water, without inundating, all this growth and progress, there will be colonies of Europeans and Americans, wherever commerce attracts and climate favors. By this contact and commerce of Europeans, Americans, and Asiatics, new races of men will be developed. Let us not flatter ourselves

that the Creator has exhausted himself upon Anglo-Saxons. The laws of climate and race move on, revealing, as they move. the Unwearied Wisdom, independent of our parliaments, congresses, synods, our prophets, priests, philanthropists; in other phrase, God is everywhere, pervading all matter and spirit, all history and civilization, and moulding them after the eternal ideals. The last star is not yet discovered, nor created; nor the last race. Changes and improvements in Oriental society are coming, greater and better than we can plan or predict or conceive. That wide-spread monotony of governorships, collectorships, chaplaincies, mess-tables, punkahs, beef and beer, which the English imagination paints as the future of Asia, need not disturb the dreams of the philosopher or the artist; neither need we fear for Asia the equally afflicting prospect of American caucuses, camp-meetings, tract-societies, unventilated court-rooms, and conventicles, unamused youth, unexpanded manhood, ungenial age. These two Anglo-Saxon civilizations are energetic, rapidly improving, highly commendable in the main, unsurpassed in ancient or modern times, unequalled save by Greece, Germany, France, and Italy, but as yet too confined, dogmatic, unartistic, unsympathizing. The Persians. the Arabians, the Hindus, the Chinese, while learning much from us, will also be our teachers, and help to form the great Asiatic races and nations and religions and civilizations that are to be. Be not startled, good reader, at these suggestions. To thine own physical and spiritual system, how many races contribute their blood, how many worships and cultures their influence! And if the past has been so abundant and various, why not the future also?

We write in the interest of human brotherhood; in the persuasion that Anglo-Saxons, however grand their destiny, however prolonged their history, are not to go fillibustering for ever round the world, crushing under their hard heel all the races and colors and systems and ideals that differ from their own. Surely Asiatics also are children of the good God, who watches their history, influences their nationalities, guides their progressions, perpetuates and modifies their races, restores their declensions, as truly as our own. Half the world, the older and larger, is not left Fatherless, as our dogmas teach. Long

ago it was said by a wise Hindu, that " God is the God of all mankind, and not of Mohammedans only"; -- nor of Anglo-Saxons alone, he might have added, if living now, when these noble but narrow men are, if possible, even more exclusive (many of them, not all) than the followers of Mohammed. Theirs is the old Jewish spirit, which could not see beauty and truth apart from the Hebrew Scriptures and traditions. Against this bigotry the Christians fought their battle and triumphed, so enlarging the Jewish pale as to take in the worlds of Greece and Rome and Germany, preparing for themselves new and broader Scriptures and traditions. But here they stopped to gather up their gains, and harmonize their antagonisms. The remainder of the human family, then almost unknown, was left outside, beyond sympathy and appreciation. There they are still left. And now, as many claim, they may be admitted within the pale of brotherhood only on the hard condition of renouncing what they have learned from the Universal Teacher. the education secured by many thousand years of development under the all-comprehending Providence. Even the spirit of toleration, a high virtue attained throughout two thirds of Asia, must be renounced, and Asiatics, if admitted to our fellowship, must come in stripped of their best attainments, and degraded. And this exclusiveness is set up as the only true Christianity! When shall men, "unscaling their long-abused sight," look forth with as free an eye on the world of man, his worships and beliefs and cultures, as on the world of matter, on the stars and the strata, the attractions and orbits? Does not more than half of our present Christian civilization come from the Greeks and Romans and Germans? Why forbid that it be still further enlarged and enriched? When shall we understand that God is universal, pervading the universe, and not dwelling outside of it in some sectarian corner, -- pouring his inspirations through all men and all ages, - recognizing a general harmony in the vast chorus of variously modulated voices? Has not the Creator and Educator of all long enough and widely enough set us. the example of comprehensiveness? Let us then at length make room for our brethren the Hindus, the Chinese, the Mohammedans, to worship the common Father at the common altar; doing no injustice to any; abating no reasonable claims

of our own; forbidding no partialities, nor even prejudices, except such as war against the general toleration and harmony; and so, as the humane result, securing the rights, the developments, the adaptations, the excellences, the nationalities, the civilizations of all. Even if we insist on drinking commonly. as hitherto, each from his own sectarian tank, let us not ignore the great living streams of general thought, the wide seas of common sentiment. While each shall think his own thought, pray his own prayer, frequent his own church, let us also learn to walk reverently through the venerable groves of the ages. and to worship unreluctantly in the spacious cathedrals of man. It is time we had grasped St. Paul's idea, that God is God of Gentile as well as Jew; that in Heathendom as well as Christendom the kingdom of God is within us, and the kingdom of evil also; that we are all in one great school, though in widely different classes and grades, from Plato and Paul and Bacon and Leibnitz in the highest, to Batta and Dyak and Australian in the lowest.

## ART. II. - LORD CORNWALLIS IN AMERICA.

- 1. Correspondence of Charles, first Marquis Cornwallis. Edited, with Notes, by Charles Ross, Esq. In three volumes. London. 1859.
- 2. History of England, from the Peace of Versailles to the Peace of Utrecht. 1713-1783. By LORD MAHON [EARL STANHOPE]. Vol. VII. London. 1854.
- 3. The Life of Frederic William von Steuben, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By FRIEDRICH KAPP. New York: Mason Brothers. 1859.

THERE is hardly an American school-boy who has not asked himself, when he read of the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown,—the *dénouement*, as it proved, of our Revolution,—what his business was there,—how or why it happened that, with an army of several thousand men, he should have been situated, in mid-summer, in one of the few places on the continent where a French fleet could blockade him, while an

American-French army cooped him in by land. At the time of his capitulation a war of pamphlets attempted to solve this question, but left it still rather an open question to the general reader. We looked, therefore, with particular interest to the publication of Lord Cornwallis's Correspondence, hoping that some additional light might be thrown on what is a curious point in our national history.

We have not been wholly disappointed. The painstaking editor of the letters does not himself set forth, with great success, the lessons which Lord Cornwallis's maiden campaigns teach. But in a few private letters, which he publishes for the first time, are some little hints which illustrate the more cumbrous public despatches which Lord Cornwallis himself published in 1783.\* What comes more to the point is a glimpse of family history in its connection with the melancholy administration of England at that period. The coolness between Clinton and Cornwallis is easily enough understood, when we see, in the former, only the unfortunate commander-in-chief sent out to work impossibilities, with no friends at court, and in the other, the dashing young nobleman, who had backers in plenty at home, who was always kept in his sinecure or his laborious offices whether successful or unsuccessful, whether voting with government or with the opposition. We may add. that whoever chooses to read the history with the parallel volumes of Tarleton's Campaigns, Greene's and Lafayette's letters. Washington's correspondence, the new Life of Steuben, and the contemporary memoirs of Clinton and Cornwallis themselves, will have as striking an illustration as he can ask for, of those vices of administration which seem inseparable from British government, - at which, however, as if they were novelties, the world expressed such naive surprise when they exhibited themselves lately, highly magnified, but with sharp outline, on the field of the Crimea.

Now that it is all over, and that the passage of the better part of a century enables us to begin to read history truly, there is something very entertaining, often really pathetic, in

<sup>\*</sup> An Answer to that Part of the Narrative of Sir Henry Clinton which relates to the Conduct of Earl Cornwallis. London. 1783.

following along the different moves on the chess-board, as revealed by the different players in this square game, when there were two partners on each side. Lafayette was in his maiden campaign, as commander-in-chief, in that part of this summer where he opposed Cornwallis. In face of Earl Stanhope, of Mr. Ross and Mr. Kapp, we hold to the opinion of Colonel Tarleton, who was nearer the field than they, that the campaign does Lafayette high credit as a military man. Tarleton says specifically, that there is but one instance "where Lafayette committed himself in a very difficult campaign," and repeats this judgment more than once. Nor does Lord Cornwallis ever express any other opinion. Such testimony, direct and indirect, may be set against the military speculations of civilians. Lafayette, in his familiar letters to Washington, constantly confides to him his suspicions and his surprises. Why were the Earl's troops embarked, and then disembarked? Why did he march here, and then march back again? These questions, and the speculations with which he tries to answer them, are of curious interest now, when we can parallel them with Cornwallis's sulky notes, explaining that he had been obliged to change plans of a sudden, because Clinton had so ordered. Lafavette's study of an enemy's plan of campaign might well be difficult, when, as it proved, that enemy was not permitted to follow such plan as he had himself formed. Lafayette's "intelligence" proves curiously accurate, now that the whole of both sides is so nearly opened to us.

The history of Lord Cornwallis's Virginian campaign may be briefly told in language adapted to those readers who would not consult their maps if we alluded nicely to localities. The English government was not strong in generals at this period. With those it had, we suppose the American service, after the first, was not popular. Lord Effingham, who was a Lieutenant-General, had thrown up his commission, because he thought the Colonists in the right. General Gage was recalled in disgrace very early. Fortunately for us, Clive died, by his own hand, just before the war began. After it began, Lord Percy, whose rank in the peerage must have given weight to his impressions, soon saw enough of fighting, and went home. His reasons have never, we believe, been made public. General

Burgoyne's experiment did not prove creditable, and Carleton and Howe both quarrelled with the government and were recalled. Meanwhile the statesman in charge of the war in the English Cabinet was Lord George Germaine, who in 1760 had been found guilty of disobedience to orders at Minden (where he failed to do just what Lord Cardigan did at Balaklava), "and unfit to serve his Majesty in any military capacity whatever."\* This verdict, however, had been rendered in face of the favor of George the Third, then heir apparent, - and Lord George Germaine regained place, though never popularity. These facts make it, in a measure, intelligible, why, when Lord Cornwallis, who had already distinguished himself at the battle of Brandywine in this country, offered his services to the king, in the spring of 1779, they should have been accepted, though his appointment wounded Clinton, his superior, who at once tried to withdraw, - and though Cornwallis himself had steadily acted and voted with the opposition in the House of Lords. He was a nobleman, — he was young, active, and ambitious, and he was everybody's cousin, or grandson, or nephew, or brother-in-law. He had any amount desirable of influence, while poor Sir Henry Clinton, as we have intimated, had little or none. It would have been better policy to have put the young gentleman into the first place, and to have recalled Clinton, as he asked them to do. But with peculiar skill in disaffecting everybody, the government compelled Clinton to remain in command, while they sent Cornwallis as second to the Southern Colonies, making him nominally Clinton's inferior, but really trusting him, and distrusting that hardly-treated officer.

With Clinton at New York, and Cornwallis in South Carolina, the latter bidden to report directly home, as well as to his nominal superior, and the two often a month or more apart, with land communication quite impracticable, the trans-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Our six regiments did wonders; and our horse would have done, if my Lord George Sackville only had let them. But when Prince Ferdinand said 'Charge!' his Lordship could not hear, or could not translate the German word for 'Forward!' and so we only beat the French, without utterly annihilating them, as we might, had Lord Granby or Mr. Warrington had the command. My Lord is come back to town, and is shouting for a court-martial."—Mr. George Warrington to his brother Harry, London, August 20, 1759.

actions of 1780 and 1781 may well have been embroiled at the best. There appears in the history, at once, a characteristic which appears in the English official documents to this day, which, we should think, would drive crazy any officer on independent command. While the home government affects to superintend, it practically echoes the despatches of its servants in its answers, to just that extent as to reveal to the servant, whoever he may be, that his masters have simply been trying to clear a correspondence-docket, without real opinion in the case, or understanding of it. Admiral A and General B differ on a certain point; from the same station they write home, the Admiral that he considers black to be black,—the General that his impression is that it is white. How depressing to both of them to find, when the answers are received, that each is the invariable echo of the letter! to one, "I am directed to say, that Her Majesty, &c., &c., &c. entirely agrees with you in the impression that black is to be regarded as black"; - to the other, "I am directed to say, that Her Majesty, &c., &c., &c. entirely agrees with you in opinion that black is to be regarded as white." In these Clinton and Cornwallis despatches, - while it is clear enough that Lord George Germaine favored Cornwallis at heart to the utmost, - it is also clear that he pretended he favored Clinton when he wrote to him. We doubt, however, whether this was so much an intentional duplicity, as the fatuity of pretending to answer letters which he did not understand, and thus virtually approving of two inconsistent plans of operations.

When Cornwallis arrived at Charleston, what was he to do? The English were already masters of that city by its capitulation. There appeared at once the difficulty which Chatham had predicted in the speech which school-boys repeat after him to this day. "With fifty thousand men," said he, "you can ravage the country, waste and destroy as you march; but can you in a territory of two or three thousand miles occupy the places you have passed?" With four thousand regular troops and his Provincials, Cornwallis was left by Clinton in Charleston on the 5th of June, 1780, to occupy important posts as far distant from each other as Savannah, Augusta, and Georgetown, to repel any efforts of the American

generals, and to keep down "the rising spirit of disaffection." With this general and wide commission, he went gallantly enough to work, but any one who knows what that country was and is physically, and what it was politically then, must see what a hopeless business he was engaged in. It was not so difficult to beat the armies, but what then? General Greene told the whole story very well two years afterwards, when, in a letter to Washington, he said of the American army, "We fight, get beat, and fight again." The whole history of the campaign shows that the English generals gained no more by victories than they did by defeats. And Cornwallis himself clearly felt before long, after the first excitement of the thing was over, that the marching and countermarching up and down in the Highlands was a mere case of

"' Let's go to the woods,' said Richard to Robin,"

followed by the other refrains of the nursery-song:

"' What to do there?' said Robin to Bobbin,"

and

"'To shoot at a wren,' said John all alone."

What was worse was, that, granting they got the wren, there followed the question,

"How shall we get her home?"

To which the only reply was,

"In a cart with six horses."

It was hard enough for Cornwallis and Rawdon to feed their own soldiers, and to get them over the ground. But what should they do with a great cortege of prisoners, and how get the "carts with six horses" across these rivers, which were never bridged, have never been from that day to this day, and never will be? In the midst of such difficulties Lord Cornwallis showed himself a vigorous, ready officer, full of resource. He soon gave up his baggage-train and other impediments, and supported himself on the country through which he passed, with all his troops equipped in light marching order,

as light infantry or cavalry.\* In this condition, after a good deal of manœuvring to and fro, he and Greene, almost by mutual consent, fought the battle of Guilford Court-House. Lord Cornwallis was successful, so far as holding the field went, but he lost a quarter part of his force, — and there followed this perpetual

## "What to do then?"

What he did was to march down to the sea-shore again, for new supplies, to Wilmington, at the mouth of the river on whose head-waters he had been engaged so long. The victory was of no practical worth to him,—he was two hundred miles from his nearest support,—and yet he must do something. It is at Wilmington, on the 10th of April, 1781, that he writes to General Phillips, who was now in command of the English forces in Virginia. This is the General Phillips who had been captured with Burgoyne, and exchanged afterwards.

## "DEAR PHILLIPS:-

"I have had a most difficult and dangerous campaign, and was obliged to fight a battle two hundred miles from my communication, against an army seven times my number. The fate of it was long doubtful. We had not a regiment or corps that did not at some time give way; it ended, however, happily, in our completely routing the enemy and taking their cannon. The idea of our friends rising in any number and to any purpose totally failed, as I expected, and here I am, getting rid of my wounded and refitting my troops at Wilmington. last night heard of the naval action, and your arrival in the Chesapeake. Now, my dear friend, what is our plan? Without one, we cannot succeed, and I assure you that I am quite tired of marching about the country in quest of adventures. If we mean an offensive war in America, we must abandon New York, and bring our whole force into Virginia; we then have a stake to fight for, and a successful battle may give us America. If our plan is defensive, let us quit the Carolinas (which cannot be held defensively while Virginia can be so easily armed against us), and stick to our salt pork at New York, sending now and then a detachment to steal tobacco, &c.

"I daily expect three regiments from Ireland; leaving one of them

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Kapp, on good German authority, says that the European services borrowed the efficient and extensive use of light infantry, in the last seventy years, from American Revolutionary experience.

at Charlestown, with the addition of the other two and the flank companies, I can come by land to you. But whether after we have joined we shall have a sufficient force for a war of conquest, I should think very doubtful. By a war of conquest, I mean to possess the country sufficiently to overturn the Rebel government, and to establish a militia and some kind of mixed authority of our own.

"If no reinforcement comes, and I am obliged to march with my present force to the upper frontiers of South Carolina, my situation will be truly distressing. If I was to embark from hence, the loss of the upper posts in South Carolina would be inevitable. I have as yet received no orders. If the reinforcements arrive, I shall move from here, where the men will be sickly and the horses starved. If I am sure that you are to remain in the Chesapeake, perhaps I may come directly to you.

"It is very difficult to get any letters conveyed by land on account of the vigilance and severity of the Rebel government. I believe all mine to General Arnold miscarried, and I did not receive one from him.

"Most sincerely yours,

"CORNWALLIS."

We copy the whole of this letter, because it is perhaps the most valuable addition which this volume makes to the documents published seventy-five years ago. Nine tenths of the letters reprinted here are old matter. We must add, that the editor does not seem to know what is important and what unimportant in his American materials.

This private letter shows very clearly what Lord Cornwallis was sighing for, and why he wrote at the same time to England, in a despatch published at the time, "I take the liberty of giving it as my opinion, that a serious attempt upon Virginia would be the most solid plan." Near a week after, still chafing without orders at Wilmington, he resolved, though without reinforcement, to march into Virginia to attempt his junction with General Phillips. From a letter which he wrote to that officer, published at the time, it appears that he was disappointed—out-manœuvred indeed—by General Greene's returning into South Carolina. "My situation is very distressing," he writes, and concludes to march north, abandoning the district assigned to his own command. Why he did this, the private letter above, to the same officer, shows. He was sick

"of marching about in quest of adventures." He thought New York ought to be abandoned, and Virginia made the centre of operations. He had written home to say so, and he knew the cabinet well enough to know he should be supported there. These were his motives for the fatal move. It is easy to see that he was in a distressing condition. It is easy to see that it was difficult for him to decide his course. It might be shown, perhaps, that any other course would have been fatal. But this is certain, that the course he did take, on his own responsibility, was fatal. And his superior officer, Sir Henry Clinton, evidently looked at it from the first with the greatest anxiety.

Lord Cornwallis must have given Sir Henry Clinton some account of his reasons for this step at the time he took it, but his biographer omits the despatch which contained them, and we are left to his after excuses for it and to the new letter which we have copied above. When poor Clinton heard of it he was dismayed, as well he might have been. Lord Cornwallis effected his junction with the English troops in Virginia on the 20th of May. Before this time Clinton had reinforced those troops from New York, without any idea that they were to be reinforced also from South Carolina. When he found that, without any order of his own, his second in command and the largest army he had in the field were in Virginia, he may well have remonstrated. As early as the 2d of March he had written regarding the Virginia detachment, "If the Admiral delays too long, I shall dread still more fatal consequences." When he did hear of what Cornwallis had done, he wrote him sharply, but still generously; answered his requisitions for accoutrements and supplies, but asked if he could send him back any troops to New York, which he himself thought threatened.

It would have been a convenience to the reader of history if Mr. Ross had put any fragments of these letters from Clinton into his book. Lord Cornwallis did not receive this letter, as we learn from his own pamphlet, till the 12th of July, six weeks after it was written. But he received on the 26th of June some later letters from Clinton, asking again for the return of troops, unless he were engaged in new operations,

and at this moment he began what was virtually a retreat, which ended in his surrender at Yorktown in October. offensive part of his Virginian campaign, therefore, lasted from the 20th of May to the 26th of June. During this period he was his own master, had an admirable army in command, was in full communication with his own fleet, and was marching through a country which afforded sufficient supplies. He was opposed by Lafayette, who was managing with consummate skill an inferior force, which, as he himself said, was not large enough to be beaten. Why in this period Cornwallis did nothing more, is one of the mysteries which his biographer did not solve. We had not a word from Cornwallis during these five weeks; we have not a word now. He marched round "in search of adventures." It was in this expedition that he used in one of his despatches the phrase "the boy cannot escape me," when he thought he had entrapped Lafavette. But "the boy" intercepted the despatch, escaped the Earl's flank attack, and where he was least expected appeared in force before him. After "stealing a little tobacco," capturing seven Assembly-men, and other such feats, which must have disgusted him as much as similar operations had done in South Carolina, Cornwallis returned to Williamsburg to receive Sir Henry Clinton's orders, as he had promised him he would do. Lafayette said, what was the truth, that he retired before him; but it is impossible that Lord Cornwallis should have been afraid of his force. We may say in passing, however, that, reading the correspondence now we have both sides, it is evident that Lafayette kept himself admirably informed of Cornwallis's proceedings. He had spies among Cornwallis's own servants, whose information, as we now know, was reliable.

At Williamsburg Cornwallis met his orders, we might say his fatal orders. Here this book might have given us a good deal of information for history, if the editor would have printed the private letters which he seems to have had, as well as the public despatches which Lord Cornwallis published at the time. We only find two short extracts,—enough to show that he was at first undecided, and perhaps out of temper, but not enough to throw much more light on his proceed-

ings. What we know is briefly this. He received a letter from Clinton, written when that officer had just learned of the mutiny of the Pennsylvania line, and of the probability of his being himself attacked at New York. Leaving to Cornwallis the privilege of moving upon Baltimore and Delaware, expressing his regret that he did not favor his own plan for a march upon Philadelphia, he asks him to send him at New York, after reserving all such troops as he needs for his summer operations, two thousand men, or as many of them as he can spare. Cornwallis's answer is printed here, as it was at the time. He does not think well of the attack on Philadelphia; he says nothing about Baltimore; he says he has examined Yorktown, and that he cannot establish safe posts there, and therefore, as the commander-in-chief had not approved of his own large scale plan of transferring the whole war into Virginia, he determines simply to send the troops he is asked for, and establish his defensive post for the summer at Portsmouth, where our navy-yard is now established. We do not ask our readers to understand the details of this opinion; they will understand its spirit, if we say that it is the answer of a sulky subordinate, disappointed because his own advice has been rejected, and resolved to "obey orders though he break owners." It does not seem as if Sir Henry Clinton could have satisfied him in any way at this time, unless he were willing to "abandon New York and bring our whole force into Virginia"; in other words, to surrender the whole of his own plan of operations, in order to sustain the movement, which he had never ordered, of his own second in command.

From this time we begin to get more new letters. But after this time the game was really at an end, although Cornwallis did not know it. He fell back upon Portsmouth, and put his reinforcement for Clinton on board the ships. The American army and Lafayette thought, perfectly naturally, that he was retreating before them. Meanwhile poor Clinton, eager apparently to soothe this petted child whom he had to humor, countermanded his call for the embarkation of any of Cornwallis's men, directed him to keep them all in Virginia, where he said he would take command himself as soon as the hot season was

over. Before he came, the whole army were prisoners. Cornwallis had disapproved of Portsmouth as a defensive position,—had gone back to York, which he also disapproved, and which was the place of all others where Lafayette and Washington would have preferred to have him go. Washington's majestic military and naval combination, which he had kept secret almost from his own right hand, had succeeded to a charm, and on the 17th of October, the fourth anniversary of Burgoyne's surrender, Lord Cornwallis, who had never suffered a defeat, was obliged to offer to surrender his whole army to the confederated forces. It was the end of the English dominion over America. The Earl had obeyed his orders, and he had broken his owners.

We do not say what might have been. A contemporary English review, in its study of this same correspondence, tells us "what was still on the cards." We do not attempt so much as that, - to solve one or another of the "ifs" which suggest themselves as we watch this critical closing of the game, and see the queen in a pet move into the very midst of the range of all the castles and knights and bishops of the adversary, too far from her poor paralyzed king for him to rescue her. But we dare say this, and we believe England might study the lesson to advantage, - that England lost that campaign because her Secretary for the Colonies liked the second in command more than he did the commander-in-chief, because that second presumed on that favor, and on his own social rank at home, so far as to take the fatal liberty at Wilmington which no subordinate should have dared to take. and that where such insubordination was possible, victory was of course impossible. Should the reader go a little further, and ask how it was that a Secretary for the Colonies dared so encourage an inferior against his commander, his question is answered in the history of that minister. How was it that a man who had been pronounced unworthy to serve the king in any military capacity, came to be giving the order to the king's generals in America? When the Secretary of State holds office from the mere favor of his sovereign, in face of the verdict of the most imposing court which can sit in judgment on him, there is no need of asking further as to the fate of that sovereign's army.

Before we leave this subject, we must add a word or two about the two books just now published, which have suggested this review of an old piece of history, for which they have afforded some additional information.

The publication of Lord Cornwallis's letters at the present time has probably been suggested by the interest attached to East Indian affairs. His career in the East Indies was honorable and successful, and to that career the greater part of these volumes is given. We can understand, therefore, that the editor, who is son of Major Ross, Cornwallis's own aid in America, should have looked on the American part, which is after all a history of failure, as an unfortunate piece of drudgery, entailed on him before he could pass to the more exciting narratives of Oriental grandeur. But he went to work upon it in a dogged English way, and has executed it as well, perhaps, as a man can execute any work on a subject which does not interest him, relating to a country in which he is not at home. True, there is a mistake of more or less importance on every page. But many of these errors are due to an attempt at a quite unnecessary degree of nicety in editing. Thus, if he had taken it for granted that his readers had heard of George Washington, he would not have said in a foot-note that Washington was born in England, nor have been obliged to correct that foot-note in the midst of a table of sixty errata. He always falls into the mistake of a man who thinks his hero can do next to no wrong, and the still greater mistake of a writer who thinks that his exclusive authorities are worth more than those which all the world has at hand. One instance of this last delusion is contained in the following passage: --

"Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in his 'Memoirs,' gives a very graphic account of his dining with Lord George Germaine on Sunday, November 25, where he says he heard the account of the surrender of Yorktown. He states that the despatches had arrived at noon that day, and that after dinner Lord George took them out of his pocket and said, 'The army has surrendered, and you may peruse the particulars of the capitulation.' The story must be entirely false. The despatch (No. 145, dated 'London, off Chesapeake, October 29, 1781') did not reach London till midnight (it is so marked on the back of the letter), and is to

the following effect:—That he, Sir Henry Clinton, sailed from Sandy Hook October 19, arrived off Cape Clear October 24, where he heard from some persons who had escaped from Yorktown, that on the 17th Lord Cornwallis had proposed to capitulate; and that, as no firing had been subsequently heard, he feared the rumor must be true.

"Two things are therefore quite clear; that the despatches had not arrived when this dinner is said to have taken place, and that, when they did come, they contained no details of the capitulation."

This seems all very grand and fine, and as poor Wraxall has no friends, it is very easy to give him the lie direct in this cool way. We observe that the London Quarterly Review alludes to this note, and sweeps away with it Wraxall's story of Lord North's agitation on receiving the news. "How did Lord North take it?" "As he would have taken a cannon-ball in his heart," replied Lord George. "He opened his arms, exclaiming wildly, as he paced up and down the room for a few minutes, 'O God! it is all over!' words which he repeated many times under the deepest agitation and distress."

This story of Wraxall's is too good, however, to be lost, and we are glad to agree with Lord Mahon in accepting it. Mr. Ross's grand indorsement on Clinton's despatch "received at midnight," "so marked on the back of the letter," has nething to do with Wraxall's correctness. The news of Cornwallis's surrender came through France to England. A French frigate was sent from Yorktown on the 22d of October. She made a very quick run, and her news passed from France to London, where it arrived November 25th. There are printed letters of Walpole's, of Romilly's, and we know not how many other authorities, speaking of it as known on the 25th. Walpole, writing to Horace Mann on the 26th, says, "The news came yesterday." The conversation at Lord George Germaine's dinner-party related to news received through France. An allusion to the French Count de Maurepas's knowledge of it introduced the conversation. The skeleton account, by Clinton, of his hearsay news received off Cape Charles (not Cape Clear, as Mr. Ross prints it), may not have been received till midnight at the office it was filed in. But the fuller advices from France had arrived in time for Lord George Germaine's dinner.

Accordingly, in his terse answer to Clinton, he says: "We have no particulars but those which the French have published."

Mr. Ross would have saved himself all this unfortunate note, if he would have condescended to pay any attention to the printed authorities of the time.

His last words should read:---

"Two things are quite clear; that the despatches had arrived when this dinner is said to have taken place, and that they contained all the French account of the capitulation."

We speak literally, when we say there is an error on every page of the editor's own work. For instance (p. 124): "Major Cochrane... was killed by a cannon-ball, October 17, 1781." Five lines above, he has said that on that morning Lord Cornwallis had proposed a surrender. The impression given is, that Major Cochrane was shot while the chiefs were negotiating. In fact, he was killed on the 15th.

Page 125. "It was observed that salutes were universally exchanged between them [the French and English], while such marks of courtesy were almost totally omitted by the Americans."

For this statement Mr. Ross gives no authority. We venture to say that he derives it from a careless reading of Lord Mahon's narrative, where, using the Abbé Mably as authority, he says: "The English officers courteously saluted every French officer, even of the lowest rank; a compliment which they withheld from every American, even of the highest."

Pages 126 and 127 consist of letters of the time. On a note to page 127, the author calls Henry Laurens the President of the United States. He was as much President of the United States, as the Lord Chancellor is President of Great Britain because he presides over the House of Lords. Page 128, again, is made up of copied correspondence. On page 129 comes the note on Wraxall, which we have quoted,—all wrong. And so we might go on. There is a long tirade because the exchange of Lord Cornwallis against Mr. Laurens was so long delayed. If, again, Mr. Ross would have looked at the printed authorities, he would have been spared his extravagances. In Burke's letters, the matter of the English politics about those

prisoners of war is dwelt on at no little length. The English ministry, in keeping up a spite they had against Burgoyne, attempted to the last to prevent his exchange against Mr. Laurens. This was under negotiation when Lord Cornwallis wanted to be exchanged against him. Lord Cornwallis thought,—and his biographer thinks after him,—that nobody had rights in anything which could take any precedence of his. But the British opposition thought that Burgoyne had a right to the relief of that exchange,—and it is not surprising if the American negotiators took their view.

We will close these criticisms by saying, in general, that while Mr. Ross never takes Lord Mahon's authority in censure of his hero, he permits himself on other occasions to be misled by that author, and rushes even into exaggeration of him. Where Lord Mahon is satisfied with an innuendo, Mr. Ross plunges in with an accusation, which he does not and cannot sustain. We have no wish to open up the sad history of the André tragedy. We are satisfied with the world's verdict. But we must remark, that our English critics are hard to please. Lord Mahon complains at length that the Court of Inquiry who tried André were all but two Americans. argument is, that André should have been tried by officers used to foreign customs and the foreign service. He suggests Knyphausen, Rochambeau, and perhaps Steuben, as a proper board. Mr. Ross means to follow Lord Mahon in his charge. Mahon says that Greene, who presided over the court, had been a blacksmith. Under Mr. Ross's pen this appears, - "Among the members were several of the coarsest and most illiterate of the American generals." And then, with a stupid fatuity, where Lord Mahon urges that the whole court should have been foreigners, Mr. Ross misses the point, and complains that Steuben and Lafayette served upon it at all, because they were ignorant of the English language!\*

<sup>\*</sup> In fact, Lafayette at that time used the English language with perfect ease. Steuben had been three years in America, and had only required an interpreter in the first of them.

As we may never have occasion to allude again to the discussions relating to André, we take this place for a remark on Sir Henry Clinton's note on the "Case of Major André," which was printed for the first time by Lord Mahon. Sir Henry Clinton, in one point, makes almost a personal matter of the whole, by saying:

The memoir and the letters leave us with a favorable impression of Lord Cornwallis's spirit and heart. He rose at once superior to the routine of the English service. He at once caught an adequate notion of the requisitions of war in the country which he served, and he must have made his American experience a good school for his after-life. There is a fine illustration of the spirit of his family in the fact that four of his descendants were killed in the service of the Queen in the Crimea,—one of them the son of Mr. Ross, his biographer, who married Lord Cornwallis's granddaughter. All the titles of Lord Cornwallis became extinct on the death of the nephew of our Lord Cornwallis, in 1852.

The other new book of which we have spoken is Mr. Friedrich Kapp's life of his countryman, Baron Steuben. Mr. Kapp is an accomplished scholar, now, we are glad to say, our countryman, and one who, like his hero, brings us good store from the studies and memories of Germany. He had the great mass of the Steuben papers to work from,—has worked with an enthusiastic desire to set forth worthily the contributions of Germany to our independence,—how

"Steuben brought the foreign arts from far," -

and has made a very entertaining book for us. It is marked by the delusion, which, as we have said, is an injury to Mr. Ross's volume. Just as Mr. Hamilton thinks his father won all General Washington's laurels for him, just as Mr. Ross thinks Lord Cornwallis the only hero of the American Revolution, so Mr. Kapp thinks that Steuben was, on the whole, the only reliable assistant to Washington in the struggle.

<sup>&</sup>quot;Mr. Washington ought also to have remembered that I had never, in any one instance, punished the disaffected Colonists within my power with death, but, on the contrary, had in several shown the most humane attention to his intercession, even in favor of avowed spies. His acting, therefore, in so cruel a manner, in opposition to my earnest solicitations, could not but excite in me the greatest surprise," &c., &c. We reprint this passage, and mark with italics some phrases in it, that we may ask if Clinton does not mean covertly to contrast his own behavior, not only with Washington's, but with that of his own predecessor, Sir William Howe. The American officers considered André's case the parallel of Captain Nathan Hale's of their own army. They declared the parallel openly. Sir William Howe executed that young gentleman in the most brutal way. Does not Clinton perhaps mean, "Thou canst not say I did it"?

Both the books remind us of the old anecdote relating to the Congress of Vienna, when one of the lobby-members of that Congress, discoursing of the fate of empires, extinguished all the conversation of the rest of the circle by saying, "I have dined with Fouché, and none of you can know anything unless you have dined with Fouché."

There is no doubt that Steuben brought an immense gift to the young republic, in his military skill, his generosity of temper, and his general freedom from jealousy. He richly deserves all that can be said in his praise for his great work in organizing the American army. But if he were slightly or coolly treated by the Continental Congress or by government afterwards, there were good reasons for it. He came here with a falsehood on his lips, which must have been soon detected. He let Washington suppose that he was a general officer of Frederick the Great, when he had held no such commission. So soon as those persons who had been deceived by this pretence discovered their error, they must have looked coolly on the pretender, whatever his merits were. When, too, he was put to the great test of an independent command, the results were not favorable. Through somebody's fault, everything went wrong in Virginia while he held the Continental command there. His own letters show this; he constantly complains that the militia under his command did not fire a shot, and that the enemy did just what they chose. It is perfectly true, that, in every detailed instance, Mr. Kapp shows that this was no fault of his hero. But the world has a way of judging by results. And this book will hardly change the American world's impression, that at that time the Baron, though an admirable inspecting officer and thoroughly faithful to the cause, was perhaps too much worn out in the service, or perhaps too quick-tempered, or perhaps too much used to disciplined troops, and too little ready to yield to exigencies entirely untried; certainly that, for some reason, he was unable to command successfully where command implied the softening of every sort of prejudice, and the harmonizing of every sort of jealousy. It is certain that, as soon as Lafayette succeeded him, everything worked well again in this same Virginia. The only drawback we have found on the fairness of the book is its

unwillingness to give Lafayette due credit. The old Teuton prejudice against the Kelt peeps out too distinctly.

We accord, however, altogether with Mr. Kapp's statement that Baron Steuben "holds one of the most important positions in our history." If it has not been accorded to him, it is high time it were. His work still lives in the organization, not only of our army, but of every army in Europe. He was long-winded, it is true. There are documents of his in this volume, addressed to Washington and others, which have probably never been read but by five persons, - the Baron himself, namely, his aid who translated them, Mr. Kapp who edited them, the proof-reader who corrected them, and, lastly, "this reviewer." Certainly, they never could have been read, in that time of trial, by the persons to whom they were written. Most probably they will never be read again. Then, again, there must have been some traits about this Court-Chamberlain transferred into the woods which excited everybody's amusement. Richard Peters, in soothing him down once when he was very angry, writes to him with a little of that charming humor which has since appeared so often in another generation of the same stock: "Apropos, we will and must take possession of the Bermudas, and you shall be the Governor." This harmless allusion to Sancho Panza did not perhaps explain itself to the Baron, and may have escaped his biographer; but it is probably a key to the estimation in which, with all his excellences, he was regarded by the active men of the time. For all this, however, it would have been impossible to have spared him. And all America, we believe, will welcome this monument to his memory, and will be ready to own his great service to her cause.

M. R. Alger

## ART. III. - THE RELIGION OF THE PRESENT.

- 1. Plan of the Creation: or, Other Worlds, and Who Inhabit Them. By Rev. C. L. Hequembourg. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1859.
- 2. Man and his Dwelling-Place. An Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. New York: J. S. Redfield. 1859.

THE former of these books is an ordinary, though the most recent, specimen of the old theological method of treating those great problems of truth and destiny which constantly solicit the human mind. The phenomena of the world and the experience of man form the matter to be explained, — to be explained so as to answer our fears, fix our hopes, and illustrate our duties. The all-containing data from which the Rev. C. L. Hequembourg thinks the desired solutions can be wrung, by ingenious juxtaposition and powerful pressure, are the traditions of the theologians and the words of Scripture. At this oft-repeated process he labors with commendable earnestness; but the result is neither novel nor brilliant. method is so vicious, that the product cannot fail to be worth-It is ludicrous and painful to see an empiric teacher briefly condescending with feeble glance and grasp to the mighty treasures of philosophic science; and when they have eluded his incompetent and untrained powers, to see him complacently turn from them to read the entire history and fate of the universe in a few obscure texts of the Bible. quembourg says: "God permitted sin to break out in this restricted sphere, where he could govern it, for the great purposes of his wisdom. Man is the being who is to emerge in successive generations from this world, to overspread the universe with his hardly acquired wisdom and virtue. The universe is in its infancy, and man is the only being hitherto created capable of occupying the realms of nature. not Copernicus or Newton, is the true teacher of astronomy, and the tube of a telescope cannot begin to penetrate space as a text of the Scriptures does." (pp. 384-386.)

Thus, at the touch of a sentence in Genesis, geology explodes. Before a verse from the book of Joshua, an allusion

from the Psalms, a paragraph from the Epistle to the Romans, a metaphor from the Apocalypse, a parable from the first Gospel, the laws of matter are abnegated, the sublime structure of science crumbles, psychology becomes a formless rack of mist, history is a falsehood, philosophy a piece of folly, and all reason a process of deceit. Is it not high time that sensible men ceased chasing these preposterous phantoms, ceased mining in these vacant theories of theological speculation, and turned to the solid realms of reality, turned to the rich veins of fact everywhere at hand? The origin, law, and meaning of the world, the nature, duty, and destination of man, are not to be discerned by facing backwards to old myths, or forwards to lurid prophecies. They are to be found by conscientiously studying, in the spirit of experimental science, the immediate substances and phenomena of our lives, the theatre in which we live, and the relations between them.

The second book named at the head of this article,—published anonymously in England,—is a thoughtful, interesting, fresh essay, somewhat in the spirit just indicated. It is not sufficiently resolute; nor is it wrought out with adequate breadth and thoroughness. But it points in the right direction, is earnest, suggestive, pervaded by a most amiable and admirable spirit.

With these brief criticisms we shall pass on, omitting to give an epitome of "Other Worlds, and Who Inhabit Them," and of "Man and his Dwelling-Place," — works which our readers can easily obtain for themselves, — thinking we shall do better service by presenting some thoughts on the antagonism between the spirit of the prevalent theology and the spirit of science, the difference between official religion and experimental religion, — the religion of tradition, which hollowly overarches the present, supported by the piers of past and future, and the religion of insight, which livingly rises from the divine truths of the present, and thence diffuses itself over past and future. The topic, therefore, to which we address ourselves is, the theological inferences to be drawn from the presentness of life, or the religion of the here and the now.

The past was infinitely momentous while we were in it; the future will be so when we are in it; but now that we are here,

and that life, with its experienced realities, and with its offering possibilities, is here, the present alone should be regarded as really of commanding importance. To an unbiassed thinker, obviously, the most pressing inquiry is not, Whence came I?—is not, Whither go I?—but is, Being here, what am I to do? What is man here for? Under what conditions does he exist? What obligations are laid on him? What laws govern the system in which he resides, and regulate the history which he creates? What temptations assail him, and how may they be vanquished? What opportunities are offered to him, and how may he improve them? What penalties threaten him? What rewards invite him? What are the best biographic ideals for him to study? What are the sources of misery? What are the secrets of happiness? What are the undeveloped possibilities of the social state? It is evident. upon a little reflection, that these problems are the vital ones to be taken up, to be scrutinized on every side, and to be settled by all helps. The life that now is, with what enters into it or flows from it, with the premises it implies and the inferences it yields, - this, the very sphere of man's living interests, certainly claims his notice more than anything else can.

It is astonishing how generally the teachers of mankind have refused to follow this simple course of investigation, and with perverse ingenuity have sought out other subjects, other methods, of study. Nearly all the great philosophers and religionists of the world have occupied themselves, not with the particular facts of human life, but with the enigmas of general being; not in discovering practical means to improve the experience of man, but in contriving abstruse systems of metaphysics and dogmatics. And whenever they have endeavored to explain the mysteries, and unfold the duties and uses, of the present scene of humanity, it has been by adopting some recondite hypothesis of the past and of the future, creating some fanciful scheme of theology which would seem to meet the demands of the case. They have thus directly reversed the legitimate order of procedure. Leaving the familiar sphere of things just at hand unnoticed and despised, they have taken a long departure on the wings of imagination, and, seizing hold of uncertain abstractions, have laboriously constructed a theory

of the causes from which the present sprang, or of the unknown details in which it issues. Then in forced conformity to that theory they would interpret the facts of life, and order the conduct of man. The true way, on the contrary, is to begin with an investigation of the obvious realities of the present life as it is, seek to analyze and comprehend the meaning and the just claims of that which is directly before and within us. If we would rear a temple to the skies, we must commence building on the earth; the clouds furnish but a poor foundation for any solid structure. We can reach the far, outlying realms of truth only by passing through the sphere which closely surrounds us, only by mastering the intelligible rudiments within the enveloping world of our present senses and direct thought. By a clear acquaintance with immediate facts one will be much more likely to detect clews and form correct conclusions as to their origin and their purport, than he will be to arrive at an explanation of present facts from an arbitrary theory of what preceded them and what will follow them. That is to say, the realities of the present are not to be studied in their distant causes and effects, but causes and effects are to be sought through a study of present conditions, circumstances, events, tendencies, - things lying within our experimental reach. While our feet cling to the warm earthhome, our eyes, turned to the far-removed night-heavens, clearly spell out the sparkling constellations: but when we leave the ground, and sail in airy car above the mountains, as we rise, the atmosphere grows thin and cold, and the starry space grows dark and void. If we would know the origin of man, we must examine the facts of his present constitution. If we would discover the destination of man, we must dissect the prophetic germs of his present life. By meditating on the fall of an apple at his side, Newton grasped the awful secret that knits the boundless maze of worlds in one symmetric whole. By meditating a thousand years on the depths of the Milky Way, he would not have learned the law of the falling apple at his side.

But even if a knowledge of the near and the experienced yielded no help in unfolding the remote, the past, and the future, still our immediate lot on earth ought to be the foremost

object of our attention, because we are all here, and our powers and duties are all here with us. The practical botanist or the cultivator of trees ponders not so much the earths whence vegetation springs, not so much the finer elements in which it disappears, but rather searches the peculiar characteristics of the vegetation itself, and the ways of improving it, and the uses to be made of it. So man should rather occupy his faculties in comprehending the truths and obligations and possibilities of the present life, in rightly estimating the scope and claims of the passing hour, than in curiously prying after remote secrets which bear no practical part in deciding his daily happiness or in moulding his final destiny. The past is dead and gone. The future is not all. The present life, too, is an imminent and momentous reality, - is a tremendous hazard, the alternatives of whose contingencies hang over hell, and lay hold upon heaven, - is a prolific cause, the trails of whose consequences will traverse eternity. This world is not a punishing-place nor a waiting-place. It is a working-place; a place where spiritual athletes are to be trained, to start from the barriers, unencumbered and eager, on the endless race towards the goal of the Divinity. To all practical intents, the culminating point and power of being are now, for ever in the present. There is not, and throughout the everlasting abyss of possibilities there never will be, any other time than a momentary but continuous now. The present day, between the days departed and the days to come, the present life, between the eternity behind and the eternity before, should attract our thoughts, enlist our faculties, feed our desires, and prepare our souls.

This truth has not been appreciated and acted on as it should be. It is violated to an extent truly remarkable. Memory and hope, those mighty enchanters of the soul, giving us the free range of past and future, several causes combine to make us dwell too much in them, underrating and neglecting the present. First, it is less inviting, it is more arduous, to seize the literal and sober realities of the day, and reflect on them, and trace their lessons, and conform our feelings, actions, and plans to them, and to the morals which they inculcate, than it is to brood over the bygone in dreams of vague luxury, and to roam in lawless fancy through the time to come,

where every longing shall be satisfied. To grapple with facts at hand keeps the nerves of the soul at their tension; to contemplate visions afar relaxes the muscles of the mind; and so we instinctively prefer the latter. Again, we are so constituted that we feel the little discomforts and annoyances, the evils, of the present far more sharply than we do its privileges and enjoyments; in the now, pleasures relatively dwindle, and pains dilate; and so we escape from the present and flee into the past and the future. This is the coward's artifice to get his ease; the hero takes another way, rising up where he is, and with girded loins and trimmed lamp making the present what he would have it. Furthermore, we idealize the past, and recall it in the placid moonlight of romance, set off in the forms of the imagination, and seen through the haze of softening regrets and holy tears. Its domain, so sweetly peaceful, whence most of the evil has been eliminated, and where all the good has been touched with consecration, contrasts with the turmoil and hate of the present. Its realm allures the timid: for the hideous shapes of fear cannot enter where all is unchangeably done and fixed. Then, too, hope paints the future with fairy colors, and fills it with scenes of beauty and peace, with golden visions of triumph and joy, which fascinate us from the dull hues, the leaden routine actually around us. It must always delight man, when weary in the hurrying rivalries and disgusted with the thin indifference of society, in thought and feeling to steal awhile away into love's own clime, and lave his fevered brow with the cordial of faith's cool and lambent air.

Indolence, timidity, remembrance, and anticipation thus frequently tend with conjoined force to lead us to an unjust and injurious depreciation of the present. Remorse, too, over the folly and sin of wasted years, often drags one's thoughts back against his will, and fastens them in the upbraiding past. Such a fostered habit is evil; it unmans one, enervates the virtuous energies of his soul. To wander much among the wrecks of past foolishness, or to rake much among the charnel bones and ashes of past wickedness, is bad, and not useful. When one dwells regretfully on what he has lost, and is thus led to despair at what he now is, or to repine at what he now has, he perverts the use of the past, which is not to weary or sicken

us of the present, but to warn and instruct, rouse and strengthen us to a greater zeal of fidelity in it. In like manner, when a contemplation of the future bedims the brightness or hides the claims of the present, it is abused. It should animate us to a worthy employment of the gifts and discharge of the duties of the present, that we may appropriate its treasures.

"If used to reconcile convictions with delay, To-morrow is a poisonous lie: If used to spur feeble resolves into action, To-morrow is a wholesome truth,"

But to the now-mentioned natural influences to make us neglect the actual moment - making the past and future two magnetic poles, the present a central point of indifference — is to be added the artificial and graver effect of that false and morbid theological doctrine of the present life, with which religious literature is saturated and preaching deeply tinged and tainted. Of course reference is made to the dogmas of total depravity, unconditional reprobation, Satanic agency, a lapsed and discordant creation, and an interminable hell, - doctrines which disenchant the heart of its ingenuous trust, strip the world of its glory, empty our life and labors of all that is divine, quench the orbs of the spiritual firmament in their sockets, and rifle mercy and sovereignty alike from God's divided throne. The wholesale condemnation which these principles launch upon the entire present, as if a blasting curse were breathed through every part, to cleave to it until the purging conflagration, - this scornful abandonment of human nature to utter alienation and evil, - this unreserved surrender of the whole solemn scene of natural life, with all its toils and amusements, all its agonies of remorseful crime and ecstasies of aspiring faith, all its noble wrestlings for virtue and sweet amenities of kindness, to the dominion of the Devil. - this most unfortunate theological habit, so widely diffused, so tenaciously rooted, is a falsehood which has effected immense injury, both in lowering the average standard of morals and in weakening the popular hold of religion.

It has tended to realize itself, to make life become what it was represented as being. Any prophecy, firmly believed,

works in numerous ways to get itself fulfilled. Let men credit any given doctrine, and, by always taking it for granted. by acting in accordance with such supposition, they will exert a various power to bring common character and experience, to bring things and events, into unison with it. Say that man is perfectly corrupt, earth naturally a scene of unmixed evil from which God is sequestered in a distant heaven, and, so far as your statement has effect, it will be to create its own proof, and gradually fetch itself true. Man finds that for which he seeks, and loses that about which he is incredulous. looks what he disbelieves in, and sees what he expects. does not believe in a native power to be good and acceptable, he will not strive much to recognize such ability in others, or to exert it in himself. If he believes selfish vice universal and unmitigated, he will discern blasphemy in the prayers of a saint, he will spy corruption in the ministry of a seraph. he thinks God has ebbed from the present, and Satan flooded it, he will perceive no trace of divinity in it, no light of heaven on it. That stiff separation and hostility between the earthly and the heavenly, between the natural and the supernatural, made now for ages in the teachings of the prevailing theology, pronouncing all that inherently belongs to this world and to this life ungodly and excommunicate, has therefore done great harm, by actually divorcing the sacred from the secular, holiness from business, the Sabbath from the week, the calls of moral duty from the sanctions of religion, the common sphere and soul of man from the Providence and Spirit of God. What a gross error this is! Do we most please the Great Architect and honor the universal temple by scornfully vilifying its earthly porch?. Were it not better to put the shoes from our feet in the entry, consider the very threshold holy, and hang the vestibule all over with votive wreaths, before bowing our heads to advance into the celestial adytum?

Another pregnant evil resulting from that theology which thus separates God and religion from the natural interests of the present life, and even sets up a factitious opposition between them, is unbelief. Proclaim the doctrine, that God, having made the world and placed us in it, having made the emulations of society and the labors of time a necessity of our nature and position, having showered innumerable blessings on us, and surrounded us with trials to train us in righteousness and faith, has then withdrawn his presence and his sanctions from the scene, and laid an interdict on it, so that what we are and what we discern and what we pursue, in the sphere of nature, is all alike forfeit of his love, and alien from his attributes, and wrecked from his laws, and hateful in his sight, a devilish mass of ruins, - say this, and you provoke dissent and nourish scepticism in all independent thinkers. picture offends the unperverted common-sense of man, and shocks his devoutest instincts. A system fundamentally composed of such views cannot meet the flash of reason and stand the charge of conscience. The preaching of such principles produces a powerful reaction in earnest and free minds against the entire religion to which they pretend to belong. In some it awakens aggressive disbelief: in more it creates general doubt. indifference, non-adherence to the creed and customs of the established church. Experience often shows examples of both these results. It is easy to see that this would naturally be so; that the scheme of doctrine which describes this world as the scene of a drawn battle between Satan, who possesses it, and God, who invades it, - the teaching which makes religion a thing apart from nature and man, to be mechanically introduced and supernaturally engrafted from abroad, - would cause two directions and degrees of unbelief in two classes of persons. A strong and devout thinker will probably revolt, and say: "These things are not so. The world is God's handiwork. and in it his will may be wrought out. Man is God's child. and may anywhere, by obedience, purity, and aspiration, acceptably approach him without the intervention of a vicarious atoner. The life of pure nature, as developed through progressive culture, is divine. Truth is religion." Rejecting the preacher's mediæval notions for higher conceptions, he will withdraw his heart from the Church in faithful sadness. the other hand, when an ignorant, sensual man is told that to be religious is to renounce and despise himself, trample on the prizes of earth and time, and wage an uncompromising, spiritual war with the present state, the declaration is so unressonable, and at the same time he is so devoid of any better

theory, that he will probably rush to the extreme of denial, and say: "There is nothing in it. It is all an imposition. Religion is the device of designing priests. As for me, give me the full range of what the present world affords, and then let me sleep. This is wisdom, for such is fate. All the rest is cant." And he withdraws from the Church in "infidel" rebellion. If all men acted from within with sturdy honesty, a great many in every community would follow one of these two courses. The reason that no more do rise into open non-conformity, is to be found only in the fact that most persons make no real inquiry into these subjects, but tacitly yield themselves to the influence of tradition, prescription, and fashion. notwithstanding the tremendous power of usage and passive drifting thus exerted, there actually is, all through Christendom, a deep, latent unbelief. This is proved by the common and spreading indifference to theological appeals, and desertion of ritual performances, as well as by various other indications not to be mistaken. The master-cause of it, one can make no doubt, is primarily the unreasonableness and cruelty of the priestly teachings. They are generally harshly unnatural, often utterly incomprehensible, and sometimes incredibly absurd. Men cannot really believe them, feel no spontaneous interest in them, derive no decided benefit from them, and so, at last, will pay but little attention to them. Unless the cause be checked, and theology grow rational, and preaching be adapted to the living wants of humanity, it threatens the universal decay of the current religion, and the general loss of hallowed usages. In the great cities, the temples of public worship, taken as a whole, are less and less frequented; in fact, in many places half of them are becoming empty. London, vast churches, once thronged, now contain audiences of six or seven persons, - and those the intimate friends of the preacher, - to listen to elaborate courses of sermons delivered by the most accomplished men in the profession. large majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain, it is estimated from a Sunday census expressly taken by order of Parliament not long ago, pay no observance to the religious ordinances of Sunday. In Germany the decadence has been said to be still greater. And what would the Puritan Fathers say,

if told that only a quarter of the population of New England attend the ministrations of the Church? It is undeniable that in the ruling spirit and habits of the age we meet increased indications of declining faith and interest in preaching and public worship, dissent from the prevalent theology, and indifference to its threats or promises. Large numbers of the most intelligent people prefer staying at home with a book and meditation, or roaming in the fields with Nature and God, to attending a service where they will hear little but antiquated metaphysics and effete dogmas, the endless repetition of things that insult their judgment and their sentiment, and are barren of profitable application. This alienation from the established religion, and careless neglect of its forms, will continue to increase so long as the causes of it are permitted to operate. is already so extensively influential as to afford just grounds for anxiety to every appreciating observer who is a believing and a pious man.

What is to be done to stay this tendency? How can we reinstate Religion in the old throne of supremacy where once she sat and reigned without a rival? The methods which then gave efficacy to her proclamations now fail. To win back the forfeited allegiance and love of the non-conformists, they must be approached with teachings as rational and genial as their own understandings and hearts. This requirement is not accidental and temporary, but inherent and essential. Discord must sooner or later end: harmony alone can endure eternally. And that system of doctrine which depicts duty as a frowning Nemesis, furnished with sword and scourge, and the earth as the lurid scaffold of Divine vengeance elevated before the roaring mouth of hell, unperverted men must always shudder at with mingled hatred, horror, and unbelief. Only the little coterie of the elect can ever like it. But that system of doctrine which depicts duty as a guiding angel, arrayed in wisdom, benignity, and righteousness, and the earth as a bountiful table of Divine love, preparatory to the feast at which the immortals sit down in the kingdom of heaven, will appeal to kind and candid minds, to unpledged and undiseased thinkers, with powerful persuasion. It is plain that theology must be modified, must throw away its dry husks of incredible dogmas

no longer respected, and its bruising-stones of spiritual terrors no longer feared, and feed the waiting appetite of mankind with living bread and palatable fruits. The dead system of instructions which the world has outgrown must be left behind to bury its dead, while those sovereign truths are proclaimed which by their own evidence recommend themselves to the common mind, by their cheering commands stir the common heart, and by their harmony with all that is divine in man bring an echo from the common conscience. The old. proud, rancorous, theological mind, which has animated so many priests to assert the tolerableness of slavery, defend the panders to drunkenness, prop up the gallows, and heartlessly - wink at immoral institutions and inhuman customs, must grow humbly and devotedly philanthropic, with a spirit, a principle, and a consecration caught from the manger of Bethlehem, the weary hour by Jacob's well, and the cross of Calvary. Doctrines that denounce nature, contradict reason, and insult life, must be abandoned, while those principles whose intrinsic claims win the assent of common sense, show the broad indorsement of nature, reflect dignity upon man, beauty upon life, and honor upon the Creator, are illustrated by groups of facts and applied in fulfilment of duties. The realities of man's business and bosom, the problems which really engage men day after day, must be handled so as to relieve actual perplexities. and minister to the needs of actual sufferers. There must be arranged and arraved a system of faith fitted to meet the progressive spirit of the time, - able to stand the critical scrutiny of honest sceptics. In a word, we must have the religion of Jesus, truly understood, freed from pagan additions and morbid perversions, — a religion of life, humanity, nature, a religion of the present, - based on the foundation of eternal truths, penetrating behind the history of past traditions, rising into the sky of future hopes, everywhere permeated and encircled by the one spirit of the living God. Time was when learning and habits of speculative thought were pretty much confined to the ranks of the priesthood. The decrees they fulminated were followed with implicit conformity. It is so no longer. Now the people are awake, greatly emancipated from mental thraldom; and they will observe, reason, and conclude

freely for themselves. It cannot be helped. It is the era of types and telegraphs, when the carrier-birds of the press, in amazing numbers, acclimated to every shore of land and sea, fan and fill the breezes of the world, from pole to pole, with the instructions of their white wings, and when the excitement of thought and news flies far and wide on the red lines of the lightning. The age, in spite of all theological threats and shrieks, is remedilessly plunged into business rivalries, useful arts, material sciences, human philosophies, and social reforms. It is vain to put a ban upon all this, utterly vain. It is the sure destiny of the time, and everything conspires to aid it on: it is the resistless decree of God. In the midst of it all, if sacred things are not to be swallowed up and lost, if we would save religion from decay, the altar from desolation, and the pulpit from bats, preaching, in all its varieties, must somewhat conform its scope and spirit to the altered conditions and demands of the time. It must busy itself more with the realities of the present, set forth the Gospel, not as an isolated deposit of the spirit in Judæa twenty centuries since, but as a living revelation now; must deal more, and that reverently and tenderly, with the sombre and sunlit dreads and desires, the awful gulfs and heights of the woe and bliss of the human heart in its actual relations to life, to nature, to science, and to God. The religious teachers of the world must appreciate and treat, as they never yet have done, the presentness of life, or else, discovered to be faithless to their functions, they will be ousted from their offices, the theologian be displaced by the philosopher, the preacher give way to the lecturer, and the sinking Church disappear before the rising Lyceum.

Viewing this tendency of the time, discerning men will agree in one remedy for the evil, and that is, an unveiling of Divine elements and sanctions all about us in the present, until humanity, starting from the stony pillow of tradition, in the midmost wilderness of secularity, cries, with awe-touched lips, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!" If we would not have life become a mere mixture of physical drudgery, exasperated emulation, and final sensuality, a piece of clattering mechanism instead of a calm process of spirit, we must infuse into it and spread over it the glory of the

Ideal, which is the presence of God, by contemplating it with the use of those artistic faculties, and in the light of those spiritualizing associations, which to the meditative imagination and the romantic heart do so purify and adorn the past, so paint and crowd the future; we must not let these noble powers merely roam as idle vagrants in dim and far-off spheres, but call them home and make them do divine service in the clear kingdom of present experience, spreading here,

> "In one great calm, one undivided plain, Immediate joys, blest memories of the dead, And iris-tinted forms of hope's domain."

So far as the unreasonableness and inconsistencies of the popular representations of religion, scornfully trampling on men's moral instincts and blasting their unquestionable interests, have provoked dissent and fed unbelief, society is left unprotected against that materialistic enterprise which is fast threatening to absorb the regards of mankind.

A degrading worldliness can be counteracted in no way so well as by showing that it is a mistake, a pernicious piece of self-cheating; that the world and its toils are not all earthly and sensual, but have a spiritual basis and a heavenly import; that only faith and genius, purity and devotion, can truly apprehend and enjoy even the present. Strange it is that the priesthood, now for so long, should have assailed and calumniated nature and life, as if they could

"Only paint the next world's bliss On the sable ground of this":

failing to perceive how true it is,—and how much it lies in their own interest to get the truth appreciated,—that the earth is to be equipped as the ally and portal of heaven, and not to be stigmatized as its forfeit and foe, to be regarded as its typifying precursor, not its hostile foil; that our pleasant possessions are to be treated as God's gifts, and not as Satan's enticements; that the objects of the great time-scene are symbols of spiritual good, and not intrinsic exhibitions of evil! To neutralize excessive worldliness, the world itself should be made a monitor of death and eternity, life itself a religion wherein obedience to law is fealty to God, and performance of

duty, preparation for heaven. We must abolish the popular view which regards religion as descending on the fair land-scape of the world from without, like a thunder-cloud, black with command, and ablaze with threat; and establish the wiser view which recognizes religion as rising from within the divine order of field and city and sky, like the incense of flowers, the hum of men, and the spectacle of the rainbow.

The arena of to-day - where ambition, avarice, love, hate, and all the most powerful passions are contending - draws the active lives of most men into its strife by an interest which, in the radiance of its fairy prizes, pales the thin dreams of vesterday and to-morrow. If now a reverential insight can reveal and evoke from the very soil of that arena, from the very bosom of that strife, the verdure and bloom of a sacred poetry, the cooling streams of holiness and spirituality, - all naturally springing from within, -how much better to do so than to deny that any such inherent alleviations of the barren aridity are there, and then send the slaves of ignorance on a distant expedition to some fancied oasis of foreign authority, there to pluck a few withered flowers of theory, and thence to fetch in the skins of tradition a few vapid draughts of belief! The religion which was revealed in old time, and sealed with ratifying sanctions, was not thereby artificially created then, but exists afresh, inheres for ever, in the intrinsic facts and relations of God's world and creatures.

Religion is not a bomb, to be shot into the godless camp of the soul from the fortress of sacerdotal dogma, to explode, and rend the sensibilities with extra-natural terrors and expectations. It is a germ of principle and feeling, to be developed and assimilated into a pious spirit and a regulated character. It is not a strange addition, projected from heaven into man's career through the world, but it is the right spirit and order of that career itself. Let no one suspect and avoid religion, then, as something extraneous and unscientific, arbitrarily foisted into the system of things, and working disjointedly there; but let him cultivate his soul, and think and live his way in to it, and up to it, as the heart and the halo of experience, as the very flower and summit of nature, as the last perfection and glory of life, where Christ blossoms from the top-

most stem of the race, and lays his earthly hand in the heavenly hand of God, reaching down thence to lift a redeemed humanity up. However much we emphasize miracle and revelation, let us remember still that they are the mere utterance, not the essence, the form, not the contents, of the Divine communica-They are the post and index, not the road and journey. Which is better, to worship the Paternal Providence itself, which lets no sparrow fall unnoticed, or to worship Christ's declaration of that Providence? The Bible at the best is but the verbal expression of religion: the receptacle, home, and substance of religion itself are in man and the world. Is not the reality more and diviner than the exposition? Christ did not come to import a foreign, nor to manufacture a new religion, but to reveal and enforce the domestic and eternal one. And as surely as year follows year, life will grow atheistic in the conduct and real thoughts of men, unless they learn, as they have not yet generally learned, to recognize God in the present, to see him in all things, and to feel that all things are in him; and thus to knit the living links of communication between their weakness and his strength, their ways and his will. spite of all argument to the contrary, and all exhortation, honest thinkers will say: "If there are no natural pictures in this nook and corner of creation to attract the notice of God's eve. then the boundless sky holds none. If no sorrows or pleasures, no virtues of human hearts, no sacrifices laid on the altar in love and tears, can win his presence and sympathy, then he cares for no creatures. If he is not in this world to keep and guide it, if things here get along thus well without him, then he is not necessary anywhere, and there is no God." To have any genuine faith at all in God, you must behold him here and now.

Believe that he fills, governs, delights, the universe, not identifying him with any beings or things, but connecting him with all of the great surrounding PRESENT. Perceive him smiling in the flush of its beauty, bountiful in the stores of its harvest, regnant in the course of its laws, active in the changes of its phenomena, immanent in the live foundations of its existence, vocal in the commands of conscience, playing in the visions of

genius, working in the struggles of virtue, and, clothed with allurement, hiding in the awful recesses of mystery. Let this mode of thought prevail,—and religion, springing from omnipresent truth, in robust requisitions and graceful usages, hallowing with a Divine presence and sanction all the daily scene of humanity, will have a self-evidencing validity which none can question, and encircle an indefeasible empire which nothing can outreach.

Truth and expediency unite, therefore, in asking a studious attention to the urgent and comprehensive immediateness of human life. Several considerations will throw light on the genuineness and the importance of this demand. In the first place, what open-eyed observer can fail to see that man is here to apply the means and secure the ends of this world and life? Removed hence to another range of existence, he will be called on there to improve other opportunities, either for the winning of other purposes or the further prosecution of these. fore, he neglects to gather the wealth and achieve the aims of the present state while he is in it, the chance may never be offered him again, and he may be obliged to go through eternity destitute of some of the conditions of nobleness and progress now alone attainable by him. It is also plain, that in the destiny of the individual man each present moment is a fresh crisis. It is a new hinge of freedom whereon the results of the past and the beginnings of the future are perilously poised. The contingence of its turning this way or that, may redeem a wasted, or annul a faithful past; may prepare a blessed, or lead to a dreadful future. How, then, dares attention waver from the present?

It is likewise obvious that the present is the only place where man can act at all. He has come out of the past, and not yet gone into the future, and cannot act where he is not. In the very spot and instant where he now stands, he must, with his eye on God, plant the lever of his will, and hoist the globe of his fortunes. The one question for man to ask is, "What am I to do?" But as to the past, all he can do is to profit by its experience, and that must be done in the present: and as to the future, all he can do is to prepare for its coming, and that must be done in the present. He is completely im-

potent, except here and now. How, then, can anything compare with the present in the pressure of its beseeching importance? Man yields to a false concern when he asks himself, with anxious curiosity, "Where shall I go after death?" The only questions of real importance are, what sort of a man he is now, what are his capacities and fitnesses, what motives constrain him, what organizing principles have supremacy in his soul; when summoned to other spheres and lives, what sort of a being has he to carry there, and what destiny and experience will it necessitate. According to his ruling affection and occupation, each day is bearing him on to the heaven or the hell which his character creates.

The magnitude and intensity of the actual interests of the present cannot easily be exaggerated, because life now is really as inclusive as we can conceive. All that ever did occur, or that ever will, is, in essence, now occurring here. The history of this hour is the history of eternity. We cannot even imagine anything as having been in the past, or as yet to be in the future, save by combining the rudiments and working on the elementary hints possessed by the present. Creation, modification, destruction, progress, are here. Righteousness, iniquity, reward, retribution, are here. Beauty, deformity, love, terror, anxiety, peace, - at least, the conscious opening germs of them all.—are here. Knowledge, ignorance, bliss, agony, success, failure, the bloom and blight of the real, the magic form and motion of the ideal, are here. Watching angels winnow the holy atmosphere of prayer with their hovering pinions, here. God is here. What can there ever be anywhere that is not in essence and bud now here? Time contains eternity. Earth holds both hell and heaven. These in their future localities and adjudications mean but the aggravated continuation, the further development, of the present. A penetrative gaze and open feeling would lift up the warning horrors of the one, and bring down the inviting splendors of the other, and transfuse them through and reflect them over the intervening present. That needs to be done. It would be wise and most profitable to do it. It would teach us that, to avoid an infernal future, we must tear the growing roots of hell out from the soul now; that, to secure a celestial future. we must plant the imperishable seeds of heaven in the soul now. Future results spring from present beginnings.

That men might be really prepared to enter on another life and state when this life and state end, one is tempted sometimes almost to believe it would be good if the vision could be made true which an Oriental thinker in fancy saw. One Genius flew aloft with a torch, and burned up heaven; another descended with a vase, and extinguished hell; so that only the present world was left to solicit, task, and educate the energies of man.

Why should we employ the falsities of distance to lend enchantment to the view, when a deeper observation of truths will do it so much better? An increase of insight, a touch of wonder, a gush of sensibility, a halo of pious belief and feeling, are what we need to transform the halting plod of our daily prose to the musical march of a lyric rhythm, to distil into the bitterness of affliction a sweet flavor of religious use, and to array our dusty tasks in the blended hues of romance. The general acquisition of such a power within, and adoption of such a view without, would do more than all other human means to regenerate mankind and embellish life. It would do as much to advance the world, as the five knotty points of the prevalent theology, and kindred agencies, have done to retard it. It would tell men to walk as rich kings of the planet, not crouch as obsequious courtiers of heaven; to live as enfeoffed lords of time, not cling as vermin parasites of eternity. Indeed, an earnest study of human life, our present life, by analysis of its facts, induction of its phenomena, and generalization from its experiments, is the only way to improve it, and make it what it should be: to correct its abuses, abolish its evils, multiply its blessings, diffuse its happiness, and develop its latent possibilities. And to turn public attention comparatively away from remoter and meaner themes, and earnestly engage it in this most appropriate, most fruitful study, would be one of the direct results of an adequate recognition of the importance of the present. In other aims we may be deceived, disappointed, mocked; but to purify the contents and improve the environments of the present life, is a purpose certainly worthy, and sure to be rewarded. In this

study it shall be that man will learn the lessons whose guiding wisdom and inspiring motives he most needs. Then he will travel fast in the paths of progress. Perceiving that he is now in the present, to seek and seize the purposes of the present, perceiving that God owns the earth, and that he by that sure title is a freehold tenant on the estate of time, he will look about him with new eyes and a new heart. And straightway he will begin to see that all his duties, in perfect harmony with all his interests, direct him to mingle his soul's divinest feelings with life's lowliest toils, and endeavor out of the blocks of its cheapest opportunities to hew and build the achievement of his sublimest ideals.

Such a concentration upon the present is no culpable neglect of the past, but is its just issue and use; because the past bequeaths and empties itself into the present, and survives in no other way. Neither in a hearty entrance on the affairs of the present do we by any means forget or sink the future; but acting in the life that now is with a cherished faith in a higher hereafter, we draw forth in all their fulness the genuine uses of that belief. Those uses are as follows. It imparts a dignity to the temporary scenes of the present. It lets us already move in the sweep of its august extent, and dwell beneath the vastness of its overarching grandeur. It furnishes a motive to fidelity in the arduous struggles of the present. Promising us an everlasting existence under the discriminating oversight of God, it gives a strong incitement to the culture of noble virtues in humble circumstances, in silence and It affords a consolation in the bitter griefs of the present. In the ear of the desponding bewailer it whispers that calamity is but for a night, and that joy comes with the morning; and so by its music and balm it sweetly comforts It yields a pleasure amidst the decaying insuffithe sad heart. ciencies of the present. When palling satiety follows fulness, or disappointment advances, and fatal defect is discovered, when the flower fades, and the end of earth approaches, - then it is a blessed boon to be able to enjoy the thought of another sphere ready to welcome the captive who is about to fly from his broken cell. It ministers strength to do, resolution to bear, resignation to wait. Thus we see that none of the uses

of faith in a heavenly immortality was meant to degrade the earthly present, or alienate us from its attractions; but, on the contrary, they were all intended to contribute to its worth, to add their compensating influences in remedy of its incompleteness. When all around is dark and trying, and despair has emptied the present of its glory, to renew the withered heart and faded life we should

"Then from earth's immediate sorrow
Towards the skyey future turn,
And from its unseen to-morrow
Fill to-day's exhausted urn."

Since we are here at present, what better can we do, while here, than studiously look about, and patiently meditate, and zealously labor, and devoutly aspire? not lying supine in passive recollection and dreamy faith, not letting "memory and hope, like two wild horses, tear the precious Now asunder." Behold the facts. The past pours the tribute of its traditions, and sheds the reflection of its wisdom, along the channels of experience, upon the poised present. The future sends the inspiration of its promises, and scatters the omens of its warning, down the vistas of faith, to the tempted Now. opens the portal to the opportunities of the living world. the interim, invisible worlds, with unuttered secrets charged, hang breathless over the running of the free career. then death closes up and seals the earthly epoch of probation for judgment. All appear to point with fixed fingers at each passing to-day as the concentred crisis of man's fortunes; all seem to say to man's soul, in tones of profound sobriety and immortal cheer, "Here is the appointed spot, and now is the accepted hour. Contemplate and use the surrounding scene, spring to the instant duty, pluck the immediate prize, smite the urgent foe, snatch the hovering chance, solve the pressing problem. Slumber not in ruinous sloths, revel not in distant fancies, perplex not the brain with impracticable speculations; but study the reality of your lot, and work for the crown of your destiny."

## ART. IV. - THE MODERN FRENCH PULPIT.

- Les Vrais Principes sur la Prédication, ou Manière d'annoncer avec Fruit la Parole de Dieu. Par M. L'ABBÉ J. X. VÉTU, Ancien Vicaire-Général et Chanoine honoraire de Dijon et de Paris.
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- 3. Panégyrique de St. Vincent de Paul, et Discours Divers. Par M. L'ABBÉ CHARLES DE PLACE. Paris: Le Clère. 1857. 8vo. pp. 366.
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- 9. Sermons. Par Athanase Coquerel, Père. 6 Recueils. Paris. 1852 58. 12mo.
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- Sermons Prêchés à Strasbourg. Par T. Colani, Directeur de la Révue de Théologie. Strasbourg: Treuttel et Würtz. 1858. 12mo. pp. 390.

WE have no intention of even "noticing," much less of reviewing, all the works whose titles are prefixed to this

paper. These are only a selection in various kinds from the recent homiletic issues of the French press. They illustrate satisfactorily the rules, the methods, and the characteristics of modern French preaching, the theme on which we propose to offer some remarks. They include all shades of opinion, from the ultra-Catholic to the ultra-Protestant, from the most strict Mariolatry to the most liberal form of positive Christianity. If the views of the Strasburg pastor remind us in parts of the theology of the Boston Music Hall, the orthodoxy of the imperial chaplain is substantial enough to meet even the extreme theory of "Brownson's Quarterly." The subtile arguments of M. Guiol for the Divinity of Christ are matched by M. Coquerel's plea for Christ's Humanity. While the impassioned appeals and rapturous visions of Father Lacordaire show us French pulpit oratory in its soaring and its melting moods, the "Conférences" of Father Félix show this oratory calm and almost cold in its sharp logical play. And a comparison of the small Protestant work of M. Alfred Vincent with the larger treatises of the Abbés Mullois, Martin, and Vétu demonstrates that the Reformed Church in its notion of pulpit eloquence does not widely differ from the Faculty of St. Sulpice. Substantially, the same system is taught in the seminaries of both communions. The curate of St. Roch may lack the genius and the culture of the chief minister of the neighboring "Oratoire"; but the styles of the two preachers have many points of resemblance, and their discourses are of similar construction.

The French pulpit of to-day suffers from its heritage of great names. It is shadowed by its ancient glory. Bossuet, Massillon and Bourdaloue, Fénelon and Fléchier, that pentad of pulpit orators, perpetually stand in the way of the living preachers, and hinder any just appreciation. These are the stars of first and second magnitude, which make a sufficient study for those who would become finished preachers. These are the unsurpassable models; and to become great as the least of these is presented as the high object of the young preacher's ambition. The instances of excellence are drawn chiefly from the sermons of these famous men. There is nothing in Germany, England, or America resembling the

idolatry of the French for their ancient pulpit models. The Reformers of the sixteenth century are not presented in the theological lectures of German professors as model preachers, although the names of many of them would compare fairly with those of the French preachers. South, Barrow, Taylor, and Howe do not in the least interfere with the fame of modern Melvills, Cummings, or Robertsons; and on this side of the ocean there are no ancient American examples in this kind that any one would offer for imitation. The tale of the American pulpit is but just begun; the tale of the English pulpit is hardly half finished; while the tale of the French pulpit seems to be fully told, and all that any one may properly do is to tell it again. An edition of the five preachers seems to contain and to sum up all that is, or ever will be, desirable or possible in the pulpit of France.

If one might divine the state of pulpit eloquence in France from the quantity of new treatises on that subject which every decade furnishes, it would seem to be flourishing in a high degree. While the English theological student is embarrassed by the number of "Bodies of Divinity," of commentaries, of exegetical and dogmatical works, the French student is embarrassed by the abundance of homiletic manuals. Three quarters of a century have not passed since Cardinal Maury gave to the world his famous "Essay"; and already the bibliography of this subject fills a large space in the catalogues. It is their own fault if the French curates fail to preach well; they cannot complain that they have not been instructed, and instructed with a care, a thoroughness, a minuteness, quite marvellous. No English work on the principles of preaching can bear a moment's comparison with the exhaustive fulness of the work of the Abbé Vetu, with its six hundred and eightvfour distinct sections, in which everything is said that could be said or imagined, and some hundreds of things that nobody but a Frenchman would ever have thought of saying. table of contents of this work would make a catechism of respectable size. The work of the Abbé Martin is even larger and more unmanageable, and may well frighten a student who reflects that life is short, and who intends to begin his work of preaching before his hair shall turn gray. The French insist much upon the importance of memory in every kind of public discourse; and no more severe exercise of that faculty could be required of a preacher, than the memory of all these counsels in his *prédication* text-books.

A great deal is nevertheless remembered. The directions which are laid down so accurately, and with such wonderful method, are not neglected. Nine preachers out of ten gesticulate, declaim, slide the voice, bend the body, and use the pauses, as they have been taught by their masters. Nineteen sermons out of every twenty are constructed according to the rules of the books. Originality of manner is a thing which few French preachers attempt, and still fewer are able to Spurgeon's reputation would be an impossibility and an absurdity among the people who idolize Bossuet. the last century, indeed, the rude, natural eloquence of Jacques Bridaine seemed to show a capacity for such oratory as that of Whitefield, and a relish of the people for that style; but it may be doubted whether even Bridaine could find in this age a hearing in France for his erratic harangues. Preaching, like passports, and everything else in France, must now be strictly selon les règles. It must conform to the authorized standard of weight and measure, of length, breadth, and depth. And this close adherence to prescribed forms prevents French preachers from seeming original, even when there is real originality of thought and idea. The fresh ideas inevitably take the color; along with the shape, of the moulds in which they are cast; the outline, however graceful and appropriate, is accompanied with a rigidity of tone. The pathos seems artificial, and the raptures fly heavily and near the earth, like an eagle with clipped wing and tethered ankle.

One who has in hand, therefore, the standard manuals of the French pulpit, does not need to read or to hear very many of the sermons in order to understand the character of French discourses. He may study it in the theory as intelligently as in the specimens, may tell as confidently what the preachers are, without hearing them, as Leverrier could tell in his chamber the ways and bulk of the undiscovered planet. Between the theory and the specimens there is an admirable coincidence. This a priori judgment, however, is somewhat embarrassed by

the fact, that the pulpit of France, like its literature and its drama, is divided between rival schools. Romanticism has invaded the pulpit not less than the theatre, and has claimed to supersede the old, time-honored classic forms. Not a few look upon Lamennais as the Luther of the French pulpit, and exalt his style above that of Massillon and the established masters. Too much leaning to this romantic school of preaching vitiates, in M. Vétu's opinion, the suggestions of Cardinal Maury; he knows no book which, in this regard, "can do more harm to a young priest," than a work which borrows so much from infidel maxims, and appeals so much to those worldly and sensual motives which mark the party of Romanticism. That party, thanks to the Jesuits, is nearly crushed out of the dominant Church. Lamennais, burdened by Papal anathema, has ceased to guide the faithful, and they are content to forget him. But the volume of M. Colani is evidence that all Protestants are not reconverted to the classic ideas.

Another thing which interferes with a just understanding of French preaching is the various sorts of discourse which are comprehended under the general head of pulpit eloquence. The word "sermon" is more limited in France than it is with us, and by no means includes even the larger part of the performances of a preacher. The prône, for instance, the most common form of sermonizing in the French Catholic churches. has no synonyme in English. It is a short discourse of not more than half an hour, interrupting the Mass, and coming just after the passage of the Gospel. It derives its name from the Latin praconium, because at this part of the service it is customary to give notices of feasts, fasts, penances, meetings of any kind, and the banns of marriage; and it is properly an explanation of the passage of Scripture which has just gone before, or an exposition of the fast or feast which is then announced. The rules for the prône are as carefully laid down as for the sermon proper, and in this department of preaching the new men are especially exercised. Before a priest is intrusted with the full duty of regular sermons, he must be well practised in this preparatory kind, and serve out his novitiate. Then there is the glose, which is a running commentary on the Creed, or the Commandments, or the Lord's Prayer, or

any theme of the Catechism. When a text is taken from the Scripture, then the glose becomes a "homily." The chief purpose of these gloses is instruction, and they correspond to what we call expository and didactic preaching. They test as well as any kind the preacher's skill.

Another variety of public discourse which finds great favor with the French writers on pulpit eloquence is the conférence. Properly speaking, conférences are discussions in which more than one take part, - dialogues or debates, sometimes between men of different opinions, sometimes between men of the same opinions, representing for the time different views. The preacher here has an interlocutor, who is to ask questions, to raise difficulties, and to make objections; taking care, however, to do this in such a manner as to help the chief speaker rather than embarrass him. The assistant in the dialogue must always remember that he is really on the side of his principal, and that he has no separate interest to serve, that his duty is not to argue for himself, but to assist the other's argument. His presence is to give seeming variety to a discussion in which all the truth is and must appear to be on one side. These mock controversies are popular in the provincial towns of France, and nice rules for their management are laid down in the books. Real controversies, on the other hand, are discouraged by the policy of the Catholic Church, though the Protestants solicit them. They are to be held, if held at all, outside the walls of the churches, and the faithful are to be warned against attending them. As their only object can be to convert heretics, there is no need of bringing them into the holy place, and before the Catholic altars. "Il ne faut pas souffrir," says M. Vétu, with exemplary warmth, "qu'une bouche impie vienne vomir le mensonge et le blasphême en présence du Saint des saints et du Dieu de vérité. La chaire catholique est réservée aux seuls ministres légitimes." Disputatious as the Jesuits are in the very spirit of their calling, they apply the rules of prudence to their disputes, and would never endanger the salvation of the faithful for the sake of triumph in a combat of words or logic.

But the use of the word conférence is not now limited to a discussion in which more than one takes part. It has come

to be applied to any discourse which is in its character controversial, and which weighs and balances arguments. famous conférences of Father Felix at Nôtre Dame are simply a series of controversial sermons on false and true ideas of progress. Nor is this element of controversy absolutely necessary to such discourse. The term is applied to that which states positive doctrine and continuous systematic instruction in a series of discourses. The conférences of M. Guiol at Marseilles are simply a series of thirteen discourses on the Evangelical doctrine, the miracles, and the mystery of God in Jesus Christ. The conférences of M. Courtier at Nôtre Dame. in 1856, are a series of discourses upon alms and almsgiving, explaining the duty and method of this charity and vindicating its fitness. Serial sermons on any subject, in fact, where there is unity of theme and progress of thought, come under this head of conférences. The best published volumes of the French Catholic pulpit bear this title. The Jesuit fathers have no love for miscellaneous and desultory discourse, and rarely print anything which has not the character of a sustained and logical discussion. The term conférence, too, is especially applied to the systematic instructions which the vicars-general give to their priests in the seasons of "Retreat."

Panegyric is another branch of pulpit eloquence to which great attention is paid in France. The Church of that country, not less than the Academy, is a society for "mutual admiration," and a chief duty of the living is to celebrate the dead. Not only are the recently departed to be appropriately eulogized, but it is also the task of the preacher to bring forth and exhibit the lives of the holy men whose days are festivals, and whose memory is sacred. The praise of the saints is a regular work, which belongs to the preacher's calling as much as exposition or exhortation. Indeed, the very writers who give directions concerning this work complain that it is made too methodical. There are many preachers who base their panegyrics, not upon the actual facts in the life of the saint whom they praise, but upon their well-digested plan of what a saint ought to be; they arrange for themselves the scheme of a saintly life, and bring forward this scheme on each new occasion. Fénelon, in the seventeenth century, had occasion to

blame this habit; still more M. Vétu, writing for the nineteenth century, finds it objectionable. He sees no harm in showing how the real life of one or another saint conformed to the ideal standard, but it seems to him rather ingenious than edifying to transfer the ideal life to the history of the real man, and praise him for virtues "which he perhaps never possessed." The method of the French pulpit in treating saints differs from the Italian method in this, that while the Italian invents acts for his heroes, and assigns to them miracles which they never performed, - often impossible prodigies, - the French invents for the saints a character, and assigns to them motives, gifts and graces of soul, which their recorded history does not warrant. This, it may be remarked, is also to some extent a vice of the English pulpit in treating the men and women of the Scriptures. The lives and characters of the Prophets and Apostles are inferred rather from a fixed standard of holiness, than from the statements of the Biblical The criticisms which M. Vétu makes on this habit of dealing with the saints are quite applicable to the Protestant style of eulogizing Moses and David, Peter and John; and the excellent rules for this kind of discourse which he lays down are worth noting by those who take in hand the characters of the Bible. These rules are six; - " not to confine one's self to eulogy, and not to fall into exaggeration"; "to show the actual, and not the imaginary, man"; "to avoid superfluous and prolix moral reflections," - for it is always more agreeable, says M. Vétu, for men to make their own reflections than to take those which come ready made; "to make a good distribution of facts and events, without being rigidly confined to the order of time"; "to forget one's self in the subject," not aiming to divert attention from the virtues of the saint to the rhetoric or skill of the preacher; and, finally, "not to be afraid of details," as if the life of a great man or a holy man could not contain any little things. Such rules as these would help to accomplish the wish of the Bishop of Saint Agatha, which readers of funeral sermons in our own tongue have frequent occasion to repeat: "Oh! plût au ciel qu'on abolît à jamais dans l'Église les panégyriques pleins de vent. pour y substituer des discours dans le genre simple et familier."

The question is discussed in the French books, "Who are entitled to the honor of funeral sermons?" Saints, popes, cardinals, and archbishops have ex officiis the right to this posthumous praise; but must it be given to bishops, vicars, canons, or simple curates, - to kings, nobles, generals, and statesmen? Is greatness without goodness or goodness without greatness, station without character or character without station, a sufficient ground for bestowing it? Must a new preacher enlarge in his first sermon on the genius and virtues of his predecessor, like an Academician when he first enters the assembly of the Institute? Is a preacher bound to praise doubtful characters, because of their popularity, their power, or their functions? The example of the great model preachers seems to have practically settled that question, and Bossuet's funeral eulogies are the excuse for covering the vices of the great, and magnifying the worth of those who wore titles. From one variety of funeral sermons, however, the French pulpit is happily exempt. It is not compelled to expatiate on the calamity to the world from the death of any promising youth or any infant phenomenon. The French curate does not feel, that sympathy with a bereaved mother calls him to exhibit in the congregation the graces of her lost lamb. was quaintly said of one of our American preachers by a member of his own family, that he ought, if any one ought, to be indicted for child-murder, since every Sunday he brought in some new painful case of infant death at which he had assisted. Infanticide of this kind is not a crime of which the French preachers can be accused.

The various kinds of preaching which we have mentioned, which are all separate from the sermon properly so called, are cared for as specialties. There is a division of labor in this trade, and the same man is not expected to argue well, to exhort well, and to eulogize well. Yet the well-furnished preacher must be able to assume any one of these functions,—to pass, if necessary, from the panegyric to the conference. He who is to preach at a chapel in the suburbs ought, if need be, to be able to preach before the Emperor. And judging from the volumes of M. Charles de Place, the sermons which Napoleon III. is compelled to listen to are such as would not

severely tax the intelligence of the most common audience. The style of these discourses is perhaps a shade more polished than would be necessary in the humbler churches, but the thought could not well be more simple or superficial. Except that they begin with the word "Sire," and end with a paragraph or two of the flattery required by etiquette, they might just as well have been preached to a company of shopkeepers or workmen. There is a wide interval in this respect between Berlin and Paris. Reinhard and Schleiermacher were preachers to a cultivated class, and not to the common people; but the court preacher at the Tuileries would only be too dull, not too profound, for an audience of the common people.

A peculiarity most noticeable in French sermons is their elaborate and ingenious introduction. The advices of the books here are carefully followed, and whatever may be said of the conclusion, the commencement of almost every French sermon is artistic. It ought, according to rule, to consist of five parts, the text, the general introduction, the statement of the subject and its divisions, the invitation, and the invocation. But the rule here is frequently so modified by Protestant preachers as to leave out the invocation, and to make the introduction simply a means of binding the text to the body of the discourse. The usual proportion of the introduction to the whole discourse is that of one fifth. It is never omitted, and the rule which an eminent statesman gave to a young clerical friend, of writing an introduction and then striking it out of the manuscript and beginning the argument at once without any preliminary remark, would be considered in the French pulpit as a fatal mistake. We never have read or heard a French sermon in which the exordium was neglected or hurried. The French preacher, on the other hand, careful as he is of the exordium, does not fall into the error of condensing in that all the force of his sermon, or anticipating there all that he is going to say, and does not expend his thought in preliminaries. No French sermon can be found of the kind which is not uncommon in our neighborhood, where the main doctrine of the discourse is reached only when it is time to close, and the hearer is cajoled with regrets that the subject cannot be thoroughly discussed. French sermons are neither, like the

churches of Florence, without façade, so that you step from the street directly into the sanctuary, nor like the edifices of Thebes, where you toil through a long avenue of half-buried sphinxes only to find at last the fragment of a temple.

The regular close of the introduction in a French Catholic sermon is what is called the "Invocation." This may be to the saints or to the Saviour, but is usually to the Blessed Virgin, the "Mother of God." A pious preacher, whether he plead in favor of virtue, or against error, or against sin, would fortify his argument by securing the aid of the paragon of all virtues, whose seed has crushed the serpent's head. Ave Maria completes and sanctifies the opening statement, and allows to the hearers a pause of devotion before the solid work of the sermon is begun. In the Holy Week, when the Passion of Jesus is the theme, the invocation to the Cross is substituted. Protestant preachers, in discarding this idolatrous appeal to the Virgin, content themselves with what is called the "Invitation," which is an appeal to the hearers to listen candidly and weigh well the truths about to be presented. While the Catholic gives himself to the protection and guidance of a superior power, the Protestant throws himself upon the indulgence of his audience, and takes for granted the guidance of God and the saints, if his purposes are honest and his mind is clear. The same difference may be noted between the Church and the Dissenters in England. In the one, everything will be done, "D. V."; while in the other, "D. V." is taken for granted.

A good French sermon in the main body of the argument ought to have not less than two nor more than seven distinct divisions. The average number, however, is three; four fifths of all the printed discourses have this exact number. The "tenthly" and "thirteenthly" of English Puritan discourses never vex an audience in Nôtre Dame or the Pentemont Chapel. These few principal divisions are not usually subdivided. Artificial as is the arrangement of French discourses, they never attempt the mechanism of wheels within wheels. Nor is there any effort to bind the division together by the band of similar clauses, or to fuse their transitions. The second head of the discourse comes clear and separate from the first,

and is not pushed forward by it as the front driving-wheels of a locomotive are pushed forward by the rear. Every proposition is completed before another is made, and the last word of one does not, as in many English sermons, suggest the first word of another. A French preacher prefers that his blocks, like the blocks of Solomon's temple, should be joined by their evenness and accuracy of finish, and not by any rhetorical cement. - that the line of division should be visible, though it may not break the argument by a hair's breadth. He would walk à grands pas, or would run if necessary, but he would never slide in his public address. It is this preciseness of division which rescues French preaching from that apparent mist and cloud which seem to envelop most German and some English discourses. What a French preacher above all things dreads is vagueness and confusion of thought; he would rather seem superficial than seem vague.

And even when there is a natural evolution of thought in French sermons, as there must often be, -- where one thought comes out of the other, going on to a fine, spiritual climax, the lines of division are yet clearly marked as on the joints of a French fishing-rod. This is the characteristic of the sermons of the elder Coquerel. In these sermons there is a steady progress of thought, and the last heads of the discourse are the issue of the previous discussion; yet there is the same clearness of division as in the sermons of Father Felix, in which each head might, and often does, make a discourse by itself. We may instance, especially, those admirable sermons in Coquerel's third volume, on the "Salt of the Earth," the "Laws of Combat," and the "Perpetuity of Christianity." The unity of these discourses is perfect, and each makes a finished whole. Yet, as in the old Norman towers, the massive roundness, where end and beginning seem to come together with no break, does not hinder you, when you enter, from seeing that the chambers are separate, and that each has its own doorway. Usually, in printed French sermons, the divisions are marked by Roman numerals; or where these are omitted, as in the volume of Colani, a space of a line is left blank. There is no intention that either reader or hearer shall be bewildered, or be beguiled by the subtle transitions

into forgetting the course and points of the argument. The gardens of Versailles, and not of an English park, are the model, and one is always able to know how far and in what direction he has gone, though he may have had all along the way the charm of flowers and foliage, and the music of plashing fountains.

French sermons resemble the gardens of Versailles in another respect, their harmony of proportion. Each head of the discourse has the same general treatment, and at about the same length. One is not made to feel an incongruity either in the style of the reasoning or that of the illustration. The fine passages are equally distributed, and the beauty is uniform. If a sermon is quiet in the first portion, it will be quiet throughout. The French preacher does not lash himself into fury as he advances, but if he is going to be vehement at the end, he will be so at the beginning. There is no dying away from a bright exordium, nor does a tame opening lead to a brilliant close. French oratory in the tribune is full of surprises, bursts, and paradoxes. It flames up and falls back perpetually. But it is not so with the pulpit oratory. This preserves its even flow and cadence, and its music keeps always the original key, and is either loud throughout or subdued throughout. Not only does it harmonize with the general theme, but its parts maintain their harmony and balance. One cannot always, indeed, tell from the manner of a French preacher at the opening of his discourse, whether his sermon will be interesting or dull; - a quiet manner may introduce a very striking and beautiful discourse, as we have noticed in the case of Adolph Monod; — but a few minutes of waiting will show whether the preacher has anything to say, and whether he intends to say anything at that time. The French pulpit is willing to conform itself to the exigencies and character of the theme, and, if this be simple and commonplace, to be simple and commonplace accordingly.

In one sense of the word, it is perfectly just to say that French discourses are "finished." They do not say all that may be said, rarely indeed exhaust the subject of which they treat; but in structure and form at least they are finished. They have an end as well as a beginning, and an end which

corresponds to the beginning. English sermons, in many, if not most, instances, have no proper conclusion. The last head of the discussion is simply hung around with a thin fringe of exhortation, and the column is left without any capital. French sermons are almost never ended in that way. "peroration" which, as M. Vétu says, is "the part of the discourse which demands the most tact in the orator, and in which he ought to display all the resources of his eloquence, is as scientifically arranged as the exordium. It has its threefold division of "recapitulation," "practical inference," and exhortation. The recapitulation, nevertheless, is not a summary of all the points which have been discussed and all the arguments that have been used. That kind of summary is alien to the tastes and habits of an impatient nation like the French. It is simply a restatement of the truth which has been fairly proved, a statement which shall contain in one paragraph or in one sentence the net result of the argument, not an analysis, but a conclusion; not a statement of the number of acres reaped, and of the number and size of the sickles used, but of the quality of the wheat, and the bushels gathered. It is not the end of the middle of the discourse, but the beginning of the end, having more connection with that which follows than with that which has gone before.

Italian preachers have a way of closing their sermons by what they call an "act of contrition." Repentance and remorse are in the parting tones. The French, on the contrary, usually prefer a hopeful and joyous ending, beatific visions, the sense of the communion of saints, and rapture at the thought of salvation. "Every good sermon ought to have for its end the salvation and uplifting of the hearers," is a maxim of one of their writers. Pathos, indeed, is taught as a very appropriate emotion for the pulpit, while mirth of every kind is forbidden as sternly as in the decorous sanctuaries of England: yet the pathos is hard and unsympathetic; it is in the preacher's tone, rather than in his soul. The forced wailing of the canons of Nôtre Dame does not move the congregation like the sighs and tears of the Capuchin who gathers the crowd in the arena of the Colosseum. Pathetic appeals, in the French tongue, have a dryness and sharpness which neutralize their proper sadness. They are statements and arguments, after all, only put into the form of pathos. Perversely abundant as they are, they rarely move a hearer to sympathy, as they certainly never move a reader. One reads with dry eyes the passionate sorrow of Massillon and Bossuet, and certainly the imperial household need not have been disturbed by the rhetorical grief of M. de Place in his sermon on Good Friday. We have more than once seen an Italian audience moved to tears, but never a French, either in the churches of the people or in the chapels of the consistory. The crying there is done in the pulpit, according to rule, but is not spontaneous upon the benches.

The pathos of French sermons, ineffectual as it often is in arousing a kindred sentiment in the hearts of the hearers, is yet usually in its proper place. It follows that which ought to excite it, and is not thrown in without regard to the connection or the subject. We have heard in New England conference meetings, and sometimes from New England pulpits, the most dolorous descriptions of individual, religious joys, and of the glories of heaven; -- assurances of spiritual peace in accents of despair; the love of the Lord exalted in most sepulchral tones; brethren exhorted to come to Christ and be saved, as if coming to Christ were the most dreadful of penances, and salvation had the quality of wretchedness and woe. That sort of incongruity does not appear in French preaching or exhortation. This is pathetic and sad only when the contemplation is of sad scenes, of agony and distress, of sin and judgment. This does not think it a duty to set all its pictures, no matter what the face or the grouping or the sentiment may be, on a dark background. Pathos we find in plenty, but pathos in the right place. M. Vétu's rule, which is well observed in most of the sermons which have come under our notice, is, that "the pathetic ought not to be spread over all the discourse, since it will tire the audience and the preacher too, and will so produce no effect. It ought to be managed with care (ménagé avec soin) in certain parts, and brought in à propos. Ordinarily it does not belong to the exordium, except in an exordium ex abrupto, like that of Cicero in his first oration against Catiline. Its principal place

is in the peroration." This is good doctrine for our American pulpit, where so large a proportion of sermons begin sentimentally only to end vaguely, and the most positive color is all in the introduction, like the fume of a blast-furnace, red and blazing when it first breaks from the chimney, but dissolving away into leaden and vapory nothingness.

And not only is the pathos of French sermons in its proper place, but it is almost always in good proportion. It does not overwhelm the argument, or obscure the clearness of the various statements. "First reasoning, then emotion," is the rule, not emotion first, and reason afterwards. The observation of the Abbé du Jarry, that pathos in preaching loses half its virtue because there is too much of it, and that a preacher becomes a bore when he tries to be too touching, applies to comparatively few of the sermons we have noticed. There are passages in the conférences of Lacordaire, which seem, if we may use an expressive cockneyism, to "pile up the agony," to lay on over-many coats in pathetic painting; but Lacordaire is an eccentric genius of the romantic school, and has but few imitators even among his Dominican brotherhood. as we have observed it, is rather of the opposite kind. necessities of space and the regulation length of divisions sometimes cut the sentiment short, and a touching appeal is brought up suddenly by the numerals which announce the second or third head of discourse. M. Vétu complains, indeed, that some preachers have a habit of spoiling their sermons by this way of following up sentiment by argument, and his remarks are worth quoting, as they have a spice of humor.

"It is necessary, above all, after a pathetic peroration, to guard well against a return, before finishing the discourse, to reflections or simple observations, which are only calculated to destroy the good effect which has been produced. When the hearers are touched and reached, they ought to be left with the feelings which have been aroused, and not cooled down by untimely advice (avis). We have no objection to repetition as such; but there are preachers who never know when to end. Instead of one conclusion, they give us two or three. When, after a fine burst of sentiment, one might expect the 'Eternal Life,' to which all had seemed to lead, they go on, developing new ideas, which may be good enough, but which are certainly out of place; they work them-

selves into a second heat: you believe that this is the last effort, which is going to crown the work; but you are still mistaken. They have always some important counsels to add to those they have given, some reflections which come just in time before they leave, and by which they are going at last to close the discourse, without finishing it notwithstanding. There are even some who come two or three times to the 'Eternal Life,' before they reach the benediction."

M. Vétu thinks that this is a very common fault; but it is certainly not common in printed sermons. There its absurdity would be more patent, and ordinary sense would correct such a blemish. The interruption of emotion has been noted as a defect in the preaching of Bourdaloue. He would stop in the midst of his most pathetic appeals, and call upon his hearers to "give their attention."

We might expect in the pulpit of the nation which has preeminently the reputation of wit, epigram, and repartee, some signs of this national characteristic. We find, on the contrary, very little wit in French sermons, less than in those of England and Germany, far less than in those of Italy. Even where there is most room for humor, where there is temptation to say that which may provoke smiles, the temptation is resisted and the opportunity is lost. The prevailing style is grave, serious, oftener solemn than playful. Such writers as About, Houssaye, and Gautier have no imitators among the preachers. In many scores of French sermons which we have read. we do not recollect a single saying which would pass as a witticism in the cafés of the Boulevards. A change in this respect has come within the last twenty years, since the Romantic school began to decline. The spirit of that school allowed what the severe taste of the classic school rejected as profane. The nearest approach to wit which we find in the French pulpit now, is in the use of what Cardinal Maury calls in his treatise "des mots heureux"; such, for instance, as Colani uses, where he speaks of Jesus seeking to vanquish "the insolent repugnance of a Nathanael"; or of half-converted men "modifying themselves on the circumference, losing this fault and gaining that virtue"; or of mercy, that "in organizing it, men smother it under its very organs." There are many expressions in French sermons which might, in Germany, pass for bon-mots, but rarely any that would be repeated to convulse the company over the tables of the Trois Frères or the saloons in the Champs Elysées.

We might expect, too, that the egotism, which is so marked a characteristic of French oratory in literary and political assemblies, would show itself in the French pulpit, that the preachers not less than the statesmen or the savans would thrust forward their individuality. In this respect, we are agreeably disappointed. The sermons of French preachers are as chary in their use of the first person as those of English or American preachers. The ever-present moi of conversation consents to be reserved when the minister of God has to declare the word of God; and if the more stately plural frequently presses its exhortation and asserts its authority, it is the plural of the Church rather than of the person. it seems to us that French preaching, as a whole, is singularly impersonal. The speaker identifies himself with his argument and his truth, and asks his hearers to receive it, not because he offers it, but because it is true, and because they need it. Even the sermons of high functionaries claim nothing on the ground of official station, and bishops do not parade their dignity to assist their platitudes. We cannot, it is true, call the tone of French sermons modest; it is rather confident, positive, dogmatic; but it is not the tone of conceit. positiveness of will and conviction, not of vanity. of M. Vétu's sagacious rules, that a preacher ought to have, except in rare instances, nothing to say about himself, whether of good or evil. He ought to think of himself when he addresses his congregation as sinners, to have his own guilt in mind when he exposes their guilt, but not to dwell upon this in word, or to turn the attention of the people away from themselves to him. If the French pulpit is free from the egotism of vanity, it is equally free from that egotism of humility which we discover in the sermons of some popular English preachers; there is no exhibition of the preacher's personal unworthiness, no apology for feeble pleading, no studied selfdepreciation. The man does not try to make them think he is great, by assuring them that he is little, - to make them think that he is wise, by referring constantly to his own ignorance.

An Italian preacher is very apt to give one or more passages of his own experience or history before he concludes his discourse. If he preach upon the Virgin Mary, he will tell something that the Virgin has done for him, some work of healing on his body or his soul; if he preach upon a special sin, he will give some instance of that sin in his own life; if he explain a story of the Scripture, which cannot be illustrated from his own history, he will act it out so well by motion and gesture that his individuality shall be connected with his exposition. But a French preacher avoids this. His experience is all incorporated in his truth, and the illustrations which he uses are drawn from the lives of other men, rather than from his own life. Even those whose experience has been most varied and remarkable are sparing in allusions to anything which they have done, any honor which they have gained, or any crisis they have passed through. The returned missionary will take his examples from Xavier or Las Casas, rather than from his own adventures, and one could not tell from his discourse that he had ever stirred from his native land.

Nor are French sermons of the Classic school apt to draw their illustrations from the lives of living men, or from passing events. In panegyrics, of course, the portraits are the principal thing; and a French preacher, when he is called to make a funeral address, speaks of the man who is dead, of his character, his acts, and his faith, and does not spend the hour in a homily about death and the grave, with a few parting words about the person. But in ordinary preaching, there is very rarely any allusion to particular living persons, however remarkable they may be. Probably on almost every Sunday during the Crimean war there were allusions in the English churches to the events and personages in that war, especially to Florence Nightingale; and Sir Henry Havelock helped hundreds of dry curates to a fresh and inviting text. In France, on the other hand, it is not likely that Canrobert or Pelissier, or Alexis Soyer, that skilful and efficient co-laborer with Florence Nightingale, were half a dozen times mentioned by name in the churches. Even M. de Place does not imagine that courtesy requires him to find any aid to his arguments in the exploits of his royal patron. This is the more remarkable,

when we consider the passion of the French people for anecdotes about men, for biographical sketches, for personal criticisms, and for reminiscences. In no nation are portraits, of pen and pencil, so abundant or so popular. Every novelist, dramatist, poet, or politician, every celebrity or half-celebrity, is sure to be described by some other, who himself gains celebrity by this description. The upper gallery at Versailles, and the Biographie Universelle, are alike monuments and symbols of this national spirit. But in the pulpit, almost without exception, the portraits are of those whom the Church has canonized. The Protestant preacher says as little about Guizot as the Catholic about Montalembert. The portraits of the one are of the ecclesiastical heroes, the portraits of the other, of the Biblical worthies.

And in the directions of the French treatises, preachers are especially cautioned against so describing the sins of individuals in their congregations that the men shall be recognized. They are to speak of sin positively, but not in such a way that one or another may be singled out as the offender. They are to be personal in their rebukes only as the conscience of the sinner may appropriate these, and not as the eyes of the faithful may see at whom these rebukes were pointed. Particularly objectionable is satirical description. Fond as is the French nation of satire, keen as is its sense of the ridiculous, very rarely does this appear in the performances of its pulpit. Father Ventura, in his sarcastic harangues, has introduced a style which the books will not justify. Everywhere else but in the pulpit the absurdity of men or things is made more conspicuous than their sin or folly; but here, even those who are most stern against the sinner spare him their sneer and gibe. Doubtless this antipathy to sarcasm is strengthened by the fact that it is the favorite and formidable weapon of sceptics and infidels; the preacher, when he is tempted to satirize some folly, remembers Voltaire, and his seriousness returns.

There is a less reasonable aversion to local scenery and history in the illustration of French discourses. Nature is freely used, but the works of man not so freely, except as they are connected with sacred legends. It is not often that the names of towns or cities are mentioned, or of trades and professions,

or of mechanical processes. The most copious source of illustration which the American pulpit so abundantly uses is wholly passed by. On the Sundays following the supposed completion of the oceanic telegraph, hundreds of sermons in England, and thousands in America, made that wholly or in part the theme of their discourse. In France, it is not probable that one sermon was preached on that theme, as certainly not one has been printed, although the French journals took even more notice of it than the English. The comet, being a heavenly body, and the floods, a catastrophe of Divine displeasure, would receive full attention, and their significance would be pressed home to the souls of the alarmed and the suffering. But in vain will you look in French sermons for allusions to scientific discoveries, or for suggestions drawn from the methods of labor or the works of art. Paris, beyond all cities of the world, is crowded with materials for various illustration, - for exhibiting by symbol, moral and religious truth. Such galleries, museums, workshops, structures of every kind. from the Morgue to the Palace, from Père la Chaise to the Arc de l'Étoile, from the book-stalls on the quays to the Imperial Library, no other spot of earth has brought together. Yet the Sunday sermon of a respectable New England village preacher is more copiously illustrated from labor and life, than the special efforts of a canon of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame. He must have an eye for the sins of men around him, but no eye for the fashion of their handiwork. He must bring some ancient passage to describe the modern need and duty.

If called to choose between a purely imaginative illustration and one drawn from some actual work of men, the French preacher, in most instances, would prefer the former. If fancy will answer his purpose, he will take that instead of fact. And though the French sermons are usually far from fanciful, and deal in exact statements rather than in far-fetched imagery, they are not wanting occasionally in pleasant conceits of style. They are fond of imaginary situations and cases, and work these up with a good deal of ingenuity. Occasionally, too, the union of lively fancy with exact statement makes that impression which is best described by the untranslatable word bizarre, as in the curious argument of Father Felix for moral progress:—

"I will suppose," says he, "that each Christian century produces, on the average, a million of saints,—not of saints actually canonized at Rome, but of saints who have realized perfection in a superior degree, whose virtues God has known, whose influence humanity has felt, and of whom Rome canonizes a few, to keep always blazing before the eyes of the nations the image of sanctity. Behold, then, in the Christian centuries, about twenty millions of men, who have borne in themselves human perfection in eminent proportions."—Vol. III. p. 79.

French sermons have much to say of the delights of heaven and the horrors of hell, but they indulge very moderately in the luxury of epithet and imagery which American revivalists use in these fascinating descriptions. They are impressive and thrilling, but seldom become terrific. We have not found any French picture of the infernal state, that would spoil the appetite of the average sinners in any congregation. The French style in this particular is like the French costume, positive and firm in cut and color, yet without that contrast which one sees in the Italian variegated dress. Neither the hopes of the believer nor the fears of the sinner are strained to an extravagant pitch. To purify the soul rather than to alarm it, to arouse rather than amaze, to encourage rather than enrapture, is the preacher's aim. The figure of antithesis is very much employed, but always within bounds, - antithesis which states all that it suggests. The enthusiast is content to stop at the third heaven, satisfied to find God and the angels there. As themes of discourse, indeed, grandiose subjects are preferred; general sin, rather than special evils; eternity with its mysteries, rather than time with its facts; the kingdom of God more than the kingdoms of men. French preachers always consult dignity in their choice of subjects; and such titles as many sermons in English volumes bear would seem to them frivolous, not to say profane. Nor do they deface their discourses by the choice of odd texts, which shall surprise and bewilder the hearer at the outset. However liberal may be their opinions, they respect the letter of the Scripture, and will not, for accommodation, tear passages from their context, or wrest them from their proper meaning.

The French pulpit, in general, is not lavish in its quotations of Scripture, nor is it thought essential that every opinion ex-

pressed should be rounded by some sounding sentence of the Sacred Volume. Yet, as an ornament of style, Scriptural quotations are preferred to figures of rhetoric. Usually the quotations which are made are in good taste, and have a fitness of sense not less than of sound. If the Latin of the Vulgate be used, as it is in most Catholic sermons, it is the common practice to give a translation with it, so that there may be no doubt about the meaning. It is a prime rule of sacred rhetoric in the French schools, that the citations of. Scripture and of the Fathers, who have an almost equal authority, should be "few and short." The preacher may set these as precious stones at intervals in the shrine of his discourse, or may sprinkle them over his argument as he has sprinkled the holy water on the heads of the people, but he must not show his skill in hiding his own poor material in the mosaic which he makes of St. Bernard and St. Thomas, of Gregory and Augustine, of Paul and David and Moses. Respect for the letter of the Word forbids, instead of suggesting, such a mechanical use of it. "To bring a crowd of passages and testimonies to prove a thing which is clear enough in itself. or already sufficiently proved, as many do, to show their scientific ability, is an insupportable vanity"; - such is the shrewd saying of M. Vétu.

"Brilliant" preaching, though not by any means excluded from the pulpits of France, finds comparatively little favor. While careful preparation of style as of thought is commended, and wise preachers are supposed to write their discourses twice over, the second writing is rather to prune their luxuriance than to add to them fit ornament. "Severe simplicity" is the motto of the Jesuits; which it must be confessed, however, they too frequently violate. Father Félix, good hater as he is of pompous epithets, cannot resist the charm of inversion and of stately phrases. But the oratory of the French pulpit avoids effeminate brilliancy; its step is quick and its ornament masculine, like that of a French gentleman. You never find any languishing and sentimental beauty, any of that affectation, which, in the language of Thomas de Villeneuve, "throws a little rose-water upon a house on fire." Grandiloquence there may be, but no foppery

of style. A poetical style, as it is sometimes called, is not more allowable than a witty and trivial style. Neither are sentimental inversions, periphrases, and images, such as versemakers prefer, regarded as suitable, nor is it in order to quote verses. An English curate feels safe in garnishing his discourse with the stanzas of Watts and Doddridge, and is ready even on occasion to cite a passage from Young or Herbert or Shakespeare. If the Fall of Man be his theme, it is natural that Milton should help him out with timely measures. Or if the mystery of time and change be his theme, he will be justified in extracting stanzas from Longfellow's beautiful poem of The Old Clock on the Stairs. But no French preacher would feel authorized to borrow from Bridaine that fancy of the pendulum, singing "toujours jamais, -- jamais, toujours," in its steady swinging, much less any rhymed version of it. Racine and Corneille, classic though they are, are not drawn upon to decorate sermons, and a respectable discourse would almost as soon borrow from the lyrics of Béranger as from the pious meditations of Lamartine. The psalms of Clement Marot, friend as he was to the Reformers, and sweet as is the music of his rhythm, are not like the psalms of Watts, a treasury from which preachers have always the right to draw.

And French sermons are, almost always, free from scientific affectation in their phrases. They use very few technical terms, and abjure altogether, even in abstruse discussions, what one writer calls "scientific jargon." Even when the subject is abstract and profound, and it would seem difficult to discuss it without employing the special language which the schools have applied, it is the aim of the French preacher to employ such words as the people, and not such words as the scholars use. In all the conférences of Father Félix on the difficult theme of "Progress," there are not ten words which an average congregation could not understand. If the reasoning is often specious and subtle, a Jesuit's pleading, the language is always clear. It may hide thought by weaving around it a many-colored tissue, but not by enveloping it in a fog. You always know what the words themselves mean, if you cannot see what they so cunningly conceal.

We have already remarked that French preachers, as a gen-

eral rule, do not care to get the reputation of "originality." Imitation is taught as a very proper thing, and the student is encouraged to conform his style to the best models. while this imitation is allowed, every kind of plagiarism is severely reprobated. In France sermons are not an article of merchandise, nor are they made to order. The preacher must himself prepare them, one by one; he cannot buy them by the dozen. It is not lawful, either, to steal from other preachers, whether contemporary or deceased, whether at home or abroad, and if a canon in Bourdeaux were found to have appropriated the eloquence of the heretic Presseusé, or even of the orthodox De Place, and given it to the people as his own, condign punishment would be the sure result. An English preacher may buy his sermons, and an American may sometimes borrow them, from authors living or dead, and suffer no serious inconvenience, except, perhaps, the charge of a parish, or a temporary loss of prestige. But a French curate must give to the people the fruits of his own toil and thought, however poor they may be, and however inferior to those which he might appropriate from other writers. Plagiarism in France, too, is much more difficult than in England, since the sources are fewer and more accessible; and it exposes the offender to public ridicule not less than to ecclesiastical penalties. "A mediocre preacher, who steals his fine things from another man's sermons," says Father Abelly, "is like those peasants who, having found a ribbon, or a scrap of lace, put it upon their dirty coats, and only make these uglier still. A man cannot be a preacher, if he does not know enough to appropriate in an honest and lawful manner what he cannot invent."

The usual style of French preaching is the memoriter. Extemporaneous performances, except in very short and occasional addresses, are rarely attempted; and if a preacher does not write out his sermons in full, he thinks them out so carefully, from the exordium to the invocation,—argument, illustration, and exhortation,—that his delivery is merely an exercise of memory. A principal part of his labor is to commit to memory what he has written. The manuscript of the discourse is not usually carried into the pulpit; but if the preacher feel uncertain about his power of recollection, he may

have it on the desk before him, taking care to keep it out of sight. This is not very difficult in French churches, where the pulpits are high, and galleries are wanting. Exercises in memory are an important part of the instruction in theological schools, and many artificial means are in use. The ease with which the words of a sermon are learned by heart is undoubtedly owing in large measure to its exact and methodical arrangement, and the admirable balance and proportion of most French discourses helps to fix their language in the speaker's mind. Some very marvellous instances are related of the memory of French preachers, who, after reading over a manuscript once, could deliver it verbatim, or, after having delivered it from the recollection of a mental process, could write it down verbatim, as it was delivered. The instance of M. de Boulonge, which is cited by M. Vétu, who committed to memory, in a single day, the funeral oration which he was appointed to pronounce when the remains of Louis XVI. were transported to St. Denis, seems to us less wonderful than some others on record.

The usual enunciation of French preachers is not, as might be expected, rapid, nervous, and sharp in tone, but, on the contrary, slow, flowing, and methodical in its cadences, fully as much so as the Italian. Nowhere does a foreigner find it so easy to follow a speaker, as when he speaks from the pulpit. It is the just mean between the measured declamatory style of the theatre, and the impassioned style of the tribune, -deliberate and solemn, without that insufferable mouthing of words which spoils the best dramatic performances on the Parisian boards. The worst oratorical fault is, as in England and America, monotony: not such monotony, indeed, as that holy drawl of sanctity long drawn out which marked the last generation of painful, godly preachers on these shores, nor that even smoothness which is honored by the name of "Cambridge tone," but a too sustained tone of earnestness and force. In all the French sermons we have heard, there was a want of variety, the tone kept the mind of the hearer always in tension, and the only relief was given by the change of topic and the passage from one head of discourse to another. This was the fault of Monod's oratory, and more signally still of his

colleague, Montandon. The elder Coquerel is a brilliant exception to the remark.

A Frenchman's form and countenance are so expressive, that, if his hands were held, he would still seem to gesticulate. Gesture is a most important part of his preaching, and a teacher of pulpit eloquence must be a posture-master, as well as a critic of style and tone. M. Vétu gives a curious list of defects in this kind which are to be avoided; — the hands are not to be lifted above the shoulders, nor dropped below the waist, when one is speaking of ordinary truths; the arms ought not to strike out contentiously, as if making a swordthrust; the hands should not be clapped, or the fists doubled and shaken at the audience; the arms should not be crossed on the breast, or extended in the form of a cross, or be kept incessantly swinging; no preacher ought ever to stamp with his foot, or swav his body forward and backward or sidewise. or start as if there were something in the air he was wishing to catch, or shrug the shoulders, or be always sitting down and getting up. These directions would be fatal to the animation of an Italian preacher, but they consist very well with the more precise habits of the French race and training. There is in the pulpits of Paris none of the frantic variety of posture and gesture which associate in the mind of a foreigner the churches of Naples with the San Carlino playhouse and its extravaganzas. A French preacher who observes well the rules of his calling, takes an erect posture, facing the mass of his audience, and keeps this posture until the discourse is done, even though it should exceed the canonical maximum of forty-five minutes. He never undertakes to represent by any grimaces or gestures the scenes he would describe, or to appear dramatically in the character of Abram, or Elijah, or Jesus upon the mountain.

These hasty and perhaps trivial jottings down of impressions concerning the French pulpit may seem to some to generalize too much, and to neglect those individual varieties which, in the French, as in every pulpit, must certainly exist. We do not pretend that these characteristics are the measure of every instance, or that they will be observed in every volume of French sermons, or the pulpit performances of all the preach-

We had hoped to include in the present sketch some notices of the more eminent men of both communions who occupy at present the pulpits of France, but we are compelled to defer such notices to a future occasion, when we may also speak of the relative strength of the religious bodies in France, including the Hebrew, which in that land has a highly respectable and influential place. We can only advise those who visit France to include in their plan, not merely the music in the churches and their monuments, but the discourses of those who instruct the people. After an acquaintance with this form of sacred eloquence, we may come to prize more truly the freedom, and estimate more candidly the failings, of our own pulpit. We hardly know which recollection is the more thrilling, that of a Pentecost Mass in the Madeleine, when the vox humana of the great organ flooded the air with the trembling songs of seraphic voices, or that of a Pentecost sermon in the Oratoire, where the eloquence of Coquerel could make us almost feel that the gift of tongues and the day of inspiration had returned.

F1. -6. Celle.

ART. V.—THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.

- 1. The State of the Impenitent Dead. By ALVAH HOVEY, D. D., Professor of Christian Theology in the Newton Theological Institution. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859.
- 2. The Reasonableness of Future Endless Punishment. A Sermon preached at the Hollis Street Church, Boston, Sabbath Evening, April 25, 1858. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D., Pastor of the Essex Street Church. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1858.
- 3. What Religion may do for a Man. By REV. THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society. Preached at the Music Hall on Sunday, January 2, 1859. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. 1859.
- 4. Eschatology; or, The Scripture Doctrine of the Coming of the Lord, the Judgment, and the Resurrection. By SAMUEL LEE. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 1859.

LESSING wrote in 1770: "I perceive that the controversy respecting the endlessness of hell punishments is about to be

agitated again by our theologians. Would that it might be so agitated as to be finally settled and considered as done with. For, undoubtedly, the saddest in these controversies is that they settle nothing, and that twenty or fifty years later any zealot or quibbler who is so disposed, imagines himself justified in taking up the matter anew." Nine tenths of a century have rolled by since these words were written, and in this country the controversy is still fresh; and, judging from the publications of the past year, as far as ever from being settled.

The doctrine of endless punishment, never theoretically abandoned by the Orthodox Church, but kept in abevance. and seldom insisted on by preachers of this generation, has been recently proclaimed with new emphasis. It is, or should be, of little importance to well-disposed minds, how speculative theology may decide this matter, and what shall be the dogmas, -generous or rigorous, of universal or exclusive grace, -in which churches formulate their conception of the future life. The repugnance felt by liberal Christians to "Orthodox" views of this subject respects not so much the doctrine of endless punishment as it does the slavish spirit which often accompanies that doctrine, - the spirit that attaches supreme importance to the penalties of the law, as if the penalty made the obligation, or could justly enhance the sense of accountableness in rational souls. To such a spirit, a revelation which should suddenly abolish hell would seem a release from duty, a welcome discharge from the painful necessity of moral progress.

We have no quarrel with the dogma of endless punishment as a theological speculation. We have no quarrel with those who claim for it the sanction of Scripture. Our controversy is with that system of views concerning the moral government of God, and concerning the nature and calling of man, in which this doctrine is so essential. We object to this system, that it turns the mind from that which is primary and vital, and fixes it on that which is secondary and subordinate, — turns it from the everlasting substance, and fixes it on the accidents; that it puts happiness above goodness, and puts goodness as a means of happiness.

The first and last and only question which this system propounds to the individual is how to escape the eternal damnation, to which it supposes him doomed by the fact of his humanity, i. e. by the measure of sinfulness proper to human nature as such. The question is not how to escape the sin, but how to escape the damnation incurred by it. makes the whole essence of revelation to consist "in the discovery to man of a new means by which, without any previous eradication of sin, sin can be pardoned." We question if a character formed on the principle of escaping damnation, with a sole or principal view to that end, will ever realize the highest ideal of manhood or womanhood. Great correctness it may attain to, and negative holiness, but at what expense of freedom and power, and dignity and grace! The aim of a true religion is not to escape damnation, but to lay hold of everlasting life. These aims may seem to coincide in effect, but the difference between them is heaven-wide. The one is dictated by selfish fear, the other springs from exceeding love. The former is ascetic in its tendency and method; it delights in scrupulous correctness of deportment, it accomplishes wonders of self-denial, but all for self's sake, to escape damnation; as the miser denies himself the gratifications of sense for the sake of increasing his store. The other is a self-forgetting, a losing of one's self in some worthy object for its own sake. It is written: "He that will lose his life for my sake" (not for the sake of his own soul, but for my sake, for the sake of truth and righteousness and human weal) "shall find it." And who can doubt that one who devotes himself, a living sacrifice, to some great and good work, without troubling himself about the salvation of his soul, or spending a single thought on the subject, is in quite as salvable a condition, and has quite as good a chance of a blessed hereafter, as one whose single aim in life has been to save his soul from death? A very poor soul it may be when it is saved, and very little comfort he may have in it. However free from positive vice, however unspotted from the world, it may not have expanded, not developed; it may never have fairly come out of itself in one true act of self-abandonment. A very little soul after all, and scarcely worth the pains it has cost. A true religion will rather aim to make us

forget ourselves in the love and pursuit of noble ends, than seek to occupy us with thoughts of the hereafter, - our part and lot in another world. Let theologians say what they will, that is not the first and great concern, but a very secondary one. What we want of religion is to develop in us the principle of love. Without this no soul can be truly blessed, and this the fear of hell will never awaken. The uttermost that the fear of hell can do, is to keep the life unspotted from the world. It can never kindle the flame of love, it can give no hold of eternal life. What we complain of in this system is, that, instead of taking us out of ourself, it drives us back upon ourself, in self-tormenting introspection. Instead of showing us spiritual beauty in forms that shall win and command our affections, it turns a magnifying-glass on our sins and unworthiness. It aims to frighten us with our lost state. If it does not succeed in that, it leaves us weaker than before. If it does succeed, the remedy it proposes to our fear is, not eradication of the sinful principle, but a transfer of the penalty. It makes more of the penalty than it does of the sin. The salvation it offers is salvation from the consequences of sin, rather than from sin itself. It is certainly essential to our spiritual wellbeing that we should be aware of our sins; not theological sins, not Adam's sin, but of actual transgressions in thought, will, and deed. Conviction of sin is an indispensable step in the reformation of the sinner. But this conviction is to be effected, not by forcing the eye inward, but by that enlightening and quickening of the conscience which comes through adequate exhibitions of moral truth. And when that conviction is awakened, the feeling to be encouraged in connection with it is not the fear of future punishment, but the sense of present defilement, of an insupportable burden to be got rid of for its own sake, not for the sake of what may hereafter come of it. The sorrow should be taught to dwell on the sin itself. and not on the penalty incurred by it.

Practically, therefore, the question of future punishment is not one of prime importance. As a speculative question, it may claim that degree of attention which belongs to other speculations in theology, and no more. Recent discussions have renewed the interest in this subject, and brought it

prominently before the religious mind of this community, without bringing it, we fear, any nearer to a final adjustment. The well-meant and conscientious publication of Dr. Hovey, who quotes the Apocalypse as the "testimony of Christ after his ascension," and "rejoices" to find the eternal misery, of Satan at least, conceded by Mr. Dobney, is not likely to contribute materially to this consummation.

Dr. Hovey reasons from the letter of the New Testament in favor of the doctrine of endless punishment. His exegetical argument is well put, and would weigh more had not the author omitted to consider the Scriptures which bear on the other side. But even were the letter more decisive than it is, there are many with whom the letter is not a finality, and who cannot receive it as the only and sufficient witness in a matter like this. In spite of Dr. Hovey's critical labors, the question will remain an open question for the present; it is likely to occupy the theologians of another generation, and to be transmitted an unsolved problem by them to their successors.

The various opinions which have been entertained regarding the moral future of souls may be reduced to these two:-1st, that of the Universalists, who suppose that all souls, after a purgatory longer or shorter according to the exigency of each case, or even without purgatorial discipline, will be eternally blest; 2d, that of the Partialists, who suppose that only a select portion will be so blest, and the rest consigned to eternal punishment, either in the way of annihilation or of conscious endless suffering. From the earliest period of the Church these two parties have divided, very unequally, the Christian world. These two, and no third. No sect has maintained that all will be lost. An eschatology so desperate, however agreeable to the Church Despondent, involves too violent a theory of life for the hardihood even of penal theology. It seemed absolutely necessary that some should be saved, and that hell should have its correlative heaven, were it only for the sake of perspective. Simple theism required thus much. A God who creates only to destroy, or, creating to save, is balked in that

· intent by the wilfulness of his creatures or the power of Satan, and cannot so much as save one soul, would be equivalent to no God, and would answer no theological purpose. It was therefore conceded (not without seeming reluctance in some cases) by even the most zealous of those who identified the majesty of God with revenge of a violated law, that a special effort of grace would be made by way of showing what Mercy could do if Justice would.

Universalists and Partialists:—both of these systems, with proper modifications, that is, with a reasonable extension of the penal discipline on the one side, and a reasonable allowance of saving grace on the other, are sufficiently plausible; but neither is unquestionable, neither is demonstrable, neither possesses the certainty requisite to constitute it a positive doctrine of religion. There is much to be said in favor of both, much may be objected to both; neither can pretend to dogmatic certainty, nor is it in the power of theological learning or human wit to establish anything definite on this subject. Theology here must content itself with generalities, and religion must rest on those everlasting laws which compose the framework of the moral universe, and include, together with this earthly life, the heavens and the hells in one dominion.

If we suppose, with the Universalists, that all souls are predestined to everlasting blessedness in the world to come, we must suppose a fitness or capacity for such blessedness on the part of the subject, already existing or to be hereafter acquired. Without this fitness on the part of the subject, blessedness in any state is inconceivable. No man in his senses believes that happiness hereafter will be thrust upon him in spite of himself, and against all the habits and antecedents of the soul. But to change that condition of the soul by an external force in order to make it receptive of happiness, would be to annihilate one soul and to create another in its place. If we say that this capacity already exists in the subject, - in all subjects, we are contradicted by the plainest facts of nature and life. It may be urged, that the present unfitness arises from causes which cease with death; that death will make all men blest by removing the obstacles to blessedness which abound in this world, and which belong to this world alone. This plea supposes an efficacy in death which we have no right to assume. It is thought by some, that the body and the physical or other external influences by which we are conditioned in the present life are the cause of all evil, and that every soul will be found fit for happiness when once divested of its mortal covering, and disencumbered of its present relations. But are there no evils beside those which arise from physical and terrestrial relations? Granting that a portion of our sins and our sufferings have their origin in the flesh, there are others which cannot with any propriety be traced to that source. Some organizations, no doubt, are more favorable to moral rectitude than others, but experience shows that moral rectitude may exist under all conditions; that the most favorable, so far as we can judge, do not secure it; that the most unfavorable, so far as we can judge, do not preclude it. We have, therefore, no authority from any grounds in our present experience, and certainly not from any other source, for supposing that vice and misery belong to the body alone, and will cease with the ending of this bodily life. Moreover, in its extreme form the supposition of immediate and universal happiness hereafter - the Universalist theory impugns the disciplinary character, and confounds the meaning and aggravates the mystery of this human world. If all men are morally fit for happiness now, it is difficult to understand why this world has not been so arranged as to yield that happiness now, and why we are doomed to reach by the long and circuitous route of mortal experience, and through the miracle of death, a good to which in our present capacity we might seem to have a present claim.

Or, adopting the modification with which the Universalist theory is commonly held, if we suppose that the fitness and capacity for happiness which exist not now will arrive hereafter, will arrive to all, that all souls are destined to eternal blessedness after such probation as each may require, we still stretch the right of conjecture. We suppose a remedial and restorative influence in the air of hell, or (lest the theological term should mislead) in the future transmundane penalties of sin, which may possibly belong to them, but of which we know

nothing, and which seems to be assumed for the sake of the argument. Our observation does not detect this medicinal quality in the penal sufferings of the present life. There is virtue in sorrow to educate and perfect the good, but none that we can see to reclaim the wicked. It does not appear that punishment in this world has always the effect, or has in the majority of cases the effect, to reform the sinner; contrariwise, it is notorious that men continue to sin and suffer to the day of their death. What authority have we for supposing that this process is arrested hereafter, or for not supposing that the sinner will go on sinning and suffering everlastingly, or till evil becomes so predominant in the soul as utterly to quench its moral life, and conscious suffering ends in everlasting death? Who shall say that sin once established may not grow to be supreme and ineradicable, - that the habit of transgression contracted in this world, and confirmed by every fresh transgression, may not become a necessity of nature strong as fate and deep as life?

Thus, in either of its species,—that of immediate emancipation from sin and suffering by death, or that of final restoration to holiness and happiness by remedial suffering,—the Universalist theory concerning the future destination of the soul is pure conjecture, undemonstrated, incapable of demonstration.

We must add, what seems to us of some moment, that this hypothesis is contradicted by the general voice of mankind. Not to speak of the Christian Scriptures and the Christian Church, all nations and religions hold the opinion of future endless retributions, all nations and religions divide the hereafter into heaven and hell, and contemplate permanent conditions in that antithesis. Hence the doctrine might seem to be an article of Natural Religion, that is, of primal Revelation, of the unincarnated Word,—the Light that "lighteth all who come into the world." For if Natural Religion means anything, it means that.

Moreover, although, in a matter like this, individual authority is of little account, we cannot conceal from ourselves that the weightiest names in the realm of speculation, both within and without the Christian Church, are found on the side of eternal retributions. Of each of these classes suffice it to name

Of ethnic sages our example shall be Plato, the supreme name in ancient philosophy. Plato, in the Gorgias, delivers himself, through the mouth of Socrates, to this effect: "It behooves that every one who suffers punishment, if justly punished by another, should either become better and be benefited, or should serve as an example to others, that others seeing him suffer the things which he suffers, and being afraid. Now there are some that are profited when punmay reform. ished, both by gods and by men; these are such as have sinned with curable sins.\* Nevertheless, by torments and sorrows cometh their benefit both here and in hell, for it is not possible otherwise to be freed from wickedness. But others have been wicked in the extreme, and on account of such wickedness are become incurable. Of these examples are made; they themselves are no longer benefited, being incurable, but others are benefited, seeing these suffer on account of their sin the greatest, the most afflictive and most terrible woes eternally,† being regularly fixed as examples there in the prison of hell, as shows and warnings to the wicked perpetually arriving." **†** 

Our modern and Christian example shall be Leibnitz the optimist, an authority second to none in metaphysical profundity, or in logical acumen or conscientious love of truth. Optimism and eternal damnation are things hard to reconcile, but Leibnitz in the Théodicée, after glancing at the Universalist theory, proceeds to say:—

"Holding, then, to the established doctrine that the number of human beings who are damned eternally will be incomparably greater than that of the saved, it behooves us to say that the evil would still appear as almost nothing in comparison with the good, when we consider the veritable magnitude of the City of God. . . . . . The ancients had narrow ideas of the works of God, and St. Augustine, through ignorance of modern discoveries, was sorely put to it when the problem was to excuse the prevalence of evil. It appeared to the ancients that our earth was the only inhabited sphere; they were even afraid of the antipodes. The rest of the world, according to them, consisted in some luminous

ἐάσιμα άμαρτήματα.
 † τὸν ἀεὶ χρόνον.

<sup>†</sup> Platonis Dialogi, ex Recensione Immanuel Bekker, (Berolini, 1817,) Part II. Vol. I. p. 167.

globes and crystalline spheres. At the present day, whatever limits may be assigned or denied to the universe, we cannot overlook the fact that there are innumerable globes as large and larger than ours, which have as much right as that to be the abode of rational beings, although it does not follow that those beings are men. . . . . . It is possible that all the suns are inhabited only by happy beings, and nothing obliges us to believe that there are many damned among them, since few examples or patterns will suffice for the use which the good may derive from the evil."\*

This reasoning, it must be confessed, is very weak, and altogether unworthy of such a mind. Its fallacies are too obvious to need any comment from us. Nor need we stop to inquire how far Leibnitz was hampered by the wish to avoid controversy on secondary points with the theologians of his day, or what mental qualifications may have neutralized his exoteric admissions. We cite the passage only as showing that so resolute an optimist and so penetrating a thinker as Leibnitz believed the principle of eternal punishment, in some sense, to be compatible with the goodness of God and a best possible world. And this belief is more unequivocally expressed, as well as more ably vindicated, in another passage of the same work:—

"There is, nevertheless, one species of justice, and a certain sort of rewards and punishments, which seems less applicable to those, if any such there be, who act from absolute necessity. It is that species of justice whose object is neither amendment nor example, nor even reparation. The only foundation of this justice is the fitness which demands a certain satisfaction, by way of expiation, for an evil act. The Socinians, Hobbes, and others, do not admit this punitive justice which is properly vindictive. . . . . Nevertheless it is founded in a relation of fitness which contents, not only the offended party, but also the wise who behold it, as a beautiful music or a fine piece of architecture contents well-constituted minds. . . . . . One may even say that it carries with it a certain indemnification to the mind, — that the disorder would offend if the punishment did not contribute to re-establish order. † . . . . . . Thus the pains of the damned continue then even, when they no longer serve to deter from evil." 1

<sup>\*</sup> Théodicée, Partie I. 19.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;Et on peut même dire qu'il y a ici un certain dédommagement de l'esprit, que le désordre offenseroit si le châtiment ni contribuoit à rétablir l'ordre."

t Théod., Partie II. 73, 74.

Turning now to the opposite view, we shall find that Partialism has its own peculiar difficulties. We encounter here obstacles different in kind, but equal in their way, to those which embarrass the view we have been discussing.

If we suppose, with the Partialists, that only a select portion of human souls will be finally blest, and the rest consigned to everlasting punishment, we are met on the threshhold by a strong objection drawn from the idea of God, - a God allmerciful and all-wise, - a universe formed and ruled by Infinite Wisdom and Mercy. This idea seems to require that adequate provision shall be made in the constitution of things and the soul for every case of sin and suffering which the universe contains; it seems to demand from the infinite resources of the Spirit a remedial force commensurate with every exigency of spiritual life, a power of nature or of grace by which the most corrupt may be reached and restored. It does not help the matter to say that the sinner sins of his own free will, of his own free will persists in sin, and so dooms himself to endless perdition. That a being should have been created with this liability in his constitution, capable of so sinning and suffering eternally, — this is precisely the difficulty in the case. is which piety finds it so hard to adjust with the cherished idea of a Father of spirits and of mercies. In that word, Father, it seems to see a refutation of Partialism.

The old defenders of this theory associated with it a doctrine of predestination, importing, as they interpreted that phrase, that the sinner sins by strong necessity, acting as his evil nature prompts, incapable of acting otherwise. This seemed to be the purport of the teaching of St. Paul, which they adopted into their system without adopting, at the same time, the universalism which Paul connects with it,\* and which neutralizes the harshness of the doctrine. Modern orthodoxy, anxious to relieve the idea of God of the odium of damning predestined sinners, shifts the responsibility of the act from the Creator to the creature, and, by substituting the notion of

<sup>\*</sup> Paul's doctrine, in the Romans, is, that salvation is as broad as sin, — as by one man's offence condemnation to all, so by one man's righteousness to all "justification of life." If God has concluded all in unbelief, it is that he may have mercy upon all.

free-will for the dogma of Predestination, seeks to devolve on the damned the burden of his own destiny; while at the same time, retaining the partial Grace of the old system, it claims for God the undivided merit of salvation. But the shift is a failure so far as the honor of God is concerned. The justice of eternal damnation is not vindicated by the theory of free-will. If human free-will is capable of abuse to such an extent as to be the occasion of endless misery, and if God foresees that abuse of it in any subject, then no theology can exonerate God from the consequences of that fatal endowment, and the responsibility of such a doom. The difference is merely nominal between a God who destroys by his own immediate act and a God who puts into the hands of his creature an instrument by which he will certainly destroy himself. "It is as sure a method of killing a man," says Bayle, in his comments on this point, "to give him a rope with which one knows for a certainty that he will hang himself, as to stab him or to have him stabbed with a dagger. His death is willed as much by one who uses the former method, as by one who employs either of the others"; - nay, "il semble même qu'on la veut avec un dessein plus malin puisqu'on tend à lui laisser toute la peine et toute la faute de sa perte."

Theology must not think to escape this dilemma by taking a high tone and asking superbly, "Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God?" Dr. Hovey has prefixed these words of Paul to his little treatise, as it were a Cerberus in limine, to frighten cavil, and repel invasive scrutiny. But the words in their original context—we say it with all reverence for the great Apostle, whom none can respect more sincerely than ourselves—evade, instead of satisfying, the very reasonable objection which the writer supposes to be brought against the doctrine of arbitrary Election, namely, its incompatibility with human accountableness. The objector pleads, "If God wills to harden my heart, to make me vicious and depraved, how can I help myself?\* The fault is not mine; I am but what

<sup>\*&</sup>quot;Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will, and whom he will he hardeneth. Thou wilt say then unto me, Why doth he yet find fault? for who hath resisted his will?"—Romans ix. 18, 19.

God makes me, I am not accountable for that which he compels me to be and to do." The objection is a reasonable one; it has often been urged, and will continue to be urged, against the doctrine in question. And the Apostle's answer to this objection is, "Who art thou that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor." True, O Paul! Nevertheless the question is not of power, but of right and accountableness under compulsory influence. The Being who possesses this almighty power has created in me a sense of justice which demands justice of the Maker, - has established in me a judgment-seat by which his own acts are inevitably tried. The answer quashes the plea, instead of refuting it. It may silence the objector, but does not satisfy the objection. Unquestionably the potter possesses power over the clay. Unquestionably the Maker possesses the power to make one man wicked and miserable, and another righteous and happy. But Christianity has taught us to know God, not as absolute Power merely, but as Justice and Mercy, as a gracious Father who embraces all his children with equal and impartial care. "Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus?" The thing formed in this case is the human heart, and that heart is so constituted by its Author that it craves to know, and must and will ask, concerning the purport and end of its being. And if to such questioning it receives this answer, "Thou wast formed to be wicked and eternally damned," shall not the thing made then say to Him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Why thus, O thou Infinite! who hast all power to make and mould, even as the potter has power over the clay, - why hast thou made me, thy helpless vessel, to be the subject of such deep dishonor and boundless wrong? It will so ask, and will not be content to receive for answer the absolute will of God as the sole and sufficient reason for such ordination. Could it really believe in such ordination, on such grounds, the heart would feel that it had no God; for, verily, absolute power does not make a God. And the heart would sink into itself with a grinding sense of infinite cruelty and

almighty wrong, or react on oppression like the chained Prometheus of the old Greek fable, - profound symbol of oppressed but unyielding manhood, - and scorn omnipotence dissociated from justice. But the fact is, the human mind can never truly believe in such an ordination and in such a God. The Divine has written his nature too deep in the human heart to be extinguished by a dogma. It is possible to human piety to love God without demanding his favor in return, but true piety knows by its own deep sympathy with the Divine, that God is love, and that in that love there is no distinction of persons, - that all being is embraced in its boundless affection. No one felt this more profoundly than Paul. No one more ready to confess it whenever his dogmatic prepossessions did not interfere with the sure instinct of his piety. When in this same Epistle to the Romans he declares his belief that "all Israel shall be saved," together with the "fulness of the Gentiles," and when, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, he affirms that, "as in Adam all die, in Christ all shall be made alive," and that Christ must reign until he hath put all enemies, even death, under his feet, - he discovers the real conviction of his heart. And so we appeal from Paul the logician to Paul the Apostle, from Paul arguing and speculating to Paul inspired. To the hard and disdainful question, "Who art thou that repliest against God?" we oppose the worthier conception of an elder prophet, "Come now, saith the Lord, let us reason together." God, in constituting us rational beings, has sanctioned the use of reason on all matters that invite its exercise, - his own nature and government among the rest.

We say then, speaking as critics of the Partialist theory, that that theory militates with the infinite love which reason compels us to ascribe to God, and which seems to require that to every creature of God its existence shall be on the whole a blessing, — that no creature shall be called into being for whom in any case it would be better that he had never been born. It matters not how widely we extend the circle of the blest, or how greatly we reduce the tale of the lost. The principle is the same, and no arithmetic can alter it. Suppose all saved but one, the difficulty still remains. Humanity demands that one; it mourns an imperfect heaven where that one is not, and

hears a wail in the Alleluia whose choral symphony lacks that complemental voice. Indeed, the smaller the number of the damned, the heavier the damnation, and what is gained in one way by such concession is lost in another. What is gained numerically is lost qualitatively. It may even be questioned if the old doctrine which made damnation normal, and salvation exceptional, be not on the whole a more rational view than that which saves the mass and abandons the few. the happiness of the world to come is purely a matter of grace. the free gift of God's love, entirely irrespective of the merits of the subject, then the few who are excepted from that grace would seem to be more hardly dealt with, and to have more legitimate ground of complaint, than the multitude of the lost where perdition is the rule and salvation a rare and exceptional favor. But if, on the other hand, the hereafter is determined by moral conditions, the few who shine with pre-eminent holiness are more broadly distinguished from ordinary degrees of moral excellence than the few superlatively wicked are from the general mass of unworthiness.

The insufficiency of those distinctions on which the rewards and punishments of the future state are presumed to be based, is another of the difficulties which embarrass the Partialist theory. If we suppose, what that theory commonly assumes, that the state of the soul is unalterably fixed at death, - the wicked precluded from all chance of reform, the good secured from all danger of lapse, - the disproportion between the moral distinctions of this world and the different fortunes of the next, is too monstrous for reason to contemplate. infinite difference between right and wrong must not be urged in defence of such a doctrine. The infinite difference between right and wrong is one thing; an infinite difference in the characters of those who during the years of this mortal life have done well or ill, is quite another thing. If we subtract from the character and life of the righteous all that may be termed good fortune, natural temperament, the native strength of the higher faculties, the comparative weakness of the baser appetites, education, social influences, opportunity, absence of strong temptation, - who can say that what remains of a purely moral nature is sufficient for eternal life, or even a

sufficient guaranty that the individual who has borne so fair a character in this world will preserve the same in another,—that he will not change from saint to sinner when placed in new circumstances and solicited by new relations? So, too, it is impossible to say with certainty how much of the crimes of this life may be due to external conditions; how far the circumstances of the sinner may have tended to suppress the good in his nature, and to bring out the bad, and how far the good may be elicited and the bad counteracted by a different position hereafter. We are not warranted in ascribing all sin to circumstance; yet much that we call sin, and that makes the apparent difference between the moral and immoral classes of society, may have this origin, and the good and bad of this world may change places in the next.

It avails not to say, in vindication of the dogma of eternal damnation, that God inflicts no positive pains on the sinner, but simply "withdraws" with his "friends" and his goods, and leaves the wicked to their own devices. This is the view propounded by Dr. Adams, who, in strange contradiction to the title of his Discourse, makes hell to consist in the very absence of those punishments commonly associated with it, and ascribes to God a laissez-faire posture with regard to sinners, which in our view is infinitely more repugnant to Divine perfection than even the vindictive wrath of Jewish and Gentile theology. is the posture of despair, a confession of failure, a concession of victory to the Adversary, the thought of which, if duly pondered, is shocking to piety. The writer in question is known to be an earnest and devout minister of the Gospel, but the doctrine of the following passage is of the essence of atheism: - "What shall now be done with those whom God has failed in his efforts to turn and save? Some reply, 'He ought to punish them till they do repent."..... Will it be useful that he should proceed and punish them further?.... Are there other strokes of his lightnings better fitted to rive and consume their spirits than those with which they have already been struck? It is not reasonable. . . . . We suppose, therefore, - and we think it is reasonable, - that if we do not repent of our sins, and are not willing to accept Christ, and all the efforts of mercy to save us, God will suffer us to sin

against him for ever. He will not hinder us from having our own chosen way..... We chose to sin against him as long as we could; and now it is not unreasonable to give us the desire of our hearts. But God may say, This will I do. I will place all of you who sin in a world by yourselves, from which I and my friends will for ever withdraw."

This withdrawing, we apprehend, is precisely the thing which God cannot do, — one of the limitations of his omnipotence. Out of him no creature can exist; in him and by him all being subsists, the hells not less than the heavens. The mystic Yggdrasil is rooted in him as well as crowned by him.

Dr. Adams sees the departing God taking "everything away with him" as he "withdraws." "He would take away. we must suppose, all their domestic relations, friendships, social pleasures, books, every pursuit of knowledge, music, travels, quiet sleep, morning and evening salutations of loved ones, and change the whole face of nature." Unquestionably these things have all a moral foundation, are morally conditioned, and cannot be supposed to co-exist with utter extinction of the moral life. But utter extinction of the moral life is something very different from the theological disqualification which bounds and bars the Orthodox heaven. When we consider the kind of persons whom that heaven most readily admits, to whom the Orthodox pass is most unhesitatingly vouchsafed, - men of the Dominic and Loyola stamp in the Catholic Church, and men of the Calvin and Edwards stamp in the Protestant, - and compare these with many of the characters whom that heaven most peremptorily excludes, and from whom that pass is most inexorably withheld, it is hard to believe that the Orthodox heaven has all the friendships, social pleasures, books, knowledge, music, &c., &c., and that the Orthodox hell, with such characters in it as some of those whom Orthodoxy would send thither, is quite destitute of all these things, - a total eclipse of the soul, unrelieved by a single ray of intellectual or social life. It is hard to believe that Lucian, Marcus Antoninus, Hafiz, Spinoza, Voltaire, Hume, Goethe, Beranger, Heinrich Heine, Humboldt, Waldo Emerson, are to have hereafter no friendships, books, knowledge, nor "quiet sleep."

Verily the strength of the Orthodox heaven does not consist . in its exclusiveness, or the rule by which it excludes. rough Norseman, on the eve of regeneration, when the priest to his inquiry disclosed the different future of Christian and heathen, withdrew his foot from the water, and declined the baptism which would separate him from the cherished heroes of his house and heart. Many not wholly depraved, except in the theological sense, will sympathize with the honest sea-king in this, less tempted by what the ecclesiastical salvation offers, than pained by what it excludes. Even from its heaven blows the east-wind of Orthodoxy. More venerable than charming in its sanctities, the holy bleakness needs greatly the "books, music, travels, quiet sleep," denied to outsiders. It is worthy of note, by the way, that the author, in this enumeration of goods which God abstracts from sinners and appropriates to his "friends," omits precisely that sublime feature of the heavenly state so prominent in old Orthodoxy, and which constitutes an intelligible distinction and a plausible boundary between the celestials and the outsiders, because unattainable by mere intellectual elevation, and possible only to finished goodness, - the Beatific Vision. One proof, among a thousand, of the sad degeneracy and defection from the old standards which characterizes modern Orthodoxy.

Quite otherwise the old divines, the heroes of theology, figured the rewards and punishments of the life to come. St. Ambrose, commenting on Matt. xxii. 13, — "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," - asks, "What is outer darkness? Is there any prison yonder, are there jails to be endured there also? ["I will place all of you who sin in a world by yourselves."] Not so. But whatsoever is without the promises of the heavenly commandments is in outer darkness, because the commandments of God are light; and whosoever is without Christ is in darkness, because Christ is the inner light. also there is no gnashing of bodily teeth, no perpetual fire of material flames, no corporeal worm; but as from much indigestion comes fever and worms, so he who does not digest his sins by interposing a certain sobriety of abstinence, but mixing sins with sins contracts as it were an indigestion of old and

· recent transgressions, he will be burned in his own fire and consumed with his own worms. . . . . The fire is that which the sorrow of transgression generates; the worm is the compunction with which the unreasonable sins of the soul compunge the mind and sense of the guilty."\*

St. Augustine affirms of Divine anger and forgiveness, that God does not change ("withdraw"), but his creatures. He is changed to them in their sufferings "as the sun to sore eyes is changed from mild to harsh, and from pleasant to oppressive, while he himself remains the same."† And, speaking of the blessedness and misery of the future life, he identifies the one with a clear vision of the truth, the other with ignorance and unreality. There are two opposite kinds of affection, he says, one by which the blest are ravished with the purest cognition of their Author, the other by which the wicked are plunged into the deepest ignorance of truth. The latter will suffer real punishment by means of unreal images; the good will enjoy real beatitude in the contemplation of realities. ‡

<sup>\*&</sup>quot; Que sunt tenebre exteriores? Nunquid illic quoque carcer aliquis latumizque subeundæ sunt? Minime. Sed quæcunque extra promissa sunt coelestium mandatorum, in tenebris exterioribus sunt; quia mandata Dei lumen sunt: et quicunque sine Christo est, in tenebris est; quia lumen interius Christus est. Ergo neque corporalium stridor aliquis dentium, neque ignis aliquis perpetuus flammarum est corporalium, neque vermis est corporalis; sed hæc ideo, quia sicut ex multa cruditate et febres nascuntur et vermes; ita siquis non decoequat peccata sua, velut quadam interposita sobrietate abstinentiæ, sed miscendo peccata peccatis, tanquam cruditatem quandam contrahit veterum et recentium delictorum, igne aduretur proprio, et suis vermibus consumetur. . . . . Ignis est quem generat mestitia delictorum; vermis est, eo quod irrationabilia anima peccata mentem rei sensumque compungant."

<sup>† &</sup>quot;Illi potius quam ipse mutantur, et eum quodammodo mutatum in his quae patiuntur inveniunt: sicut mutatur sol oculis sauciatis et asper quodammodo ex miti et ex delectabili molestus efficitur quum ipse apud seipsum maneat idem qui fuit."

<sup>‡</sup> It must be confessed that St. Augustine has maintained in his writings as grossly material views of the sufferings of the damned, and of the physical constitution of the life to come, as have ever been propounded by the Christian Church. See, for example, the second, ninth, and tenth chapters of the De Civitate Dei, which treat of hell-fire. But when he speaks of the joys of the blest, it is always the Beatific Vision that predominates in his conception. "Quapropter cum ex me quæritur quid acturi sunt sancti in illo corpore spiritali, non dico quod jam video sed dico quod credo..... Dico itaque Visuri sunt Deum in ipso corpore." "Ibi vacabimus et videbimus: videbimus et amabimus; amabimus et laudabimus."—De Civ. Dei, Lib. XXII. cap. 29 and 30.

In like manner, Maximus, the contemplative theologian of the seventh century, makes the nature and punishment of the wicked to consist in want of reality. "They who wisely meditate the divine words," he says, "call by the name of Perdition, Hell, Sons of Perdition, and the like, those who make to themselves . according to the affection of their mind a reality of that which is not, and so come in all things to resemble phantasms."\* But above all, John Scotus, the intellectual wonder of the ninth century, who treats these matters more profoundly than any one else, has developed in all its bearings the idea of the vision and participation of Truth as the chief distinction between the good and the wicked hereafter. Both, he says, will have their intellectual images, as it were the expressions of so many faces (phantasiæ veluti facies quædam expressæ). The just will see God in different appearances according to the altitude of contemplation attained by each saint. The wicked, on the other hand, will see different and false appearances of mortal things, according to the diverse motions of their evil thoughts. As the deified ascend through innumerable grades of divine contemplation, so those who depart from God descend ever through the different declensions of their vices into the deep of ignorance and into outer darkness. But the general, natural goods of humanity, he maintains, will be common to all. "These are given from above, coming down from the Father of lights, generally diffused among all, from whose participation no one is excluded, of which no one is deprived, since no one can exist without them; no demerits can impede the gift, no merits promote it; they anticipate all merit; by the sole, abounding, divine plenitude of goodness they flow to all everywhere in unexhausted effusion; in none are they increased, in none diminished; the property of all alike, the good and the bad, they are withdrawn from none; eternally and substantially they will endure in all, free from all corruption and independent of all contrary passion." † Hell-fire, he main-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Qui divina sapienter meditantur verba perditionem et infernum et filios perditionis et similia appellant eos qui quod non est, sibimet et secundum mentis affectum subsistentiam faciunt et sic phantasiis per omnia similes fiunt." — Quoted by Scotus Erig. in the De Divisione Naturæ, Lib. V. c. 31.

<sup>†&</sup>quot; Heec sunt data de sursum a Patre luminum descendentia, in omnes generaliter diffusa, quorum participatione nemo excluditur nemo privatur, cum nemo sine

tains, is not penal in itself, nor designed for penal purposes; it is a part of the universal good, an element which the blest will inhabit as well as the wicked; what is torment to the one will be health and joy to the other.

We said the weight of authority is on the side of the Partialists. It must not be forgotten, however, that the other view has had its advocates in every period of the Christian Church, and among them has numbered some of the best voices of the Church, from Paul to Schleiermacher. The opinion of Origen on this subject — his doctrine of an amorataorases. or general Restoration \* - is well known. It subjected him to persecution during his life, and to heavy condemnation after his death. His enemy, Demetrius, turned it into a serviceable weapon against him, and procured the decision of the Synod condemning the book which contained it. It seemed, by diminishing the fear of "Judgment," to weaken the foundations of hierarchical authority. "Hierarchs," says Bunsen, † "have never believed their own absolutism safe unless based upon fear, — the principle of action with despots everywhere. . . . . For since to them the Christian religion has no basis in reason, it must not lose the only hold it can have on the mind of the multitude, namely, the terrors of an indefinite, and therefore to their apprehension infinite and eternal punishment, which has vengeance, and not reformation, for its end. 'Away with Origen! What is to become of virtue, and heaven, and clerical power, if the fear of eternal punishment is not kept for ever before men's eyes as the prop of human and divine authority.' So thought Demetrius, Bishop of Alexandria." Gregory of Nyssa, and Theodore of Mopsuestia, both eminent in the Trinitarian controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries, inclined to Universalism. St. Jerome, while insisting on the irrevocable and everlasting damnation of the heathen, expects

his subsistit; nullius mali meritis impediuntur ne dentur, nullius bona merita præcedunt, quibus præstentur; omne meritum præcecupant; sola divina bonitatis largiflua plenitudine omnibus per omnia universaliter inexhausta effusione manant; in nullo augentur, in nullo minuuntur; æqualiter omnibus insunt, et bonis et malis; a nullo retrahuntur, æternaliter in omnibus et substantialiter permanebunt, omni corruptione contrariaque passione absoluta." — De. Div. Nat.

<sup>\*</sup> It ought to be stated in this connection, that the Restoration of Origen was not a finality, but only one stage in a great revolution, to be followed by a new lapse.

<sup>†</sup> Hippolytus and his Age, 2d ed., Vol. I. p. 280.

a milder fate for Christian transgressors. The Christian poet Prudentius, in the fourth century, probably expresses the prevailing sentiment of his time, when in one of his hymns he makes eternal damnation a rare exception to the universal Benignity,

"Idem tamen benignus Ultor retundit iram Paucosque non piorum Patitur perire in ævum."

The prevalence of Universalism in St. Augustine's day may be inferred from the fact that several chapters of the De Civitate Dei are devoted to its refutation. After that, with the doubtful exception of John Scotus above named, who rather hinted than confessed his heresy, † its traces are lost in the barbarism of the Middle Age. "Dismiss all hope" was written over the entrance of the mediæval hell, and until the Reformation theology seems scarcely to have questioned the legend. And since the Reformation, the authorities, in number if not in quality, preponderate on the side of Partialism. If questions in theology could be settled by the votes of theologians, the truth of Partialism would be established by an overwhelming majority. But in such matters one original thinker and independent critic outweighs a hundred traditionalists,—one fresh voice a hundred echoes.

Will any maintain that the Christian Scriptures have decided this question beyond dispute for all who receive them as final authority? That they have not done so appears from the fact, that opposite opinions concerning it are entertained by different sects, each claiming to be Christian, each professing to receive the New Testament as final and divine authority. The testimony of the sacred books on this subject is not uniform, the voices conflict. The doctrine of Paul in the Romans and

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Sicut diaboli et omnium negatorum et impiorum qui dixerunt in corde suo; Non est Deus, credimus seterna tormenta, sic peccatorum et impiorum et tamen Christianorum, quorum opera in igne probanda sunt atque purganda, moderatam arbitramur et mixtam clementis sententiam."

<sup>† &</sup>quot;Divina siquidem bonitas consumet malitiam, æterna vita absorbet mortem, beatitudo miseriam, . . . . . nisi forte adhuc ambigis dominum Jesum humanæ naturæ acceptorem et salvatorem non totam ipsam sed quantulamcunque partem ejus accepisse et salvasse."

Corinthians, as we have seen, is Universalism; \* other portions of the Scripture emphatically assert the opposite view. The language in these passages is strong, yet not so strong but that modern criticism, sharp and trenchant as a two-edged sword, will pierce between the words and the doctrine supposed to be contained in them. † Indeed, what language can be made so strong as to be impervious to the sword of criticism, when many transcribers, and many mediating witnesses, and many centuries, and a foreign language, intervene between the writer and the critic? What language can be made so strong as to bind for ever thought and faith? The purpose of Revelation is not to settle speculative questions depending on the nice interpretation of words, but to infuse a new spirit into human things, to illustrate great principles of practical import with new sanctions. The principles are eternal, the dogmas in which they are embodied are limited and transient.

We have handled this matter as critics, not as advocates of either of the views which have been discussed. Our convictions are inadequate to a free and hearty advocacy of either. The question is one of the antinomies of theology,—a question of which affirmative and negative are equally tenable and equally doubtful. It is a question on which sentiment and reason are divided. Feeling points in one direction, and—speaking for ourselves, we must say—speculation in another. Our heart is with the Universalists, but our reason is shocked by the violence of the hypotheses which Universalism—theological as well as philosophical—seems to necessitate. Theological Universalism supposes a too forcible interference of Almighty Love in the normal processes of the individual soul,

<sup>\*</sup> But Paul apparently contradicts himself, if we allow the genuineness (undisputed till recently) of the Second Epistle to the Thessalonians.

<sup>†</sup> We attach little weight to the verbal criticisms on the word alwinos. Granting what has often been alleged, that this word in its strict and original import is not equivalent to our "everlasting," it is nevertheless probable that the New Testament writers connected the idea of endlessness with it. But the plea that whatever is deducted, in the interpretation of this word, from the duration of hell punishments, must also be deducted from the duration of future bliss,—a plea as old as Augustine,—is utterly futile (as De Quincey has shown) as an argument for the eternity of the former.

bringing the Divine into self-collision. Philosophical Universalism assumes an inevitable triumph of self-recovery, - a fatality of goodness in man which seems to be based on no analysis of human nature, which certainly is not warranted by any mundane experience, and whose only voucher, so far as we can see, is a brave hope, which, however honorable to those who cherish it, is of no great use in the critical investigation of this subject. Theodore Parker, one of the ablest representatives of philosophic Universalism in this country, states the doctrine with his usual vigor in his last Discourse: "But there is no spiritual death, - only partial numbness, never a stop to that higher life. The soul's power of recovery from wickedness is infinite; its time of healing is time without bounds. There is no limit to the vis medicatrix of the inner, the immortal man. To the body death is a finality; but the worst complication of personal wickedness is only one incident in the development of a man whose life is continuous, an infinite series of incidents all planned and watched over by Absolute Love. . . . . In all the family of God there is never a son of perdition." (p. 17.) This is fine, would the author but legitimate it by some demonstration of the grounds of his prophecy beside general reference to the revelation of the "Universe," from which he would seem to have derived it. "I think there is not in the Old Testament, or the New, a single word which tells this blessed truth, that penitence hereafter shall do any good..... But the Universe is the revelation of God, and it tells you a grander truth,infinite Power and infinite Love, time without bounds for the restoration of the fallen and the recovery of the wicked." There are some to whom the very attractiveness of such a doctrine may seem a sufficient warrant of its truth. We have no wish to disturb their faith; but this ground of conviction, however influential in private experience, is hardly available at the bar of critical inquiry. And, again, the doctrine, as propounded by Parker, by Emerson, and others, assumes in the judgment of some the rank and claims of a philosophic intuition. It may be that, but we cannot help suspecting an intuition which arises at this late time in a field of inquiry explored for so many ages, and which contradicts what the seers of all ages, with scarcely an exception, have seen and proclaimed.

We are far from questioning the fact of conversions and reformations in the world to come. On the contrary, we believe that to countless profligates who perish in their sins, opportunities and appeals, and gracious influences, denied in this world, will be vouchsafed hereafter, and will tell with saving effect; and that many who were last, will be first. does it follow that all will be converted? that saving influences will act with compulsory force? that the soul, as such, is fatally bound and predetermined to goodness? that every Borgia is a Carlo Borromeo in eclipse, and every Brinvilliers an undeveloped Nightingale? Has this pleasant fancy any foundation but its own pleasantness, any authority but an undefined conception of the possibilities of Divine government? It is not a natural consequence, not a development according to cause and effect, but a monstrous accident, a wild interposition of juggling miracle which we expect when we so dream. most distinguished of American philanthropists, with large experience of human nature and reformatory discipline, expressed to us, in a recent conversation, the conviction that some natures are beyond the reach of moral influence, - proof against all discipline, - moral incurables. What reason to expect a moral revolution in such characters hereafter? If any derived from the nature of the human soul, let psychology declare it. The Divine mercy? It is easy to talk of Divine mercy, but the question is here of Divine power. The question is of possibility; it is whether Omnipotence itself can reform such characters without so violating their idiosyncrasy. without so traversing their normal developments, as in effect to destroy their identity, and whether it would not better comport with Divine economy to substitute at once another soul. A conversion which, instead of developing a native good, should impose a foreign one, would not be a reformation, but a metaktizosis, a transubstantiation. But we are supposing a case, in which there is no good to be developed, if not a case of entire depravity, - the existence of such cases may be denied, - vet a case in which the will is irrecoverably divorced from good and bent on evil. Schiller describes the hero of the Robbers by saying that he would not pray, if once so resolved, though God should appeal to him in person with the offer of

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immediate heavenly bliss. We fancy this conceit expresses a possibility of human nature. We suspect that Milton's Satan is no vain imagination,—that the soul may arrive at a point of antagonism where the pride of self-hood shall resist all appeals, and a self-centred wilfulness shall say, "Evil, be thou my good." When that point is reached, we can see no remedy, no way of restoration that would not compromise the soul's integrity. Yet even these cases are scarcely more hopeless than those of weak and unstable souls, swift to repent, and equally swift to transgress anew, whose existence oscillates between contrition and indulgence. The moral influences which recoil from the solid resistance of the former character, glide infructuous from the smooth facility of these.

If, therefore, speaking above as critics of the Partialist theory, we seemed to allow that Universalism is a natural and legitimate inference from the moral nature of Deity, we must now qualify that inference, admitting here, as in every general principle, possible exceptions. Universalism is true in the general principle, that future blessedness is the normal destination of man. God will have all men to be saved in the sense in which he wills that all fruit-germs shall become fruits, and all human embryos, well-formed, healthy men and women. But this destination is not always accomplished; \* resistance or defect in the stuff, collision of forces, or what not, produces abortions in the one case; and defect or contradiction of the will may produce them in the other. The world of souls may have its failures, as well as the world of forms.

Supposing, then, that some individualities shall prove intractable and insalwable, what in the final event is to be the destiny of these abortive and exceptional souls? The idea of a state of endless, positive, unmitigated, conscious suffering, such as the old theology prescribed for them, we have no hesitation in repudiating, as utterly inconsistent with all just views of Divine government and the nature of the soul. However imposing the authorities in favor of a doctrine which numbers a Plato and an Augustine among its advocates, we cannot so affront the

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;It is true," said old Meletius of Mopsuestia, "that God will have all men to be saved, but it is evident that the human will does not always coincide with the Divine."

more imminent authority in our own breast as to symbolize with them in this particular. Though a vast majority of the Christian Church affirm it, we pronounce the doctrine unchristian. contrary to the spirit of Christ, however it may seem to accord with the letter of the Gospel. Orthodoxy may steel itself to approve an immortality of woe, and even, as in the case of Tertullian and of Edwards,\* imagine a satisfaction in the contemplation of it; but mature reason and the unperverted heart alike and instinctively reject it. Moreover, we hold such a state to be psychologically impossible. Our limits forbid a full demonstration of this position; we must content ourselves with the bare assertion, which we think every analyst of human nature will approve, that satisfaction, in the way of fruition or of hope, is the pabulum vitæ without which no soul can permanently subsist, and that the result of continued suffering must either be an accustomedness which will make it tolerable. or an intolerableness which will overpower and extinguish consciousness. "No soul," says Lessing, "is capable of a pure sensation, that is, of one which even in its smallest moment is only pleasant or only painful, much less of a state in which all the sensations are thus unmixed, whether of the former or the latter kind." † More elaborately Schleiermacher, in his treatise on Christian Faith, t has shown the irreconcilableness of a state of perpetual torment as well with the constitution of the human soul as with the supposition of an opposite state, appointed for the good, of perfect and everlasting blessedness. If the torment, he says, be supposed to consist in physical pains, the conscious power of enduring such pains is itself

<sup>\*</sup> See a Sermon of Jonathan Edwards entitled "The End of the Wicked contemplated by the Righteous, or the Torments of the Wicked in Hell no Occasion of Grief to the Saints in Heaven." "The miseries of the damned in hell," says Edwards, "will be inconceivably great. . . . . The saints in glory will see this, and will be far more sensible of it than we can possibly be. They will be more sensible how dreadful the wrath of God is, and will better understand how terrible the sufferings of the damned are, yet this will occasion no grief to them. They will not be sorry for the damned, it will cause no uneasiness or dissatisfaction to them, but, on the contrary, when they have this sight, it will excite them to joyful praises." — The Works of President Edwards, (Worcester Edition,) Vol. IV. p. 290.

<sup>†</sup> Theologische Aufsätze.

<sup>†</sup> Der Christliche Glaube nach den Grundsätzen der Evangelischen Kirche, (Ed. 1836,) Vol. II. p. 163.

a mitigation of the suffering. If remorse be the punishment, conscience must be active in the sufferer, and that activity of conscience supposes a change for good, and is in its nature remedial; - if consciousness of forfeited joys, the ability to figure those joys implies the capacity of like enjoyment, and that capacity a partial reformation. On the other hand, if such a state be considered in relation to the opposite state of the blest, it is vain, he argues, to deny to the blest a sympathy with souls in torment which must effectually disturb their felicity; it is vain to contend that eternal pains, if decreed, must be just, and that the contemplation of God which constitutes the blessedness of heaven must include the contemplation of his justice; that contemplation does not exclude and cannot neutralize sympathy with suffering, and we even demand of the righteous "a deeper compassion for merited pains than for unmerited."

In discussing these matters one principle is of last importance; namely, that the future, whatever its character, will be a necessary consequence of the present, the natural result of causes now at work, the fruit of a good or evil life. To this principle Mr. Lee directs the attention of his readers in the last-named work on our list: - "It will be noticed that, in the view we advocate, we consider the future history of man - of each man in particular and of all men - to be in accordance with established laws of nature. As he comes into being and develops his powers up to the time of death under such laws, so, we think, his course will from that time onward be natural." \* Much of the error which prevails in relation to the future state must be ascribed to a disregard of this principle. essential truth involved in the figurative language of Scripture has been confounded with the pictures which envelop it. Hence, in the doctrine of the Church, the natural results of character have been converted into rewards and punishments. these into states of rewards and punishments, and these states have been conceived as entirely distinct from each other, each perfect in its kind and eternal in duration. Such, to this day, are the popular heaven and hell of the Christian world.

<sup>\*</sup> Eschatology, p. 252. We take great pleasure in expressing our satisfaction in this essay, so respectable in its learning, so refined in its spirit.

consequences of men's actions are eternal. Let us keep this principle in view, and we shall see that the future state of the wicked can hardly be one of pure suffering. For who so depraved that no good has ever mingled with his earthly life? This good, however scanty, is not lost; it must bring forth fruit according to its kind, and yield its consolation in eternity. If any shall object, that, according to this principle, the good must have their sorrows in the world to come, and that "Heaven" is not the unmixed rapture represented by the popular faith, we have no wish to avoid this obvious conclusion. On the contrary, we frankly confess that the popular representation seems to us to err as widely on the one side as on the other; the idea of a heaven into which no sorrow can enter, — a broad, unchastened day,

"Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,"

seems to us just as absurd as that of a hell whose Stygian hold no joy can penetrate and no hope relieve. The heavens and the hells interpenetrate each other, and the souls of men, with few exceptions, hereafter as here, for a time at least, will inhabit both or harbor both. The difference between the wicked and the righteous consists not so much in the funded good or evil of their respective natures, as in the tendencies—good or evil—established in their wills. These tendencies once established will draw their subjects contrary ways, with progressive divergence sundering souls, the good from the bad, attracting the former to the Infinite Good, and impelling the latter—shall we say to the Infinite Evil? There is no infinite evil.

What, then, — we renew the question, — is the final destination of incorrigible and exceptional souls? Not endless torment, we fancy, but everlasting (spiritual) death, utter extinction of the moral life. All the analogies point to this conclusion, all true deductions from the moral nature confirm it, and for those who demand the warrant of the letter, what conclusion more just to the letter of the Scripture which declares that "sin when it is finished bringeth forth death"? Conscience (or self-consciousness) is the life-principle of moral natures. The tendency of sin is to weaken and corrupt, and finally to mortify and destroy, that principle. When accord-

ingly in any soul the evil tendency exceeds a certain stage of development, the soul loses the power of self-recovery, and the evil tendency still proceeding - arrives at last to rest in evil as its good, and to sin without compunction, or any inward restraint or contradiction.\* Then - the evil tendency still proceeding - commences a process of mortification, which involves, as its final consummation, loss of consciousness; for consciousness supposes a capacity of distinguishing good and evil, and loss of voluntary power, for voluntary power involves also a moral element. Sin is then finished and has brought forth death. The soul as a moral agent and a conscious individuality is extinct; as a monad it still survives. No longer a person, but a thing, its condition thenceforth is not a question of psychology, but of ontology.† And here we dismiss it, as equally, in its further aspects, exceeding our purpose and our space.

The view we have offered is by no means new, but has never obtained extensive currency in the Christian Church. Yet it is the one which seems to us most defensible, as being less violent in its hypothetical assumptions than Universalism, and more in harmony with just conceptions of Deity and Divine rule than other forms of Partialism. The only point we regard as established in this matter is the "Judgment," that is, the immortality of the moral nature, and a moral connection between the life that now is and the life to come. All else is mere speculation, and so little is gained by speculating on a future state, that the wise, after sounding in vain to the extent of their line in this uncertain deep, will bound their inquiries by such practical conclusions as are best adapted to our moral wants. No reform in theology, as we have labored to show in another part of this journal, I is more needed at present, than one which shall teach us how to prize, and how best to possess, this mortal world. We make too much of death and hereafter. We seem to be wandering at the foot of a mountain,

<sup>\*</sup> This is the stage of Devildom, or "Evil Spirits."

<sup>†</sup> To those who are curious in such speculations, the Gnostic cosmogony of early Christendom, which was afterwards unconsciously revived by Jacob Boehme, — the cosmogony which supposes the material universe to be the wreck of a foregone spiritual creation, — may suggest the possible uses of lost souls.

t See Article III. of this Number.

behind which lies the land of our dreams. And the mountain casts its long, dark shadow across our earth-life, obscuring its import and veiling its glories. The mountain exists only in our conceit, the land of our hopes and our fears is in the soul. We carry within us the "Judgment" to come, and the Judge, and all the hereafter. To be in eternity is not to be personally translated, but spiritually transformed; it is not to be disembodied, but disenchanted, unselfed. To fill the moment worthily is everlasting life.

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ART. VI. — THE LORD'S DEALINGS WITH GEORGE MÜLLER.

The Lord's Dealings with George Müller. Written by himself. Four Parts. London: Nisbet & Co. 1855, 1856.

This narrative of a persistent course of philanthropic action is one of the most remarkable autobiographies ever written. Occasional glimpses have been given of enthusiastic preachers receiving a suit of clothes nearly as soon as they had prayed for them; and amongst denominations like the Methodist, exceptional cases are always occurring of direct answers to petitions for worldly blessing. But here is a life-history so simple that one knows not how to withhold credence, giving account almost day by day, for twenty-five years, of reliance upon prayer alone for the support, not merely of a large Orphan-House, but of an efficient Bible Society, Home and Foreign Missions, Charity Schools, and a Ministry at Large occupying two chapels and numbering over six hundred communicants.

The fifth edition of this copious but homely narrative lies before us, bringing down events into the year 1856. As it is by this humble, open-hearted statement of his work and its method that George Müller is chiefly known, and, as far as worldly instrumentalities are concerned, principally sustained, we shall draw from it the substance of a most interesting experience, as given by its subject. Born at the little Prussian village of Kroppenstädt in 1805, George Müller seems to have been born

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an unmitigated scoundrel. If his account of his early youth may be trusted, there were no vices of which he was not capable, few of which he was not guilty. Lying was habitual, thievery of great and small sums from parents and comrades was equally common, -- criminal vagrancy and general dissoluteness repeatedly brought him into public disgrace. There seemed to be no guardian angel hovering around his youth, no female attachment, no reverent affection to either parent promising him final deliverance; his fate might have been forecast as a brief and clouded career of pleasure and crime. Confirmed in the regular Prussian church at Halle before these wild oats were half sown, and admitted to communion without prayer or Scripture study, and without so much as owning a single Bible in a library of some size, one would fain hope that the impositions practised upon his parents, the corruption of young associates, and his general profligacy, are painted darker than the reality; for, all the while, he was destined to the Church, and was receiving the best education Germany could give.

At length, in this University-city of Halle, where, according to Müller's account, hardly any Christians could be found, he is converted at the house of a "believing tradesman." The change is so simply told, with such perfect nature, that it inspires faith in the narrator. It was such a prayer-meeting as all of us are familiar with. A hymn was unitedly sung; an African missionary prayed, and it was the first time Müller had seen worshippers kneeling; a chapter of the Bible was read, and then a printed sermon, as a Prussian prohibition confines the discourse to the ordained clergyman; then another hymn, and finally a prayer by the master of the house. happy," says Müller, "though if it had been asked why, I could hardly have explained it. Whether I fell on my knees when I returned home, I do not know; but this I know, that I lay peaceful in my bed. I have not the least doubt, that on that evening the Lord began a work of grace in me, though I obtained joy without any deep sorrow of the heart, and with scarcely any knowledge. But that evening was the turningpoint of my life."

Next, he longs for the missionary life; is encouraged by

Professor Tholuck; and shortly after begins to preach in a neighboring village, residing meanwhile at an orphan-house erected by Professor Franke. But his was not a nature to do things by halves. Drawn into natural sympathy with a neighboring settlement of Moravians, whom Müller so much resembled in thought and spirit, he was prompted to offer himself as a foreign missionary; and learning that the "Continental Society" in England meant to send some one to Bucharest, he repaired at once to the country in which the substance of his days was to be spent, and began to try his hand at that most hopeless of tasks, the conversion of the Jews. in the service of a very respectable and efficient organization, we are not told under the auspices of what Church, but apparently not of the Establishment. And yet, though the superintendence was as light as possible, it was more than Müller could bear. It troubled his conscience, that unconverted men should have the ordaining of a converted preacher like himself; that he should be obliged to obey men, and not the Lord alone; that mere rank, without reference to piety, should stand as the figure-head of a ship in which his soul as well as body were to enlist for the voyage of life. His resignation was sent to the managers, with the offer to continue in their service without any salary, provided he could do the work in his own way. Probably they lost nothing in being relieved of one who could not draw in the traces; certainly, so sensitive and imperative a conscience was not made to be the servant of any man or body of men. Thereupon he commences the ministry of Ebenezer Chapel at Teignmouth, on a salary of some forty pounds a year; which he feels obliged after a brief period to relinquish; - first, because pew-rents made an unchristian distinction between the rich and poor; second, because they often had to be paid at a season when some of the humbler members were in want of means; and last, because the preacher might be tempted to conceal his convictions from fear of losing his salary, as he had himself experienced in adopting Baptist opinions through the study of Scripture. His preaching gave the earliest glimpse of the spirit which distinguished his charitable operations afterward. He left the subject of discourse always to Divine direction.

Sometimes he read twenty chapters prayerfully "before it pleased the Lord to give him a text; nay, many times he has gone to the place of meeting without one, and obtained it only a few moments before he was to speak. The preacher, he concludes, cannot know the particular state of the various individuals who compose the congregation, but the Lord knows it; and if the preacher renounce his own wisdom, he will be assisted by the Lord."

His next step was to marry a sister of that Mr. Groves whose missionary labors Kitto was assisting in Asia, a lady of spirit kindred to his own. With her entire sympathy, he determines to trust himself wholly to the Lord, relinquish all his private means, lay by nothing for the morrow, ask no man for a farthing, depend wholly upon prayer, permit no public appeal in his behalf, and prepare nothing in advance for sickness, increase of family, old age, or any casualty. Upon this literal application of a Christian principle intended to be temporary and specially adapted to the period of persecution, more than twenty-five years of a most useful life have passed happily away. In a different nature, this perpetual uncer-. tainty would create a chronic uneasiness; the body would suffer first, and then the mind; dyspepsia would be followed by derangement; the continually strained cord would snap asunder, and the bow be broken, sadly enough. But this singular being's peace is his perpetual boast. This absolute dependence on daily Providence satisfies him better than a princely income. He rejoices that he has personal tokens of God's love, and that, as he shall ever love on, he can never fail of the same abundant mercy. "It is impossible," he declares in the last part of his narrative, "to describe the holy joy that has often flowed into my soul by means of the fresh answers which I have received from God after waiting upon him for help; and the longer I had to wait, and the greater my need. the greater the enjoyment when at last the answer came. do therefore solemnly declare, that I do not find this life a trying, but a very happy one; and that the longer I go on in the service, the happier I am, and the more I am assured I am engaged as the Lord would have me be."

Having apparently failed at Teignmouth, his congregation

diminishing and his own zeal flagging, in 1832 he changes his field of labor to Bristol, and, with a Brother Craig, becomes the regular minister of two chapels, Gideon and Bethesda, supported on this singular plan, not only of voluntary, but of unasked, irregular, and perpetually varying contributions. These contributions were not for the maintenance of their two families alone. Had there been the least taint of selfishness. the stream which flowed into their subscription-boxes would have soon dried up. They were the support of two charity schools, which grew afterwards to six; and, in 1834, of "the Scripture-Knowledge Institution." This was no high-sounding organization, with a splendid prospectus, a corps of wellpaid officials, levying heavy subsidies upon Christian benevolence, and a dazzling front of such distinguished titles as head nearly all the popular charities in Great Britain. The resolution was, first, to contract no debts and establish no salaries; secondly, to reject the assistance of unbelievers, and hold no fellowship with existing associations; thirdly, to rely upon God above in his answers to immediate prayer; and lastly, to do all the work for which the means were thus provided, confident that such work was all that needed to be done. In this childlike trust, this perfect assurance, which never was impaired and never disappointed, the Scripture-Knowledge Institution was so prospered, that, up to 1850, three hundred thousand dollars had been spent in its service, the unsolicited offerings of persons, frequently unknown, through the post-office or in the chapel-boxes, never by any public meeting or personal urgency, and for charities as various as human want and as extensive as the globe. Day Schools and Sunday Schools, Missions and Bible circulation, besides other instrumentalities of spiritual good, have been sustained year after year, with ever-increasing efficiency, by this remarkable man's unaided energy, wisdom, faith, and love. At present, the Institution — rather the man under this name - disburses about thirty thousand dollars annually in these widely different yet really co-operating kinds of benevolence.

But the grand achievement of Müller's life is the new Orphan-House at Bristol, now sheltering, probably, a thousand beneficiaries. It has been seen that the closing portion of his

student life was passed in the extensive orphan institution erected by the influence and effort of the devout Dr. Franke. But the idea of a similar charity does not seem to have flashed into his generous heart for years; perhaps because of the vast extent of the Halle asylum, perhaps because he was its inmate only for a few months during the busy commencement of his career. Strange as it may seem, Müller was thirty years old, and had visited the Continent once to select a missionary for the Oriental field, to be supported by English generosity, before the biography of Professor Franke\* had attracted his attention, or come within his reach.

It seemed like a hand stretched down from the spirit-world to lead him into a new sphere of labor, though already one would have thought his burden greater than he could bear. A "minister at large" in a city of a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants, the director of an energetic Bible distribution, the principal patron of more than forty missionaries, the superintendent of adult day and juvenile Sunday schools, burdened with an annual correspondence of three thousand letters, and interrupted perpetually by such petty details as belong to the reception and disbursement of almost ceaseless charities, his hands would seem to have been already full. And yet this immense amount of work, besides the care of a large orphan institution, seems to have been carried on without jar or break, without confusion or trouble of any kind; and to be still going on prosperously under the shadow of those venerable charities with which old Bristol abounds, uncheered by their favor, unchecked by their frown.

The foremost motive for setting on foot another orphan asylum, where one already existed for females, was, "that God might be glorified, should he be pleased to furnish me the means, on its being seen that it is not a vain thing to trust in him; and that thus the faith of his children may be strengthened." Add to this, the knowledge that six thousand orphans were at that moment imprisoned in different parts of England for petty offences to which they had been tempted through destitution or abandonment; and that Müller en-

<sup>\*</sup> The death of the Halle Professor took place in 1787.

countered many little sufferers in his daily walks, who could not gain admittance into existing asylums for want of friends to press their claims.

His first step was to hold a public meeting. The result of it would have driven any less resolute spirit to despair. required a thousand pounds to begin with, and he received ten shillings. The first contribution was actually a single shilling; but, true to his artless scheme, no subscription-paper was circulated, no contribution-box passed round, no influential names were employed as a bait to the waiting public. These ten shillings, probably the entire means of somebody poor as himself, showed more faith in the project than any thousand pounds afterwards given. From that moment, December 5, 1835, the stream began to flow, - irregular, under-ground, intermittent, sometimes almost ceasing, but stimulated, as he felt, by prayer so direct that he would even ask the Lord to cause more diamonds to be given, and adapted wonderfully to his pressing necessities. Nearly all the gifts were anonymous; nearly all from Christians of a similar stamp with himself; nearly all from the poor; — the offerings of the entire savings of the seamstress and day-laborer, of family heirlooms, of wedding rings and marriage spoons; and ranging, in the same day, from a few pence to a thousand pounds, from a pewter salt-cellar to a costly gold watch, from a flat-iron to a ton of coals, from a gallon of peas to a stately mansion. Not one individual was ever asked to give; not one paper circulated for contributors' names; not one bribe held out to wealthy patrons; not one meeting called to let the dilatory public know that the rice was entirely gone, the quarter's rent unpaid, the milkman likely to stop in vain at the orphans' door, because even his wholesome beverage was not to be taken on trust. Yet frequently the tide seemed at its ebb; day after day passed without any supply, his own furniture had to be sacrificed, and any other person under his responsibilities would have knelt to men as fervently as he knelt to God. The reason for this singular pertinacity was "simply that this work has for its first and primary end the benefit of the Church at large and of the unconverted world; to show that there is verily a God in heaven, whose ears are open to those who call upon him in the name of the Lord Jesus, and who put their trust in him."

One secret of his success, which he does not seem to observe, is, that he had enlisted men and women as self-denying as himself in the work. So that, when not a penny came in for the orphans' supper, some nurse or matron offered her little savings; some good brother let a friend, perhaps, know the emergency, and while Müller was on his knees imploring aid, the aid came; and this simple "Great-Heart," as Bunyan would have termed him, overflowed in gratitude. For instance, under date of July 6, 1848, "two thousand and fifty pounds were received, the principal part towards the building then going up. This is the largest donation I have ever received. It is impossible to describe my joy in God. I was neither excited nor surprised, for I look out for answers to my prayers. I believe that God hears me. Yet my heart was so full, that I could only sit before God and admire him, like David in 2 Samuel vii. At last I cast myself flat on my face, and burst forth in thanksgiving to God, and in surrendering my heart afresh to him for his blessed service."

Many a story of self-sacrifice grew out of this noble effort. One needlewoman, whose earnings were three quarters of a dollar a week, managed to give her five dollars at a time; and though she became entirely destitute before her death, yet was she generously provided for to the last, and through the sorest suffering "her mouth was full of thanksgiving."

A poor brother, in sending a fifty-pound note, remarked that no more must be expected, as all the rest was put out at interest; meaning that the whole of his property was given away. But he was unexpectedly blessed, probably by death-bed legacies, and other larger donations came from the same liberal hand; nor can any one doubt that the cup of charity, which he had presented so nobly to others, was offered at last in full measure to himself.

This Orphan-House was a continual growth. Begun with the occupancy of his own dwelling by twenty-six little girls, a matron, and a governess, in April, 1836, by the end of the year, sixty-six children were under Müller's charge, and seven hundred and seventy pounds was the income of the two establishments then in existence. At the end of the following year, the number of beneficiaries had enlarged to eighty-one,

under the guardianship of nine brethren and sisters; unpaid, we believe, except that their necessities were provided for, — as simply, no doubt, as in any Catholic convent. At the end of the year 1850, there were three hundred and thirty-five inmates of the Orphan-House which Müller had then erected by these chance gifts; and his annual expense of thirty thousand dollars was promptly met, for it was the keystone of his building never to run in debt a farthing. For the quarter of a century during which he received no regular income, and owned not a particle of property, three hundred and seventy thousand dollars had been expended for his orphans alone, and a third as much more for other objects, besides garments and articles of household use; his disbursements having been to the very ends of the earth, as his "material aid" has been supplied sometimes from Quebec, sometimes from Australia, from Central Germany, and from Southern Africa. Encouraged by the blessing of Providence upon his enterprise, and moved by the cries of perishing children, his asylum has been made a new building by the erection successively of two wings, capable of accommodating seven hundred children more. At this time, he must have a thousand utterly friendless little ones under his care, preparing to go forth into society, Christian men and women after his own heart; some of them rescued from immediate suffering and peril of starvation, some delivered from temptations against which they could not have struggled much longer, and some, no doubt, prepared to become missionaries, philanthropists, sisters of charity, helpers of the helpless, like himself. By this time, he must have received more than half a million of dollars from all lands and all classes, from bankers less frequently than from those who never see the inside of a bank, from the dying, and from those born to a new life.

Nor is this all which this self-sacrificing genius has brought to pass. Twelve thousand children have been brought, by his instrumentality, under direct religious instruction,—not perhaps of the highest order, but infinitely better than none;—thousands of hearts have been quickened to benevolence by his simple story;—the idea of God as actually living, present, and quickening, has done much to dispel that phantom abstraction which has chilled so many hearts to stone.

Müller must be naturally calm, or he could not live through such a pressure of diverse cares; must have been endowed with a noble constitution, or he could never have worked so incessantly and so energetically; must have had an ingrained spirit of trust, or his faith would have given way when sometimes his own table lacked bread; must have shared the Saviour's love for children, or their destitution would not have held him back from the heathen field, and anchored him for life in a community swarming with benevolent institutions.

His narrative has no other grace than that highest grace which the Spirit bestows; it has no eloquence but that of deep conviction; there is very little meditation in its artless pages, and yet few books prompt more. The incessant repetition of nearly similar offerings may weary, the childlike acknowledgment of entire dependence may seem superfluous. Yet no biography is better fitted to draw forth charitable effort than this; none, we believe, will contribute more to philanthropize Christendom, comfort suffering humanity, and build up that kingdom of good-will for which we all pray.

ART. VII. - REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY. - 6. 76. - 16600.

The pride of Reason nowhere shows itself in sublimer audacity than in the speculations of men as to the Divine nature and attributes; unless it is in their dogmatizing on the dealings of the Almighty with their fellow-men. Professor Park (though he writes hardly a line in his own name) must expect the public to understand him as indorsing the portentous body of theology which he has lately edited,\* when he speaks of the system it contains as "promising to become the prevailing faith of Evangelical thinkers"; and says that "they" (the writers of the school of Edwards) "have probably come nearer to the perfect standard of doctrinal belief or statement, than have any other class of uninspired men."

We fancy this last epithet to be a little emphatical. Not a phrase of devout awe and reverence, such as belongs to "writings profitable for

<sup>\*</sup> The Atonement: Discourses and Treatises by Various Writers, with an Introductory Essay by Prof. E. A. Park. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication.

doctrine," and becomes the human intellect dealing with such a theme. - hardly a word implying any thought of human tenderness, or sympathy for the vast woe and grief of a perishing race, — have we found in turning over, one by one, these six hundred dreary pages. We have to thank the editor for keeping in judicious reserve the accumulation of vulgar horrors which it was the wont of the "Edwardean divines" to gather as the legitimate practical deduction from their theory. We must also do the volume the justice of saying that it captivates the reader by no glozing rhetoric, no alluring false lights of style. It is throughout as bare and cold and dreary a statement of its monstrous theory, as the severest critic of it could wish. Only two illustrations, we think, occur in the whole of it. In one, Zaleucus does manful service, as of old, through half a dozen pages, in the cause of vicarious suffering; in the other, a mythical "Benevolus" stands forward ready to be pilloried instead of his offending wife. Such is the nearest conception offered by the "Edwardean divines" of the relation implied in St. Paul's glorious words, "forasmuch as we are the offspring of God," or by the beloved disciple in recounting what his "hands had handled of the Word of Life," or in Christ's own teachings of a protecting and fatherly Providence!

Happily, the theory they teach is so nearly extinct, (unless within certain sharp sectarian boundaries,) that these Discourses will serve most readers as a repertory of curiosities in their own sort, very strange and obsolete. We mean such phrases as "the amiableness of vindictive justice" (p. 71); and the statement, "I cannot see why it [pain] may not be agreeable to God; it certainly is in the damned, and for the same reason might have been, and doubtless was, in the case of our Lord." The volume gives us a lively and grateful sense of the style of preaching from which mankind has been rescued by a liberal theology, and whose spirit is summed up in the quaint consolation of the assurance (p. 583), that God "does not, on the whole, all things considered, determine to save all; because it is not, on the whole, best that all should be saved."

We would speak only with respect of the eminent and beloved New Haven Professor, whose argument on his favorite class of topics is gathered as his memorial for his friends' and his pupils' sake.\* It contains even less than the volume we have just noticed to instruct or interest the general public. It is a very exhaustive and mostly very dry statement, in the elaborate style of our elder theology, of these three topics: — Moral Government in the Abstract; by the Light of Nature; and as illustrated or taught in the Scriptures. Several special essays follow in the form of an Appendix; from one of which we quote, as a curious instance of the style of thinking we have before spoken of, the following: "If God purposes that sin shall take place, either because he esteems it good in itself or as the necessary means of good, then if it does not take place, he must be painfully crossed and defeated in his purpose. . . . . . [But] he purposes sin only for the sake of the

<sup>\*</sup> Lectures on the Moral Government of God. By NATHANIEL W. TAYLOR. 2 vols. New York: Clark, Austin, and Smith.

present system, of which it'is to him an unavoidable consequence..... The system does exist, and whether sin or holiness follow, God cannot be *painfully* crossed in any purpose respecting the existence of sin." (Vol. II. pp. 352, 353.)

It is needless, perhaps, to add, that the orthodoxy of these volumes is vouched as authentic by the editor. Apart from this, we are bound to say that they exhibit many traces of the earnest, affectionate, and manly temper of the writer's mind, and that in some passages they glow with some approach to a genuine, devout, and Christian eloquence,

In striking contrast with the self-confident and arrogant speculation that characterizes the New England Orthodoxy, we have the argument of Mansel's Bampton Lectures — already famous — that all religious philosophy is impossible, and "thought cannot be a measure of belief."

The effort of dogmatism on one hand, and rationalism on the other, he tells us, has been "to produce coincidence between belief and thought." Such an effort must always fail. The human mind is encompassed by a horizon of impossibilities. Follow out any statement you choose to its logical consequences, and it becomes absurd and false. You cannot reconcile destiny and freedom; infinity and personality; the attributes of God with the facts of Nature and Life. Philosophy contradicts itself in every attempt to define or establish any one of the first principles of religious belief — or disbelief. A reflex criticism, going over the ground which Metaphysics has sought to conquer, finds it a complete tabula rasa; nothing of all the proud theories that make the domain of speculative philosophy can be positively affirmed or denied. Scepticism, Pantheism, Atheism, as well as Dogmatism, — to this complexion must they come at last.

Nor is philosophy any more sound or tenable on its subjective or human side. The laws of consciousness offer us the same contradiction, — push us on ever to the same alternative of opposite impossibilities. A rational theology cannot be constructed. Religious knowledge is regulative, not speculative; the mind must content itself with what is practically right or safe, despairing of what is theoretically true, at least despairing of its ability to prove anything as theoretically true.

Shall we take it as another of Mr. Mansel's "irreconcilable contradictions," when he turns round upon this, and insists on our accepting that very scheme of dogmatic theology from which we supposed he was hastening our escape, — on the ground that nothing can be proved for or against it, and on the strength of evidence which he tells us is left defective on purpose to try our faith? We suppose Mr. Mansel is sincere; but it is impossible that a man of his learning and penetration should fail to see that his argument is quite as convenient and as valid for a Romanist, a Buddhist, or a Mussulman as for an Oxford Churchman. That the contradictions he illustrates do in fact beset every track of metaphysical dogmatism, every attempted a priori construction of abso-

<sup>\*</sup> The Limits of Religious Thought examined. By H. L. Mansel. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

lute truth, we fully admit. That, in the last resort, the intellect must fling aside its theories and its proofs, and accept religion by an act of pure and simple faith, we devoutly believe. But, following him so far, we are not ready to accept his summons to throw ourselves into the arms of a creed that addresses us in the tone of mere dictation and authority, though the authority were that of the Anglican Church itself. That the mind of man must bow in reverence before the revelation of the Word from heaven, and not impose its petty limitations upon the truth of God, is as clear to our thought as if we accepted the letter of a book or the decree of a council. And, once disengaged from the prejudices of a school-training, Mr. Mansel cannot help seeing that there may be an order of religious belief, a system of religious thought, differing as widely from his own as the heaven of Herschel from the heaven of Ptolemy, — yet accepted by precisely the same reverent, simple, and childlike faith of a mind conscious of its impotence to solve the vast problem of the universe, and surrendered as devoutly to the guidance of a mightier hand.

We are glad to recognize in this volume, not only a wealth of learning that makes it a suggestive and valuable study to every religious thinker, not only a vigor of intellectual statement which constantly commands our attention and respect, but also the evidences of a mind richly developed by culture, trained by manly and scholarly discipline, always earnest, serious, and devout, and sometimes eloquent in the assertion of its honest thought. We quote with admiration the following

words from the concluding paragraph: —

"Know thyself in the various elements of thy intellectual and moral being: all alike will point reverently upward to the throne of the Invisible; but none will scale that throne itself, or pierce through the glory which conceals Him that sitteth thereon. Know thyself in thy powers of Thought, which, cramped and confined on every side, yet bear witness, in their very limits, to the Illimitable beyond. Know thyself in the energies of thy Will, which, free and yet bound, the master at once and the servant of Law, bows itself under the imperfect consciousness of a higher Lawgiver, and asserts its freedom but by the permission of the Almighty..... Man is never so weak as when he seems to be strongest, standing alone in the confidence of an isolated and self-sufficing Intellect; he is never so strong as when he seems to be weakest, with every thought, and resolve, and passion, and affection, from the highest to the lowest, bound together in one by the common tie of a frail and feeble Humanity. He is never so weak as when he casts off his burdens, and stands upright and unencumbered in the strength of his own will; he is never so strong as when, bowed down in his feebleness and tottering under the whole load that God has laid upon him, he comes humbly before the throne of grace, to cast his care upon the God who careth for him." - pp. 227, 228.

The North British Review insists that "Socinianism" \* was, and is, nothing but the destructive element in Protestantism; that it can never have a history of its own, or a constructive theology; that as an organized thing it can never exist, but tends always to dispersion, denial, and self-destruction, — the last, worst, and most characteristic phase of it

<sup>\*</sup> In the number for May, 1859.

being "Liberal Christianity." Whether to confirm or confute this prognostication, we mark three recent tendencies in it, or growing out of it,—besides that towards pure naturalism,—which seem to imply that it still fulfils its mission, of setting men upon independent lines of thinking.

The oscillation of some few minds - not, perhaps, among the more able and cultivated - towards the forms of the old theology, is well enough represented by a small volume of Sermons by Mr. Gage,\* who takes his hearers by surprise with the declaration that Unitarianism is a "failure"; professes so zealous an adhesion to the Trinity, that Channing seems to him to have never understood the faith he was bred in, and Bushnell barely escapes the imputation of heresy; and it is doubtful, on the whole, if the Trinity has ever been quite rightly understood, until the expositions of Neander and the new German Orthodoxy! As a criticism of movements, ideas, or men, the volume is valueless; as the expression of some phases of personal feeling and experience, one is interested by an earnest and sincere tone in it; and it is worth noting as one of the symptoms of religious thought. Its charge of denominational weakness upon the Unitarians is one which we suppose they cheerfully accept. It is the old argument against protest, from Bossuet down; and need not have been urged with the emphasis and acrimony here and there apparent. It is right that those who feel like Mr. Gage should testify their sincerity, and seek the supply of their wants, by reverting to the Orthodox fold. We have no quarrel with any honest testimony to a spiritual want, or any following of a sincere conviction. But the tone of criticism he has adopted is as out of place in so recent a recantation of fatal error, as the assumption of superior Orthodoxy in so recent a convert to saving truth.

Dr. Bellows's Sermon \* insists strongly and eloquently on the need of positive religious opinion as a basis of church fellowship and strength; and particularly as to the critical and cardinal point of an historic revelation in Jesus, to which all doctrinal differences are made subordinate. We consider that the Sermon does injustice to the style of thought prevalent of late years in the Liberal pulpit; which, in our view, and certainly in the person of its abler men (Dr. Bellows among the rest), has done a great deal, not only in the way of intellectual discussion in general, but in particular to make clear and firm the grounds of religious opinion in the direction where that task was most needed. And we doubt whether, on the whole, anything better could be done. There has not been the body of sound, fresh scholarship, or the broad knowledge of the progress of scientific and constructive criticism, or the firm grounding in the elementary principles of religious belief, to make possible a system of opinion such as is here spoken of, — or of any

<sup>\*</sup> Trinitarian Sermons preached to a Unitarian Congregation. By Rev. W. L. Gage. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

<sup>†</sup> The Importance of a Positive and Distinct Theology. By Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

independent value if it were possible. We mean, of course, among the majority of the Liberal, as of every other, religious communion. against the high authority and eloquent language of this pamphlet, we hold that as much of the needful preliminary work has been done as could reasonably have been hoped. Any more positive conviction as to those other points must be the result, and not the previous condition; must grow from the stock of scholarship and independent thought now maturing, and not by any forced or wilful process seek to anticipate its This we suggest, not as a criticism of Dr. Bellows's own thought, - for he is as well aware of it as we, - but as a point to be borne in mind to make his argument rightly understood.

1. 2. 67. WHETHER in harmony with this tendency or not, we hardly know. we find symptoms of a movement calling itself "Broad Church," \* after the epithet applied by the Edinburgh Review, a few years ago, to the "Arnold" section of the Church of England. We are sorry that a name should be chosen before the thing exists, unless potentially, at least, that it should be made at all prominent or emphatic. Saving this ground of a possible prejudice, the scheme of bringing together the earnest words of men in various communions, pleading for a common faith catholic and comprehensive enough to meet the deeper wants of all, seems one of the best, to promote a more intelligent comprehension of Christian truth, and a more enlightened piety, in the body of the several The need and the grounds of worship, as the most sacred bond of fellowship, are set forth in Dr. Osgood's discourse, with earnestness and ability.

Alford's "Greek Testament" † is without doubt the most valuable edition of the Greek Testament with English notes which has yet appeared. The high price of the English edition has greatly limited its use; and the Messrs. Harper deserve the thanks of all theological students in this country for republishing it in so elegant and attractive a form. The only editions which can challenge comparison with it are those of Bloomfield and Wordsworth; and both of these are decidedly inferior. The older works of Valpy and Burton are not to be mentioned in comparison with it; and Webster and Wilkinson's is designed for students of a lower class. Bloomfield's Greek Testament, though the nine editions which have been sold of it in England, to say nothing of the American reprint, attest the want which has been felt of a work of this kind, is altogether behind the age. Though Bloomfield lays down the law on critical points, "after a study of the Greek language," to borrow his own words, "as diligent, and an acquaintance with its writers, of

<sup>\*</sup> The Broad Church Pulpit. No. I. The Broad Altar. By Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D. New York: Burt, Hutchinson, and Abbey.

† The Greek Testament, with a critically revised Text, a Digest of Various Readings, Marginal References, Prolegomena, and a Critical and Exceptical Commentary. By Henry Alford. Vol. I. Containing the Four Gospels. New York: Harper and Brothers. (From the Third London Edition.)

† We speek from an examination of only one volume of Wordsworth.

<sup>‡</sup> We speak from an examination of only one volume of Wordsworth.

every age, probably as extensive as any person, at least of my own country, now living," \* his philological notes are often founded on notions now universally rejected by all intelligent grammarians. For him such writers as Hermann, Bernhardy, Krüger, and Winer have labored in vain. In everything which concerns the criticism of the text, Alford's edition is also immeasurably superior. Alford occasionally dogmatizes on theological and exegetical points in an offensive manner, but on the whole shows a good degree of candor and fairness of mind; Bloomfield is a bigot.

Alford's views of inspiration are liberal; see his Prolegomena, pp. 12, 13, 15-21, and notes on Matt. xx. 29-34, xxvi. 69-73, xxvii. 9,

etc.

He is not afraid to alter the "Received Text" when critical evidence requires it. See his notes on Matt. vi. 13, Mark xvi. 9 – 20, John v. 3, 4, and vii. 53 – viii. 11.

For an extraordinary specimen of nonsense, partly borrowed, see his note on John i. 3, where he says, "The Father has no will, except the Son, who is all his will (ἐν ῷ εὐδόκησεν). [What an interpretation of this expression!] The Christian fathers rightly therefore rejected the semi-Arian formula, 'The Son was begotten by an act of the Father's

will'; for He is that Will himself."

Though a better Greek scholar than Bloomfield, his philology is not always accurate. Thus he adopts, in his note on Matt. xx. 23, in opposition to Fritzsche, De Wette, Meyer, Robinson, Wahl, and Winer, the wholly untenable supposition that  $d\lambda\lambda a$  is put for  $\epsilon l$   $\mu \dot{\eta}$ . In that passage the dative of is only to be explained by the ellipsis of  $\delta o\theta \dot{\eta} \sigma \epsilon r a$ , and, this fact being recognized, it is obvious that  $d\lambda\lambda a$  has its ordinary and proper meaning. It is to be feared that theological bias has influenced his view of this passage. The passage in Mark ix. 8 to which he and others have referred to support this pretended use of  $d\lambda\lambda a$  is correctly explained by Winer (§ 53. 10. 1, p. 400, 6° Aufl.), and Alford, borrowing from Meyer, as usual, has correctly explained it himself!

In Luke xxiv. 18, to judge from his translation, he has failed to perceive the idiom, and wholly mistaken the meaning. For the true explanation, see De Wette or Meyer, or Winer, § 66.7, p. 554.

He says in his note on John i. 1, p. 611, "In the classics the word λόγος never signifies the subjective faculty of reason, but the reason to be given, objectively, of any thing or things." Surely he cannot have attended to its use in such passages of Plato as De Rep. Lib. VII. p. 529, D, where he speaks of things which are λόγο μὲν καὶ διανοία ληπτά, δψει δ' οῦ, or to others in which λόγος is connected with νόησις οr φρόνησις as kindred in meaning. (See Ast's Lexicon Platonicum.) This sense is so well established, that Rost and Palm, in their excellent edition of Passow, after giving the definition "das Vermögen des Denkens, die Vernunft," do not deem it necessary to cite particular examples, but simply refer to "Plato and others."

<sup>\*</sup> Introduction to the Epistle to the Hebrews.

SCIENCE.

It is difficult to conceive of a more futile attempt to do some great thing, than that made by Dr. Hickok.\* He would first, by reasoning on a priori grounds alone, establish the being of an absolutely infinite Creator; then, by similar reasoning, show what sort of a creation Infinite Wisdom and Power must make, and what its special laws and facts must be. He thinks the time has come when, in the development of the human mind, we are able to forsake both deductive and inductive logic, and to reach even physical truths by intuitions of the reason! Matter must consist simply of three forces exerted by the Almighty Will, two of which are "antagonistic" by their balancing producing vis inertiæ and gravity, and the third a "diremptive" force which is the essence of heat. From the three forces, he would by a priori reasoning deduce Laplace's theory, and all the principles and laws of mechanics, astronomy, acoustics, optics, chemistry, geology, electricity, magnetism, &c., &c. Such a field of thought as this is surely to be entered with great humility, and only by one whose aptitude for physical science and whose attainments in mathematical learning are equal to his metaphysical ability. But Dr. Hickok is exceedingly bold, appearing to regard the light of Reason in his soul as an omniscient and infallible guide. Nor does he show any peculiar fitness either for mathematical or physical studies. The folly of his whole attempt is manifest from this simple fact. In going over so extended a ground as the whole range of physical science, he of course occasionally misconceives an established principle, or misunderstands an actual experimental fact, but he never fails to demonstrate the truth of his false views just as easily as of his correct views. For instance we find, on page 134, the following words:—

"If a force be steadily applied to a heavy body, it will at first be still motionless, but a continued strain at length puts the whole in motion. If I crowd against a boat floating by [at] the wharf, I must perpetuate the pressure for some considerable time before the boat will move. Each point in the body to be moved is a static force, holding itself in its position by its own antagonism, and the force applied must pass from the point of immediate pressure successively through every point to the most remote; and it is only when the last is reached and overcome, that the whole mass can be ejected from its place. The force has been constantly going on to the mass, but it has been apparently dormant, or truly latent, until the whole pressure upon the centre of the body has been overcome, and then the mass moves off together."

Now, of these four sentences, the first and fourth give as a general fact, and the second as an illustration of that fact, statements which are simply not true, but in which Dr. Hickok is entirely mistaken as to the experimental facts of the case. Of course the argument in the third sentence, by which he fancies that he demonstrates his statement, must be fallacious. Yet it is just as sound as four fifths of the reasoning of the whole book. We have said that Dr. Hickok is occasionally mistaken,

<sup>\*</sup> Rational Cosmology; or the Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe. By LAURENS P. HICKOK, D. D., Union College. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1858. 8vo. pp. 397.

as in this instance, in his statement of facts; we might have said frequently, but we preferred a milder term, because we cannot but feel some respect for an author of such evident ability, and such evident goodness of character, even when he flounders in errors of fact and reasoning. But let not our readers suppose, from our mildness of language, that we esteem Dr. Hickok's a priori proof of natural laws worth anything, even when he understands those laws. He knows, for example, that the planets move in elliptical orbits, and his demonstration (pp. 203, 204) of this fact, stripped of verbiage and interpreted as charitably for him as possible, is as follows: "Planets thrown off the rim of a revolving mass are still subject to the attraction of the mass, and must therefore move in an orbit concave toward the central mass. If this orbit has the geometrical properties of a hyperbola, it is a hyperbola; if those of a parabola, it is a parabola; if those of an ellipse, it is an ellipse; if of a circle, it is a circle. But if it were a circle, the planet would not have been thrown off; if it were a parabola, or hyperbola, the planet would not remain near the sun; therefore it must be an ellipse." We assure our readers that this is no travesty of the passage, considered as a piece of reasoning, but that it is an exact and faithful statement of every single step of an argument by which Dr. Hickok would render the industrious observations of Tycho Brahe and the incredibly laborious computations of Kepler superfluous, and leap at once to that fact of planetary motion which is called Kepler's first law. And yet the logic of this perfectly futile reasoning is creditable compared with the geometry of the original passage. It will be observed, that, in our simplified paraphrase, it is apparent that the Doctor considers the conic sections to be the only possible or conceivable curved lines. In the original there are several other equally remarkable geometrical postulates implied, one of which is, that any point, inside the curve, may be taken as one focus of a conic section; and another, that whenever a set of lines converge, at all, they must converge toward a single point!

We were never more strongly tempted to apply the Latin proverb, Ne supra crepidam sutor, than when reading this misnamed "Rational Cosmology." An acute metaphysician, stepping into the province of physics, and undertaking to tell us what must of necessity be the mode in which a wise Creator has made the world, seems to have lost all his acuteness, falls into self-contradictions, perpetually violates all the laws of logic, defends the truth of falsehoods, and, while pouring contempt upon the slow and painful investigation of nature, illustrates, in his own sad example, the folly of those who think that there is any royal road to mathematical science. Much better for his own reputation, and even better for the young men who are under his tuition, had he contented himself, like the greater Scotch metaphysician, with despising the patient and humble study of the 'elder Scripture,' without this fantastic attempt to deduce all its lessons from his own vague dreams of antago-

nistic and diremptive activities."

We recommend to Dr. Hickok's attention the following extract from Condillac's Traité des Systèmes:—

"I have heard it said that one of these philosophers, felicitating himself on having a principle which explained all the phenomena of chemistry, ventured to communicate his ideas to a skilful chemist. The latter, having had the good nature to hear him, told him there was but one difficulty, which was that the facts were entirely different from what he supposed. Very well, said the philosopher, tell me what they are, and I'll explain them. This reply shows precisely the character of one who neglects to investigate facts, because he thinks he knows the explanation of all the phenomena, whatever they may be."

### BIOGRAPHY.

EVERY student of politics in New England, and every careful student of politics in America, knows how much the pioneer "Constitution" of the system of Constitutions under which these States are governed, owed to Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice under that Constitution. Every such student knows also how closely, in its general view of government, the Federal Constitution held to the great divisions, distinctions, and definitions laid down in that Constitution of Massachusetts. Again, it is a mere truism to say, that our thirty-three State Constitutions of to-day all seem cast in the same mould, so closely have they all held to precedents and theories of government which were laid down in the Constitution of Massachusetts, — the first complete written frame of government in the world, — and in the Constitution of the United States, which published those principles more widely. To every American of to-day, the political axioms laid down in those early instruments seem things as much of course as the multiplicationtable. The rigid distinctions drawn between legislative and judicial duties, for instance, are never discussed an instant, even in the establishing of our new States. The principle that a legislature may make laws, but that only the people can change a constitution, even by a hair, is taken for granted among us, everywhere. Yet this principle, as we call it, is a rule which it is almost impossible to make even intelligent Europeans understand; the establishment of which was a victory of the first order in the infancy of our system. The students of government, to whom we owe the establishment of such foundations of our system, are to be regarded as the Cyclopean architects of our history.

After near fifty years, Chief Justice Parsons's son has fulfilled the pious duty which gives to his countrymen a memoir of this profound jurist.\* With great propriety, he has interwoven among the personal memoranda of his father such notices of his friends, and other contemporaries, as give us a better picture of the infant State of Massachusetts than we have had before. Escaping, with singular felicity, the dangers which surround a son writing "My Father's" life, he is always loyal to his father's noble fame, and brings him forward, as the intellectual Ajax that he was, to our new generation, which knew him only by fragmentary anecdotes. For this great man left no word of his own writing, printed with his own name, except a scientific memoir addressed to the

<sup>\*</sup> Memoir of Theophilus Parsons, Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts; with Notices of some of his Contemporaries. By his Son, Theophilus Parsons. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

Academy of Sciences. His recorded decisions were, therefore, the chief monument of him, before this biography was printed. Now, the gentlemen of the bar are always specially faithful in their reminiscences of their heroes, and from these causes it has happened that, even in his own home, Judge Parsons has been remembered rather as the judge who laid the foundations of our commercial law, than as the great jurist, who pointed out the fallacies and follies of the Constitution attempted in 1778, who did master-work on the foundation-work of our present Constitution, and who really added to the Federal Constitution the articles which are, as it were, its Bill of Rights, — which secured its adoption in the great crisis of its fate.

We know very well, that to Massachusetts men this book has a peculiar interest. But it will be a charming book, none the less, to all American readers, — especially to all those people of sense, who know that, however fascinating the narratives of the drum-and-trumpet work which passed in the seven years after the battle of Lexington, there was then, and afterwards, other work, untrumpeted, which was harder to do, and fully as essential. In that work, in Massachusetts, — which was a leader in it, — was this vigorous, clear-headed, rough-speaking, deep-thinking Mr. Parsons; not troubled about his own fame, not looking for any offices nor for any other promotion, — with a stiff, rugged set of theories of government, which he had forged out on his own anvils, and was certain of, and with a tough determination that the men of Massachusetts should understand those theories as principles, and that they should take effect in their social life. How he did all this, this little book shows.

If there has been any question who suggested those original articles of amendment to the Federal Constitution, — which, as we have said, are virtually its Bill of Rights, — this Memoir settles that question definitely. The curious history of the adoption of the Constitution in and by Massachusetts, and of the overcoming of poor Hancock's scruples, either of jealousy or of local patriotism, is thoroughly told; and, as an essential part of that story, Judge Parsons's position is made clear. It was he who suggested, and indeed virtually carried through, this plan of beginning with an amendment, which saved everybody's dignity, and, indeed, laid important principles down for the after administration of our federal government.

Mr. Stuart has rendered an important service by the publication of his Life of Governor Trumbull,\* though it must be conceded that the value and interest of the work would have been considerably enhanced by a judicious abridgment of the narrative and the omission of much irrelevant matter. Born on the 12th of October, 1710, and living to the advanced age of seventy-five, Governor Trumbull was engaged in public life for half a century, filling many posts of great responsibility, and leaving an unblemished reputation, which was not confined to his

<sup>\*</sup> Life of Jonathan Trumbull, Senior, Governor of Connecticut. By J. W. Stuaet. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. 8vo.

native State, but was freely recognized throughout the country. During the war he was among the most trusted of those of whom Washington took counsel; and his energy and devotion to the American cause were warmly commended on more than one occasion. "I cannot sufficiently express my thanks," says Washington, in a letter to him in September, 1776, "not only for your constant and ready compliance with every request of mine, but for your own strenuous exertions and prudent forecast, in ordering matters so that your force has generally been collected and put in motion as soon as it has been demanded." is not easy, indeed, to over-estimate the value of his services, either during the fourteen years for which he held the office of chief magistrate of Connecticut, or in the earlier period of his life, when he occupied a less conspicuous position, but was not less devoted to the public welfare. The simple fact, that Connecticut, one of the smaller Colonies, was second only to Massachusetts in the number of recruits raised during the war, is a sufficient attestation of Governor Trumbull's persevering zeal.

In the preparation of the Memoir before us, Mr. Stuart has had access to an immense mass of unpublished materials, besides numerous printed works; and he has neglected no available source of information by which he could add value to his narrative. The judicious use which he has made of his materials shows how well qualified he was for the preparation of a thorough and exhaustive life of one of the ablest

and most devoted of American patriots.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Bartlett's highly useful book on "Americanisms" has come to a second edition, — so much enlarged from his studies of ten years past, that it contains twice as many words and phrases, peculiar to the United States, as the first did. Mr. Bartlett has made room for these additions, partly by enlarging the volume, and partly by omitting nearly eight hundred words common to the colloquial language of England and America; such as Circumbendibus, Dick's Hat-band, Demijohn,† &c.

The first edition has been an indispensable study adviser, and one of the most amusing books for five minutes' reading, and for the evening entertainment of a circle; and the second edition is as indispensable, and yet more amusing. We have to hold ourselves in restraint in speaking of it, lest we draw the cord of the shower-bath by which Mr. Bartlett would cool off the American passion for exaggeration; and we ought to "look out," in his volume, every tenth word we use, lest we fall into the "peculiarities to be observed in the literary language of

<sup>\*</sup> Dictionary of Americanisms. A Glossarv of Words and Phrases usually regarded as Peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. Second Edition, greatly improved and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1859.

† In face of Mr. Bartlett's agreeable anecdote in his first edition, we must pronounce Demi-john to be Arabic. Not only Niebuhr, but Wilkinson gives the Arabic word, Damagan, for such a vessel. The French etymology is bere trovato, but trovato,

Bostonians."\* But we may safely say, that every page of the book shows the wide range of Mr. Bartlett's inquiries, and the skill, deli-

cacy, and tact of his etymological and other philological study.

It is clear that we must give up the old position of Mr. Pickering, which he held, triumphantly, forty years ago, that the most of the colloquial phrases known as Americanisms were of English origin, — and had lived here while they died at home. This position, which was wholly true at that time, must be abandoned now, because in the extension of our nation over new races in the West and South, and in the extension to wholly new fields of enterprise, discovery, art, and science, the language has been greatly enlarged, - to our notion greatly enriched, — by the addition of phrases and words wholly new. The lan-guage has doubtless sustained great injury at the same time. In addition to the influences of which we speak, that fundamental principle of liberal institutions which keeps open to the widest the paths of social promotion, and throws up people of very little book-learning to places of very wide influence on occasion, tends to throw up with them to observation and permanent record, the accidental vulgarisms of their speech, which would else have died with them. Thus, there is many an American newspaper editor who can but just write, and who is indebted to the compositors in his printing-office for the correct spelling of what he does write. The broad, perhaps vulgar colloquialism of such a man, which in England would die, unrecorded, in the circle of his pot-house auditors, puts itself in print here, is booked at once as a new specimen by President Murphy or Dr. Elwyn, comes into its alphabetical place in Mr. Bartlett's next edition, and the list of Americanisms is so much enlarged.

For this occasional stirring of the bed of the waters of the pure well of undefiled English, we have no regret. We have no sort of fear but the waters will run clear. The publication of such scientific glossaries as this is a great help in keeping them clear. Every man of sense, who has much occasion to use the language, will recur to this very book more or less frequently, and, with every reference, he will be reminded both of his duty with regard to the necessary additions to the language used by Addison, — which have been made in a set of circumstances which it would have crazed Addison to think of, — and also of his duty to the unnecessary contaminations creeping in from French, German, Spanish, Scotch, Irish, Welch, Italian, and Hungarian emigrants, and from the Aztec and Algonquin nationalities which it has become our

duty to absorb.

Besides mere philological information, this very valuable Dictionary contains a great deal of information in physical science, regarding the nomenclature of plants, stones, and animals, which are purely American. In every walk of research it displays great care and skill, and — as our readers will understand from what we have said — takes a higher place even than the first edition, as the acknowledged handbook in the curious subject to which it is devoted.

<sup>\*</sup> Whose earlier name, be it said, was "Bostoneers."

IT would be difficult to point to a book containing so great an amount of information, conveyed in so pleasant a manner, as we find in Mr. Copeland's book on Country Life.\* In the form of a calendar, or directions for each month of the year, beginning with September, and ending with the next August, he tells us how everything should be managed on a farm and in a garden, in the care of stock and of stock-gillies, on ploughed fields, lawns, forest lands, and also in green-houses, conservatories, Wardian cases, and hot-beds. It is, of course, impossible, as Mr. Copeland says, that any one man should treat so vast a subject, and one so purely experimental, in an original manner, and without indebtedness to previous writers. He has used freely the best English and American authorities, and given us not his own opinions so much as the results of the largest experience of American farmers and gardeners. The book is, however, by no means a mere compilation; Mr. Copeland has fused all his materials into a well-cemented mosaic, that seems like a single piece. The style is, for the most part, clear and forcible. No practical farmer could fail to be interested in the accounts given of work to be done on the farm, or fail to be benefited by such discussions as those on the mode and value of draining, the mode of cultivating and harvesting Indian corn, the nature and use of manures, &c., contained in "Country Life." No man, who owns even a half-acre for a garden spot, could fail to understand and derive pleasure and benefit from the advice on laying out village gardens. But the book, treasury of agricultural and horticultural knowledge though it be, condensing the sum and substance of half a dozen volumes into one, is especially valuable for the spirit of healthy enthusiasm which is breathed through the whole. The author glows with a love for beauty, and regards his special art of landscape gardening with affectionate reverence, as a cooperation with the Divine Husbandman. In the midst of prosaic directions for farming and gardening work, we can see, by the choice of his words, that there is a fountain of poesy in his heart; and, it may be, before he has written a page further, we find it has burst forth, with a richness of fancy and a depth of feeling that carries us at once away with him. We feel that we have gained from his description of October weather, his eulogy on the red cedar, his picture of a broken waterfall, his comparison of a farmer's life with that of other men, his account of roses, his few words on May-day, his remonstrance against scraping the trunks of ornamental trees, his balancing of the advantages and disadvantages of making a study of things about the farm, - from these, and similar passages, we have gained a new power of enjoyment, and our hearts will be, henceforth for ever, more open to the reception of the sweet influences that are poured upon us through the natural beauty of the world.

The book is well printed and bound, illustrated by numerous cuts, by views of beautiful places in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, and by a colored plan for laying out a country

<sup>\*</sup> Country Life; a Hand-Book of Agriculture, Horticulture, and Landscape Gardening. By R. MORRIS COPELAND. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 813.

place of sixty acres. We can, with great confidence, recommend it to all who take even the slightest interest in any of the matters pertaining to country life, as containing much pleasant reading and much valuable information.

THOUGH Mr. Dana spent only twelve days in Cuba, he evidently made a judicious use of his time, and the volume, in which he has recorded his impressions of Cuba and the Cubans, furnishes a positive addition to our knowledge of that attractive subject.\* Sailing from New York in the steamer Cahawba, about the middle of February, and returning, early in March, in the return trip of the same vessel, he yet found time to see most of the objects of interest in Havana, to make an excursion to Matanzas, and to spend two or three days on a sugar-plantation. He was thus enabled to crowd much into a very brief space. and to see various phases of Cuban life. The outline which he drew from personal observation has been filled up apparently from other sources of information; and his picture of Cuba has a fulness of detail which could scarcely have been obtained in so hurried a visit, without the aid of much previous reading. In regard to the general aspect of society in Havana, the management of sugar-plantations, the condition of the slaves, the relation of the island to the mother country, and other topics, he has much that is interesting to communicate. His style is smooth and graceful; his descriptions are clear and exact; his comments, on what he saw, candidly and modestly stated; and the whole tone of his book is genial and healthful. Occasionally we notice some slight inaccuracy; but, on the whole, his statements are remarkably careful and accurate. Great as was the popularity attained by Mr. Dana's Two Years before the Mast, we cannot, but think that this volume will add to his reputation.

WE have designed, from time to time, to chronicle what we may call the vacation studies which M. Michelet attaches, as unique and brilliant pendants, to the serious work of his life, the great History of France, now nearly complete. These little volumes † we take up together, the first two being true recreations from harsher studies and graver thoughts; the last, the expression of thoughts that had been long maturing on those questions of family affection and morals, which point to the profoundest wants of modern society. All of them are in a very pleasant way autobiographical. The summer leisure in Switzerland. or by the sea-side, or at Fontainebleau; the affectionate and minute observation which broods upon the nestlings of the linnet, or studies "whether the insect have a physiognomy"; the more than child-like, because refined and thoughtful, sympathy with all forms of living things; the keen intuition which seizes the scientific fact as the hint always of a spiritual truth; the chance glimpses of a home-life of rare tenderness and

12mo. 1856, 1857, 1859.

<sup>\*</sup> A Trip to Cuba and Back: a Vacation Voyage. By RICHARD HENRY DANA, Jr. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859. 16mo. pp. 288.
† L'Oiseau. L'Insecte. L'Amour. J. Michelet. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

mutual honor and help; the profound instinct of sympathy, which keeps the heart warm and sound through the exploration of the saddest realities; — these are personal traits, and personal revelations, none the less interesting that they are not made through the medium of a professed biography. The naturalist or the moralist, as well as the historian, needs that insight of genius and sympathy which Michelet displays in so rare a measure. Fantastic, exaggerated, sentimental perhaps, and what might seem affected in a different sort of mind, he is at times, — faults we forgive easily enough in the sense of charm and value we are

sure to find in his writings.

وبلسا وتحارب

It is difficult to characterize the last on our list. It has grown, evidently enough, out of the deep sense of the need of such a book, and has taken shape from long brooding, and a very vivid experience. What most strikes the reader in it is the amazing frankness and directness with which the details of the subject are approached. "Love," says M. Michelet, "has generally been taken only at its culmination, its least instructive side. It has a side of natural history, one of profound fatality, which has vast influence on its moral development, as well as its free and voluntary side, where moral art may act upon it. Both have been neglected; and this volume is a first essay to fill the void." It is in form, in great part, a direct address to the young man who with honorable affection seeks to lay the foundation of a home; or to those of maturer age, who so often fail to read the deeper lesson of their own experience. Its moral tone, at once warm and pure, and utterly in earnest, is the best recommendation of the counsels it conveys. No one, we are sure, capable of reading it at all, can fail to profit by the thoughts of tenderness it contains, and the discipline of an undying affection which it suggests. As the exposition, too, of a new method of dealing with some of the practical questions that turn up in our social morals, - some practical aspects of the so-called "woman question," it is not without curiosity and value.

PAMPHLETS.

It is a grateful service to record the four obituary Discourses to which we have before made brief allusion. All are discriminating, as well as earnest and affectionate, in their eulogy; all give the impression of faithful, devoted, self-denying laborers in a sacred cause and name. The serene beauty of a long life, of which near sixty years were spent in one, harmonious, successful, happy ministry; the sadder lesson of a life broken off in the midst by ill health and sorrow and disappointment, yet stanch, strong, and true in its consecrating spirit to the last; and the early graces of fervent piety, clear and brilliant intellect, and moral

<sup>\*1.</sup> A Sermon delivered at Plymouth, at the Funeral of Rev. James Kendall, D. D., March 20, 1859. By George W. Briggs.—2. A Sermon preached in the First Parish Church, Concord, December 10, 1858, at the Burial of Rev. Barzillai Frost. By Henry A. Miles.—3. A Sermon occasioned by the Death of Rev. George Bradford, preached in the First Church, Watertown (Mass.), Feb. 27, 1859.—4. Funeral Discourse, delivered in the Unitarian Church of Charleston (S. C.), April 7, 1859, at the Obsequies of Rev. James R. McFarland. By Rev. C. B. Thomas.

worth, sacredly devoted to the service of Christian truth, and winning the highest order of success in the brief period for which they were granted, — present a series of illustrations of the still vital influence, the need, and the reward, of a true ministry of the Christian Gospel. We are glad that such memorials should remain of four such lives, — neither of them ambitious of distinction or influence outside its chosen sphere; and each giving, in its own way, a lesson of encouragement and faith to those without, as well as within, its own circle of personal acquaintance and sympathy.

ONE of the finest and wholesomest examples of "political preaching" that we have seen is the Fast-day Sermon\* preached by Dr. Dewey, — rich in thought, manly and eloquent in tone, direct, positive, and clear in the declaration of opinion, and none the worse for the vein of loyal and patriotic pride that runs through and colors its counsels. Party politics, commercial morality, and slavery are treated in turn, explicitly and independently, — possibly with a more anxious spirit than some readers will share, and of course implying opinions in which not all agree. Several of its noble and eloquent and timely paragraphs we should be glad to copy, but content ourselves with the following:—

"All the respectability, influence, wealth, learning, culture, in our cities, should be seen at the polls, and often at the primary meetings. If in timidity, in cowardice, in fastidiousness or scorn, they stand back and give place to ignorance, brutality, and violence, whose then will the fault be, if the lower elements get uppermost? Troublesome, indeed! Let me tell you that something more troublesome will come; ay, trouble that we little think of now, if we neglect to guard the house. Troublesome, forsooth! Where are the courage and manliness and self-sacrifice of honest and honorable men? For I say, if we could truly understand it, that amidst ease and abundance and luxury there is as much self-sacrifice required to keep all right and safe, as there is in scenes of revolution and blood. We know, that if every man in this country will do his duty all will go well. And of whom may we demand that they do their duty, if not of those who have, or conceive they have, the most at stake? And what if such a man were stricken down by popular violence, — stricken down at the polls, — ay, murdered, martyred! It would be a glorious martyrdom. It would do more to appall the lawless and arouse the negligent, than a whole life could do." — pp. 34, 35.

A SUMMER Sunday is taken as a text by Mr. Parker † to illustrate, in his peculiar manner, one of the favorite sentiments of a devout nature delighting in natural beauty as the sign of a higher presence. It is prefaced by a letter from Santa Cruz, which sets forth some of the more striking contrasts between the tropical and temperate zones, in the type of natural beauty they respectively offer.

† Beauty in the World of Matter considered as a Revelation of God. By Rev. THEODORE PARKER. Boston: H. W. Swett & Co.

<sup>\*</sup> On Patriotism. The Condition, Prospects, and Duties of the American People. A Sermon delivered on Fast Day, at Church Green, Boston, by the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

### THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Atonement: Discourses and Treatises by Edwards, Smalley, Maxcy, Emmons, Griffin, Burge, and Weeks. With an Introductory Essay by Edwards Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 8vo. pp. 596. (See.p. 137.)

Trinitarian Sermons preached to a Unitarian Congregation. With an Introduction on the Unitarian Failure. By Wm. L. Gage. Boston: J. P.

Jewett & Co. 18mo. pp. 154. (See p. 141.)

The Limits of Religious Thought examined, in Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in the year MDCCCLVIII., on the Bampton Foundation. By Henry Longueville Mansel. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 364. (See p. 139.)

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## CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

### SEPTEMBER, 1859.

### ART. I. - THE FUTURE OF MAN AND BRUTE.

- Modern Materialism. A Sermon preached at the Ordination of Mr. Charles Lowe. By John Weiss. New Bedford. 1852.
- Chapters on Mental Philosophy. By Henry Holland, M.D., F. R. S. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1852.
- 8. Athanasia, or Foregleams of Immortality. By Edmund H. Sears. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1858.
- 4. The Passions of Animals. By Edward P. Thompson. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851.

MAN claims reason and immortality as belonging to himself alone among the inhabitants of the earth. The lower orders of being possess certain attributes which he calls instincts; they possess a life, which is superior, indeed, to that of the plant, but which ceases entirely with death. The animal has no future. When man looks upon the low works of human genius; when he surveys statues and tempi, when his soul is borne heavenward on the wings of music; when it is thrilled by the fire of poetry; when he looks upon the broad civilizations which are the work of ages; when he looks within the breast of his fellow-man, or even into his own, and sees the lofty aspirations, the embracing love, the mighty intellect that inspires; - and then looks down upon the speechless and apparently unreasoning brute, he sees nothing to disturb him in this self-satisfaction. But when he looks at the lower forms of humanity, at the ignorant savage of the wilderness, at the scarcely

less ignorant and more debased products of an overwrought civilization, his pride is somewhat lessened. When he examines, on the other hand, step by step, the progressive development of lower life, and finds nowhere any break; when he examines the structure of the highest forms of brute life, and finds a caricature of himself; when he sees the skeleton of the orang-outang hanging by the side of the human skeleton, and seeming to cast towards it a grin of recognition and relationship; when he studies the more internal faculties of the higher animal, and finds there in germ the types of all or nearly all his own; -he is for the moment startled. The gulf which was infinite appears narrow, as if a leap might pass it. He feels at first somewhat like a man who, having been raised from some low estate to the midst of wealth and fashion, trembles whenever he sees one of his old neighbors and kinsfolk, fearing lest he should recognize and betray him, and the world of fashion should cast him out, and he should topple back again into the depths which he would fain forget. So man, with one hand warm in the grasp of the angels, shudders to feel upon the other the clammy fingers of the chimpanzee.

So, too, with his reasonings on the subject of immortality. He is at times bewildered to find how easily their application admits of extension. The faculties of the animal, do not they prove the presence of something immaterial, and this something, must it not then continue to exist, in a universe where there seems to be no destruction? Is the life of the animal equalized? Look at the poor horse staggering under his burden, suffering from rude and heavy blows, who has perhaps never had a moment free from pain and hunger, from the time when this burden of existence, the heaviest he has ever had to bear, was laid upon him, and never will, until he yields to the weight of this burden, and stumbles and falls into death. Is there no recompense for him,—nothing to equalize his lot?

Man looks backward upon the geologic eras. He sees each race of plants and animals imperfect, pointing to and typifying a higher. This higher comes; but it is a new race replacing the old, and not the re-formation and the development of this old. Why may it not be so in his case? These powers and capacities of his, which seemed to prophesy a higher stage of

being, which he looks upon almost as certificates pledging to him this being, why may not these also meet with their fulfilment in a new race, as distinct from his as that of the horse is from that of the icthyosaurus?

These questions and these analogies seem at first sight to admit of but two solutions: either, so far as the revelations of nature alone are concerned, man is shut out from a personal immortality; or else he presses into it, as Noah did into the ark, with the crowds of these lower creations which he despises. He feels something as the fashionable parvenu who has been referred to would feel, if, invited to some princely banquet, he should go, full of self-complacency, and find there these despised connections of his, the beggars and horse-stealers, invited like himself, as if to mortify and debase him.

These are questions which are rising with more or less distinctness in many minds, and which demand a solution. They contain weapons which infidelity knows how to use, and stumbling-stones over which faith has bruised itself. Revelation, it is true, is clear enough to satisfy them so far as the immortality of man is concerned; but yet the mind gladly sees a harmony between the written and the unwritten word.

The question divides itself into two parts: the first has to do with the physical structure of man in its relation to that of the animal; and the second, with his mental and psychological structure in the same relation.

The first of these questions more fully stated is this: Why, as in the creation one race succeeded another, cannot the next step be that another race shall succeed, and supersede man? This question we can here discuss only in a very brief and general manner. All the different forms of organic life are formed upon the same general plan. All are developed alike from the minute cellule. The leaf formation of the plant furnishes a type only less general than this. The germs of the highest organisms are found in the lowest. The skull of man, for instance, may be considered as an enlargement of the vertebral column. The rudiments of the limbs are found in the bony structure of the fish. So far as our present argument is concerned, we are willing to grant all that has been claimed by the most extravagant defenders of the theory of develop-

ment. It amounts to this: the human form and organization may be typically considered as a regular development from the lower forms of life. Its germs have existed in the earliest and lowest manifestations of this life. The remark that we have to make is, that man is the highest possible point to which this development can extend. The elements which underlie all organisms cannot be united in a higher form than in man. To go higher, a new type must be constructed; this would be the giving up of the plan of creation. Thus man is not only the actual, but the ideal crown of the world.

It may be said that a horse, could he reason, would make the same claim. He would appear to himself the highest possible creation, and so would other forms of organic life to themselves. How, then, can we be certain that the claim is well founded in the case of man?

The first fact which we notice is, that while the other manifestations of life arise in groups out of groups, man stands alone. In the other instances of development, the new type is abstracted from various forms. In man there is nothing from which such an abstraction can be made. In the order Bimana, there is but one genus. In the genus Homo, there are varieties indeed, but only one species. Thus in man order, genus, and species have become one. He thus forms the highest and only possible climax of the world. As well repoint the perfect cone, or recap the pyramids, as carry the animal frame to a higher degree of perfection. The individuals, it is true, might become more perfect representatives of the type, but the type itself is perfect. Let us look at the matter a little more in detail. The view that has been taken is merely formal, and consequently unsatisfactory. We want to see, not only that man stands alone at the summit, but why he stands there, - to see the relation which he occupies in regard to the lower world. Animal forms are the manifestation of life. This, the higher manifest more perfectly than the lower. Until man appears, this is done very imperfectly. It will suffice to mention two examples of this. The self-support of an animal is, to a great degree, mechanical, and not vital. The fourfold arrangement of the legs is such, that no other effort of the will is required than is necessary to keep the knee-joint from

bending. Thus a horse can stand while sleeping. In the case of bipeds, nature has taken pains to make up for the deficiency in the quantity of supporters by the most ingenious contrivance. The knee-joint of many birds, particularly of the long-legged kind, comes together, when the leg is straitened, with a snap, and remains fixed by a sort of spring, something like an open bowie-knife. They can thus stand on them as long as they please, without weariness. Those fond of standing on one foot have a similar arrangement in the joint of the The birds that perch are equally well provided for. When they light upon a twig, the weight of the body bends the knee. This pulls upon a tendon,\* which runs the length of the leg, and is connected with the flexors of the toes. last thus close themselves over the twig, and the bird is supported by this simple mechanism. It still, however, requires some little muscular exertion to preserve the centre of gravity. When the bird wishes to sleep, it does away with the need of this, by putting its head under its wing. This brings the centre of gravity over the feet, or very nearly so.

When man stands, on the contrary, it is by an effort of will. The muscles in all parts of his body are occupied in preserving the equilibrium. Left to the laws of mere gravitation and mechanism, he would fall at once.

In all forms of life, vitality and mechanism exist side by side. Neither moment can be entirely done away with. In the standing man the moment of mechanism is at the minimum, that of vitality at the maximum. No further progress can be made therefore in this direction.

The manifestation of vitality may be considered under another aspect. In the animal, the hair, or fur, forms a secondary and parasitic outgrowth. The life of each hair is independent of the general life of the animal. Consequently, unity of life is wanting. But unity forms the essence of life. Moreover, this covering conceals the play of life, and prevents it from coming to a perfect manifestation of itself. Thus, however perfect the vitality of the animal might be, it is veiled. In man, however, this covering and concealment is done away;

<sup>\*</sup> Of the gracilis muscle.

this parasitical outgrowth in a great measure ceases. It is reduced to its minimum, and only retained where it has some useful purpose to subserve. The head, for instance, without it, would be too much exposed to the severities of sun or tempest. Thus man seems to have been masquerading in the lower forms of being. He has concealed his stature, and crawled upon the earth. He has covered himself with shaggy skin. But at length he casts these aside, and springs to his feet, and stands erect and godlike. No more complete manifestation of life could be made, therefore, than is made in man, unless the type of creation were changed. A further examination would show us how the different elements of this life have, in the perfect man, become subjected to spirit, so that this reveals itself in the face, in attitude, and in motion. Thus man is the only animal that smiles.

The examination that has been made might be carried out more minutely. We might see how the different structures of animal life find their complete solution in the human type. Thus the various degrees of formation of the hand might be considered. It might be thought, at first sight, that there might be a higher race, who should have the power of motion through the atmosphere. To this it could be replied, that there are no germs of a structure for this purpose. The human hand and arm are already developed from the wing of the bird. It might be thought that perhaps another race of greater power might succeed. But no greater power could be gained, on the present plan, without loss of symmetry. The fact, also, that man stands at the top of the pyramid, may be illustrated by the power which he has to stretch above and around him. and help out his own strength by that of nature; thus superseding the necessity, or even possibility, of improvement in that direction. We cannot conceive that a being could follow, who should have greater force than the steam-engine, or greater swiftness than the lightning.

We turn, however, from the structure of the body to that of the spirit. We find that we have left the realm of perfection, and have entered into that of germs and elements. The study of the human spirit suggests the thought of a perfected spirit, that rises above man, somewhat as man does above the lower

organizations, rather than exhibits itself in and through his present spiritual structure, as the type of the outward form does through his bodily structure. Such, for instance, are his longings for perfect knowledge, perfect goodness, and perfect Such are the glimpses of a higher life which he catches among the objects of sense that surround him. are the instincts which prompt him to do homage to that which his senses cannot discern, and to surround himself in thought with races of invisible beings. Such are the discontent and the longings which the happiness of the world cannot satisfy. Many of these may be considered, at least in part, as regulative principles, which control the growth of the race, and which at least in part are to be fulfilled by this growth. If we select, however, the most perfect specimens of the completed human spirit, towards which the race is ever approaching, but which it has never yet surpassed, we find these same germs still incom-Such, for instance, are Plato and Paul. To Plato the world was beautiful, as containing the types of a higher beauty, and life was noble, as the type of a higher life. Paul lived, looking not at the things that are seen, but at things that are not seen, - waiting for the glory that shall be revealed, desiring not to be unclothed, but to be clothed upon. Either here or elsewhere, then, either produced by the development of the present race or by the creation of a new, we feel that this spiritual type must become realized. The question that remains for us is, Are we to pass away, and to be succeeded and superseded by this higher type, or are we to become partakers of its perfection, our conscious individual being having been preserved? At first sight, the analogies of nature seem to fall in with the first view. One race rises above another, with which, so far as its individuals are concerned, it seems to have no connection. The uncouth inhabitants of the Preadamite world are forgotten by the more gracefully proportioned dwellers of the new world. They are indeed unknown, until we penetrate the dark depths of the earth's surface, or untrodden wastes, and start and tremble at the huge proportions of the races that preceded us. So also is it with the present inhabitants of the world. Each draws out its own life, and moves in its own circle, without regard to the others, without memory

of life in a lower, or longing for one in a higher sphere. It becomes necessary to examine more precisely the relation between the mental structure, the souls, of the lower animals, and that of man, to see if we find a reason for supposing man to have with the stage of being above him a connection different from that in which these lower orders stand to himself.

On a careful examination of the mental phenomena displayed in what we call the irrational world, we should find the germs of nearly all, if not all, the faculties possessed by man. Whether animals reason or not, is a question that has often been discussed. Unless it becomes a mere question of terms,—unless we insist that the term instinct should be applied to the acts of animals, - the question must be decided in the affirmative. Instances of what can be called nothing else than reason are familiar to all. To develop the subject fully would require an investigation into the nature of reasoning which a work on logic would alone be sufficient to introduce. The idea most naturally suggested by the word instinct is that of invariability. An example of this will be found in the manner in which a dog lays himself to rest. When he was in a wild state, and would lie down among the grass, it was very useful to turn himself around several times, by which he made a circular nest in the grass. This habit was implanted in him by instinct: and even now, when his circumstances have entirely changed, if he would lie down even upon a smooth rug, he commonly goes through the same process. Such are the blindness and invariability which are commonly ascribed to instinct. even in beings considered less exalted in the scale of existence, we find this instinct adapting itself to changing circumstances. Such is the case, for instance, with the instinct of the bee.

Huber \* relates, that he put a piece of honeycomb, together with some wild or bumble bees, under a glass, on a table. The comb was of such a shape, that, as soon as the bees lighted upon it, in order to brood over their young, it tipped from its place. At first they were at a loss what to do; but soon two or three of them braced themselves against it, their heads and fore feet resting upon the table, and their bodies inclined upward, their

<sup>\*</sup> See Kirby and Spence's Entomology, p. 214; also, p. 558.

hind feet clinging to the comb. These were in turn relieved by their companions, and the process continued until sufficient wax had been formed to fasten it in its place. Now this was a condition of things that is not liable to occur once in a century, if indeed it ever did occur previously. Are we to suppose that all this was done mechanically? that Nature had implanted within them a particular impulse, designed to meet this precise crisis, so that the act produced was like the sound given when a key is touched which had never before been discovered? so, what a vast number of such instincts and impulses must be bound up in the nature of these little animals, which have never vet been called into exercise! That the lower animals possess memory, there is no doubt. This in itself implies an identity in the principle of life, in the midst of the changes which the bodily system is constantly undergoing. A classic example of this would be the dog of Ulysses, in which we see this identity retained during all the years of the Trojan war. Granting that this incident cannot, as the veracious history of a dog named Argus, still be relied upon, similar ones, though less exaggerated, are familiar to all.

We must acknowledge a certain degree of permanence in the mental structure of animals, whatever this may be. It may be asserted, indeed, that this permanence is merely the reconstruction of the brain, upon the old type, by which all the impressions made upon the old are retained; just as the features, or even scars upon the body, are retained through all its changes of absorption and reproduction. As the same argument, however, might be used in reasoning in regard to the human memory, and all that is connected with it, we need not consider it here, where our object is merely a comparison between men and brutes. Granting this permanence then, of this intellectual nature, we have next to study its extent. We shall find in it, in the first place, the analytic and synthetic elements of reasoning, and the creative power of the imagination.

Reasoning consists in the discovery of the relations between the universal, the particular, and the individual. This implies, of course, the separation of the particular from the universal, and then the reconnection of them in the same or in new combinations. It might be interesting, had we space, to study, so

far as is possible, the degree of analysis to which the different orders of creation attain. An insect, a fly for instance, we may conceive to look upon the world as made up of three great divisions. These are members of its own race, which it distinguishes at least to a certain extent; bodies at rest; and bodies in motion. By the second, it can remain without fear. In them it distinguishes bodies of a sapid nature, which may serve it for food, and those which may serve it for shelter, from those to which it stands in no relation. From objects of the third class it flees. Such is, so far as we have any evidence, the world of the fly. We need not suppose, however, that the distinctions are made by it thus generally. We may suppose that each moving object excites, independently, its instinct of flight; that wherever its constantly experimenting proboscis finds what it can appropriate, it partakes of it. Thus the plant absorbs what is fitting for itself, and neglects everything beside; its radicles are sent out wherever nourishment is to be obtained. its roots travelling often a long distance to reach moisture: but all this without any consciously directing will. When we ascend to the dog, for instance, we find that his world is already quite extensively classified, and individualized. He distinguishes between different species of animals. The cat, the cow, the horse, and the man are treated in a very different way by him. He distinguishes also between strangers and friends. Other objects also are separated by him into classes and individuals. We do not assert that these divisions are made with the full consciousness with which they are made by us. It may be that certain feelings, natural or acquired, are excited by the presence of the different individuals as they present themselves. The association of feeling with objects leads us, however, to the second division of our inquiry, namely, that which includes the connection of the individual with the universal.

One form of the universal in its relation with the particular and individual is seen in that of the cause to the effect. It is in this relation that the reasoning powers of the lower animals are most obvious. This reasoning consists of two sorts. The first is that from the effect backward to the cause; the second is from the cause forward to the effect. Examples of the first

kind are seen in the manner in which an animal comes to the knowledge of the existence or presence of any object by some external mark. Thus, from a scratching on the wall, a cat assumes the presence of a mouse. It may sometimes be deceived. for the sound may be counterfeited. More infallible are the results to which animals arrive by the scent. Thus the hound traces out his master or game. Examples of the other kind of reasoning are more common and obvious. A dog always expects similar results from similar causes. If he be burnt, he shuns afterwards the fire. If he have been whipped once or twice for an action, he will expect the whipping to result ever afterwards from a like act, and will slink away from his master with drooping tail and ears. He seems thus to have the knowledge of the uniformity of nature, the great law of sameness which governs all things, by which cause and effect are bound together in unbroken succession. We would not certainly assert a conscious process of reasoning in these cases. It is perhaps merely by a principle of association, that the approach to the fire recalls the memory of past pain, - that a certain sound or scent excites the image of his master. All that is asserted is, that we have here the germ of reasoning. What a process must be gone through, for instance, before any facility can be attained of determining the position of any object in space by sound or color. This is not altogether innate in the animal, as it is not in man. Thus a dog settles pretty well the locality of objects which he can reach by running or leaping. But of that of objects beyond his reach he has no definite conception. He will bay the moon by the hour together, as if it were within hearing, and almost within reach.

Still more striking is that process of reasoning by which the animal calculates effects from causes which are to be set in motion by itself. Were it our intention to make a collection of anecdotes, instead of a mere discussion of principles, we might bring together almost innumerable instances of this sort. But they would serve little to our present purpose. The least striking among them all would be sufficient, since we are seeking only for the germs of faculties. If more are wanted, almost every one has some favorite dog or cat, or horse even, whose biography can supply them. The common feat in which so

many cats are skilled, that of springing up and opening a door through which they would pass, contains all we wish. This is an exploit which lies outside of the original cat life. It shows a knowledge that the room which it would enter is in its neighborhood; that the door is the medium of entering it; that the latch is the medium for opening the door; that a pressure is the medium for moving the latch; that a spring is the medium by which the pressure is to be effected. Still more humanly precocious and striking are some animals of the same class, who have a way of knocking at the door by which' they would enter, and of walking in, after it is opened, with an air as demure "as if they were folks." La Fontaine discusses all this very prettily in his letter to Madame de la Sabliere. After one and another pretty anecdote, such as that of the rat who makes himself a carriage in which the other rat shall drag the stolen egg, he says:

"Qu'on m'aille soutenir, après un tel récit,
Que les bêtes n'ont point d'esprit!
Pour moi, si j'en étais le maître
Je leur en donnerais aussi bien qu'aux enfants.
Ceux-ci pensent-ils pas dès leurs plus jeunes ans?
Quelqu'un peut donc penser ne se pouvant connaître.
Par un exemple tout égal,
J'attribuerais à l'animal,
Non point une raison selon notre manière,
Mais beaucoup plus aussi qu'un aveugle ressort."

The faculty of the imagination is the one which we are in the habit of opposing to the reasoning powers, and is that which we should be, perhaps, the least disposed to attribute to the lower creation. Imagination is of three sorts. The first consists in the recalling of what has been already seen; the second, in combining this in new forms; the third, in the creation of new forms more or less distinct, which in part involve what is already known to us, and in part are shadowy and vague, outside of our experience, which we believe in, rather than discern. These may become elevated, when the imagination yields to the reason, or when it forms its creations after an ideal suggested by itself. In these three forms are involved, however, the germs of the loftiest imagination.

We think that an examination will show us all these forms

existing and active in some forms of the brute creation. Of the first we have an example in the cat, who sits before a door waiting for an opportunity to pass. It knows what lies behind it. Its imagination presents to it a picture of the room, of the blazing fire, of the warm rug. We see it also in the dreams of animals, if they do dream. The sleeping dog moves his feet sometimes, as if running; it starts up and barks, as if it had its game in full career before it; awakened by its own noise, it looks round an instant strangely upon the world, so different from that in which it thought itself, assumes something of the mortified air which we show after making like displays, and then settles down to sleep again. We will not deny, however, that these starts may perhaps be the effects of merely nervous excitation.

Of the second class we have an example in the animal's adaptation of itself to changing scenes and circumstances. is, however, so much involved in the third class, that we need not give it a special consideration. This third species of imagination is that which we should least of all expect to find even in germ in the brute creation. It is that by which we surround ourselves with a supernatural world. We create by it shadows that haunt us, spectres that chase us from our rest. It is the source of the tribes of goblins, of ghosts, of fairies. It is that by which Ossian conjured from the clouds and the mountains the gigantic forms that loom up through his misty songs. We shall have to admit, however, that at least the horse shares with us this faculty, if he does not even surpass us in it. Tradition has long ascribed to the horse a greater quickness and facility in the perception of supernatural appearances than that which is possessed by man. We read of horses that start and draw back wildly, while their riders perceive as yet nothing to excite terror. Much of the superstitious fear that is, or has been, in the world, has its source in the fancies suggested by some outward object, that is seen indistinctly. The mind creates from it an image of something wild and unearthly. The very fact of such a creation shows that the imagination has power to outrun the limitations of sense by which it is surrounded, and create for itself a world, of which it has in these only the germ or the suggestion. It is in this faculty VOL. LXVII. — 5TH S. VOL. V. NO. II. 15 .

that the horse surpasses his rider in quickness of impression, though not perhaps in the perfection and detail of the creation. How a horse will start, and seem filled with terror, at the sight of some unaccustomed or shadowy form by the road-side! It may be a stump, somewhat fantastically shaped. If the horse knew it were a stump, he would pass it quietly, as he would any other stump. If he took it for any other object with which he is familiar, as a man or an ordinary beast, it would affect him no more than any other man or beast. It stands before him as something unknown. That he gives to it any definite form, or ascribes to it any definite power, is not pretended. The fact, however, that it startles him, as something new and not understood, proves that he recognizes, however dimly, the world of the unknown; that his imagination has power to extend beyond the familiar and the commonplace, and to suggest, if not to create, a vague world lying about him, terrible in its vagueness, by wanderers from which he is continually Something of this sort is the rage and horror expressed, for instance, by cows at the sight or the smell of blood. They toss the earth into the air, and trample it under their feet? What can be the cause of this but the mystery of life and death dimly suggested to them by the imagination? This is very plainly manifested in a method sometimes resorted to for the taming of horses. The animal is grasped by the throat, till life is almost extinct. It is held over the abyss of death and then drawn back. It comes back trembling and subdued. Its will is broken forever. It has somehow been brought into contact with the dark and terrible mystery of its being. It does not understand it, but its free elasticity and fire are lost. The world is disenchanted. We here verge, however, upon what would be more appropriately considered under the second division of the subject, namely, the sensibilities and emotions of the animal.

A study of these will show us that the germs of nearly all those possessed by men are to be found in the animal. We may divide, generally, the emotions into three classes. The first contains those which relate to mere outward objects. Such are terror, desire, and the like. The second contains those which relate to being, as love and hate. The third contains

those in which the outward and inward are mingled. Such are the æsthetic emotions. The first class, including, as it does, the emotions called animal, needs no discussion here. The second needs to be brought more distinctly before the mind. Love may be of three sorts. It may be that of relationship, such as the parental, &c. It may be of race, which arrives at its highest point in that between the sexes. Or it may extend beyond all such limitations, and become thus freer and higher. No instances need be brought to prove the parental love of animals. This commonly ceases with the dependence of the young upon the parental care, though sometimes it extends much longer. Other forms of love depending upon kindred do not, to our knowledge, exist among the animals. The love of race, or the individuals of it, has its germ in the drawing together of gregarious animals. It extends often to a much higher degree of development. Instances of this sort are not uncommon. Of faithful and affectionate married life among the animals, we have an example in that of the lion and. his mate. This affection becomes, however, more striking, when it is extended beyond the limits of race. The attachment of a dog to his master is of this nature. This seems often independent of bodily pleasures and necessities. dog of the beggar will not forsake his master, in his hunger and poverty, for the sake of the most dainty fare. Within this class, namely, the emotions caused by being, may be cited the general relation which man occupies in regard to the lower orders of the creation. They tremble at his voice and quail before his glance. His presence seems thus to have something of the same effect upon them, which that of a superior being would have upon him. This becomes more striking when it is united with personal affection. Such is the case in the example just referred to, that of the connection between the dog and his master. The being of the animal seems, sometimes, almost lost in that of the man. The will of the master seems to act through the dog, almost without assistance. A good watch-dog will starve rather than forsake a trust that has been confided to him. Instances are related, where a dog has died upon the grave of his master. These attachments, however, exist often between animals of different races. A cat and a

dog have sometimes an almost romantic attachment for one another. One dog of our acquaintance had been on very ill terms with a cat; at last, her leg was broken, and the dog constituted himself her friend and protector. Some instances of the kind seem to display the greatest caprice. Thus a friend tells us of a hen who became devotedly attached to a lame ox. Wherever the ox went, there went the hen, scratching and pecking, as if she had been with her natural companions. Sometimes the ox would playfully shake his head at her, oxfashion; but whether he reciprocated the attachment is not Sometimes these strange friendships lead an animal into situations to which it is disinclined. Of this pature was the attachment of a sheep to a cow. The cow was brought from one island to another, where the sheep resided. The sheep became her inseparable companion. This did not, however, console the cow for her lost home. She undertook to swim back to it; the sheep followed. Some workmen on a mill-dam saw the cow in time to save her from being swept through the floodgate. They did not see the little head of the sheep till it was too late. The blindness of such attachments is illustrated, in this case, by the fact that this cow was not the first object of the sheep's devotion. She replaced another cow on the same island, to which the sheep had first opened its heart. Perhaps it was the memory of its former loss which made the poor sheep so heroic and fearless, when it found that it was likely to sustain a second. A less tragic case is that of a pig, who, in spite of his natural dread of water, was in the habit of swimming with much grunting and squealing after a boat, in which two children were in the habit of going after the cows, taking a cosset lamb with them. The pig did it merely for the sake of good company; he evidently wanted to be cosset But we must here close our own floodgates, or we shall deluge our readers with stories of pigs who replaced the natural offspring of cows, in the parental affection as well as in the more outward relation; and of unromantic hens and more unromantic work-horses, who died of grief when separated from their mates, so had their lives become woven into one.

Such incidents as have been referred to are, however, of more importance than they may, at first sight, appear. They

show the animals recognizing the common life under its most diverse forms. We feel that life is everywhere the same; that these different shapes are only outward masks; and that it recognizes itself behind them all, and tends everywhere to rush together and become one. To this class of feelings may be added a dislike, and almost hatred, cherished by some animals to certain persons, and the love of power over others which is sometimes seen. Thus, when cattle are brought together, there occurs often a contest for the superiority. After this is once settled, an etiquette prevails as strict as that at any court.

The æsthetic capacities of the lower animals are very slight. We find the germ of them, however, in the enjoyment of music manifested by some animals. That horses and other animals can be trained to keep time to music is familiar to all. This is all the decisive evidence, known to us, of the existence of these capacities in the brute creation. An example has occurred within our own knowledge, that may possibly have some bearing in this direction. It is that of a captive eagle, who was fierce and intractable, and would suffer no one to go near it save a bright little girl, whom it suffered to ride on its back, and to tease it at pleasure.

That the animals, in the *third* place, have wills, must be admitted by every donkey-driver. Whether they are free or not, may be asked, with more hope of a satisfactory answer, when the same great metaphysical problem has been settled in the case of men.

We have thus passed in review, very hastily, the principal capacities and mental powers of the lower orders of animals, under the general heads of the intellect, the emotions, and the will. It has not been our object to make a selection of marvellous stories; but to appeal to those facts which are familiar to all. The question that meets us here is, What is the great difference between man and these animals so far as mental powers are concerned, save in degree? If these qualities have their source, with man, in an immortal principle, why not with the beast also? If they have their source with the beast independently of such a principle, why not in man?

The great fact which we have to oppose to all such mingling, is that of self-consciousness. This is that by which the animal

soul becomes spirit. To this self-consciousness the animal does not arrive. It has emotions, impulses and repulsions, pains and pleasures. But it does not separate itself consciously from the world in which it exists. It has no strictly inner life. Every change of feeling takes at once the form of an outward change, either in place or position. As it has no knowledge of the general law of birth and death, it knows nothing of the world which has existed, and will exist, ages without it. man, says Hegel, comes to the full consciousness of life, till he has been brought consciously face to face with death; for not till then does he realize the fact that the world stands over against him, independent of him. But while the animal cannot separate itself from the world, far less does it attain to the sense of the unity which exists between the twe. It does not separate itself from itself, make itself an object to itself, and of course cannot arrive at the solution of this separation. It does not have its nature divided within itself, by the consciousness of sin, and of course cannot attain, by this dialectic process, to the highest unity of its being. These steps constitute the method by which man arrives at perfect self-consciousness and personality.

Language is the expression, by its very existence, of the beginning of this process, and by its changes gives token of its progress. Every word is a generalization; not a mere unconscious one, which moves the individual by a process, renewed on every occasion, and in which the universal is not consciously separated from the particular; it is a conscious generalization. and the expression of it in a permanent word shows that the subject regards it as something over against his own person-Thus we have the subject consciously withdrawing himself from the object. In like manner, the fact that we have words for our emotions, implies that a division has taken place within the subject himself. He stands aloof from himself, and contemplates himself as something independent. cry of rage or pain is, in general, the utterance of the whole being. It is forced directly from the subject of it. The expression of a desire, or of an emotion, in words, implies to a certain degree one's superiority to it. This is certainly the case, until by constant habit words have become the direct expression of the emotion, like the cry of an animal. It is well known, for instance, how sorrow is often lightened by being expressed in words. This does not result merely from sympathy. By this very form of expression, the sorrow has been separated from the being of the speaker; language has given it, to a certain degree, an independent existence. The sufferer can contemplate it, and almost fancy it belongs to another.

It is interesting to notice, in children, the period when this separation first takes place. It is when the child begins to talk, and while it still speaks of itself in the third person. It does not, in general, say, "I want this, or that"; but, "Johnny want this or that." The nurse does not address it, in general, by the pronoun, "You," but by its own name, in the third person. This implies that the child has a separation within itself. It looks upon its feelings and its wants as something distinct from its personality. The first intelligent use of the pronoun "I," shows that this breach has been overcome. The child has attained to conscious personality.

Still, however, there remains a more profound division to be made, a more terrible conflict to be gone through, before the highest personality can be reached. The individual becomes conscious of a twofold nature within him; of a division not merely of contemplation, but of opposition. There is the ideal, lofty and pure, and the real, debased and imperfect; there is the will, determining for the right, and the life, following the wrong; in a word, the divine and the absolute comes into collision with the individual and the selfish. This breach of sin, this internal warfare, constitutes the most important moment in the development of the personality. The individual finds his actual life and being separate from and in opposition to his true life and being; he consciously forsakes the first, and assumes the second; he gives up his individual life, and consciously surrenders himself to and becomes a part of the absolute life. This conscious assumption of his true being introduces him to the highest and most perfect self-consciousness, so far as his individual nature is concerned, and forms a necessary moment in his development.

We have seen that the first division, which takes place in the development of the personality, is that between the individual

and the outward world. In the most complete development of this personality, this breach must become healed. This is the problem of the reason. It does not rest until it has discovered the law which works through all things, and finds that it is the same that is acting within itself; that the same reason is at work without as within it. The world becomes thus sublimated into thought. The practical reason is at the same time at work, imposing its own laws upon the outward world; that is raising all things to the perfection of its own ideal. Neither of these processes has even a beginning in the brute creation. The only analogon is seen in the fact,\* that the animal by eating manifests the identity between its own nature and that of the outward world, destroys the apparent opposition of this last, and makes the identity not only potential, but actual and mani-This, however, is performed without full consciousness of what is implied by the process, and, if otherwise, would rather reduce the animal to the level of the material than the reverse.

We have thus examined the threefold breach, which, with its solution, forms the process of the perfect development of a selfconscious personality. The first is that between the individual and the outer world, by which the subject places himself over against the object. The second is that within the individual himself, by which he makes himself objective to himself, and is at once subject and object. The third is that by which the two natures of the individual, or the two poles of his nature, come into actual collision, as in the consciousness of sin. Each of these constitutes a personality, though this arrives at its complete development only by means of all. The human individual passes through at least one of these stages, commonly, to a certain extent, through all of them. While, on the other hand, we find the germs of all or nearly all the other human faculties in the brute, we find no trace of this personality. Let us apply these results to the question of immortality. We will admit that the soul of the animal manifests itself through all the powers and capacities which we have been studying. We will admit, too, that soul is by its very nature imperishable, and thus does not become destroyed with the perishing

<sup>\*</sup> See Hegel's Phänomenologie des Geistes, and other works, where this thought is often repeated.

body. What results then? Not certainly a personal immortality; for the animal has not attained to personality. Whether it fall back, and become absorbed into the general life of things; or whether, by the pulsations of the central heart, it be impelled upward to higher spheres,—it cannot take with it that conscious personality which it has never possessed. While, on the other hand, man, in whom soul has become spirit, which spirit is a self-conscious personality, holding itself aloof from the world without it, and from its own material bonds, when this becomes separated from these material connections, will remain, as we might reasonably suppose, the same self-conscious personality that he was before.

We see thus how man stands at the summit of the creation. The world has had its use for him. The life of nature — which works blindly in the inanimate creation and in the world of vegetable life, which has become soul in the animal, carrying through the most difficult and delicate operations by an unerring instinct, drifting to and fro, drawn by desire or by love, repelled by fear or hate, yet never gathering itself up within itself, nor separating itself from the world in which it moves — has, become in man a separate, self-conscious, individual personality, ready, when it is set free, to rise to higher regions of purely spiritual activity. We may compare this process to the gradual separation of the feetal and embryonic life from that life with which it was at first identified, and its gradual rounding of itself into an independent existence. Such a process is the creation and the development of the lower life.

Man is the formed and separate being, which still lies, however, like a new-born child, upon the breast of his mother earth, and draws from thence his sustenance. A universe of activity, of struggle, and of joy stretches around him. He hardly dreams of its nearness or its reality. Its shapes pass about him, but they seem like visions half seen. He shrinks from them, and clings closer to that which seems alone real to him. But its atmosphere is already pervading his being. His limbs are already strengthening themselves for free and independent activity. The hour of separation is drawing near. Nay, the process of life is itself this separation; weary and painful it may be, but the necessary preparation for the glad and free life of an independent being.

ART. II.—THE GROWING AND PERPETUAL INFLUENCE OF SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements considered. By John, Lord Campbell, LL. D., F. R. S. E., in a Letter to J. Payne Collier, Esq., F. S. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

WHETHER Shakespeare did or did not study law, is of interest only as every inquiry is which concerns the personal existence of a poet who has fully revealed man, and entirely concealed himself. Shakespeare is, indeed, as to his individuality, THE GREAT Unknown; so, instead of knowledge, we strive after hints, conjectures, guesses, and we are excited if any one of them serves even as an illusive link by which we can connect our common life with his. So it is that association with the mighty confers dignity on trifles. When, therefore, we ridicule contemporary gossip about the peculiarities of distinguished characters, we are ridiculing by anticipation matters that erelong will be invaluable for biography. What an amount of interest there is in that short letter of Cicero's, in which he describes how Cæsar dined with him; how "he ate and drank without reserve; sumptuously, indeed, and with due preparation"; and not only that, "but with good conversation, well digested and seasoned, and, if you ask, cheerfully"; how the guest was not one to whom you would say, "Pray come to me in the same manner when you return"; how "once was enough"; how "there was nothing of importance in the conversation, but a great deal of liberal learning"; how, "in short, he was highly pleased, and enjoyed himself." Thus we find that "the man who kept the world in awe" ate, and drank, and talked as any other cultivated gentleman would; and the community of nature between him and us, which the majesty of his genius seemed to destroy, the dinner-table thoroughly restores. Nor is the interest lessened by the recollection that, even then, the dagger was nearly ready for Cæsar's imperial heart. the same way, we long for particulars which would put aside the majesty of Shakespeare's genius, and open an entrance for us to his individual humanity. We would like even to learn surely that he had been a lawyer's clerk, in order to see him in some prosaic relation to life, which would make him our familiar and our companion. But all Lord Campbell's acute investigation does not give us such assurance. In the intermediate details of the argument, his Lordship is confident and emphatic; but a sceptic he begins, and a sceptic he ends, although in the course of the discussion leaning to the positive. The whole argument - leaving out the illustrative quotations and the comments on them — may be stated in small compass. Shakespeare constantly uses law phrases and terms. He does this, not as with any conscious preparation, but with a spontaneous freedom, which, by the evident absence of design, shows intimate mental familiarity with legal habits. His frequent use of legal phraseology is not in the manner of such casual analogy as any intelligent person might be equal to; it is with a subtile and scientific discrimination, in which even practised lawyers might commit mistakes. All this seems to imply actual experience in the business working of the law. In addition to the whole, a contemporary called him, in derision, by the nickname of "Noverint," intending, it is said, to stigmatize him as an attorney's hack. After laying the fullest stress allowable on these indications, Lord Campbell suggests various possible explanations, and considers the case as still undecided. We venture, in addition, two or three unprofessional remarks.

Stratford contained fifteen hundred inhabitants, and seven attorneys. It would therefore be no marvel if Shakespeare had been in some law-office, a clerk or an apprentice; but as it must have been a place where a good deal of law-business was done, it would still be no marvel if Shakespeare, without having been either a clerk or an apprentice, had picked up some of that law-lore which must have been in cheap and extensive circulation. We have known in our time an Irish village, where, by means of two families obstinately engaged in a lawsuit, the technicalities of the courts became almost as common as those of farming. If so it was, in a place miles away from attorney, barrister, or magistrate, what must it have been in a place where there was the magical circle of an official seven? The English have always been a people noted for

their attachment to law. Among the rude of other people, a blow is the answer to an insult; among the lower English, the answer is a threatening of the law. Amongst such, "If there's law to be had in England, I'll have it against you," is a very common and a very angry exclamation. In a country where the law had thus such popular recognition, it would be a matter of more intimate knowledge, and of closer interest, in the degree that society was uncomplicated and undeveloped. such a social stage, people are fond of going to law; and without newspapers, books, or Parliamentary debates, law would be a constant subject of conversation, not merely in relation to events and facts, but also in relation to theories and principles. With the intellectual, especially, this would be so. In our stage of society, mere law is lost in the multitude of other interests and affairs; in a simpler stage, it would concentrate attention by an isolated importance. A meagre state of the body lays bare the outline of its structure; a meagre state of society also brings to sight the outline of its structure; and law is to society what the skeleton is to the body. The state of English society, when Shakespeare lived, was a meagre one: and therefore a good deal of English law might have been acquired in it by an intelligent, but unprofessional observer. One remark more, and then we quit the topic. Many of the law phrases and terms found in the writings of Shakespeare concern legitimacy, hereditary succession, high treason, and capital felonies, generally. If we consider the spirit of the times, we cannot believe that legal phraseology belonging to matters such as these, which were always present to public attention and to private thought, could be strange to any but the extremely ignorant. The title of every sovereign from Elizabeth backward to the Wars of the Roses, and beyond them, had been disputed. Argument, as well as arms, entered into such controversies. Then, too, property was mostly in land; and the rules which governed such property were feudal. this property was constantly changing hands, the rules which governed it must have become known by continual application. Any knowledge of these rules now taxes recondite study; but that which is ordinary custom at one time, becomes matter of profound learning at another. The laws of inheritance must

have been particularly subject to such an influence; for every generation would add to their intricacy. If in that age of "treasons, conspiracies, and spoils," the technical terms were not extensively learned, it was not because of inactivity in the laws, or of neglect in the enforcement of the penalties. If people did not understand the meaning of "impeachment," "attainder," "indictment," it was from no want of teaching by repetition and example. The tribunals of all grades were always full of occupation; the block was never dry; and the gallows was never empty. Henry the Eighth beheaded and strangled his tens of thousands; Elizabeth, his daughter, did not reach beyond her thousands.

Whether Shakespeare was, therefore, ever in an attorney's office or not, is still an open question; but we think that, in his times and circumstances, he did not need to be there to have learned even more law than his writings show; and that if any man of intellect failed to acquire as much from the common habits of the period, it was not because those habits did not afford him sufficient opportunity.

But trifling and temporary as this inquiry is, it proves what a present and perpetual life the genius of Shakespeare is in our literature, since there is no incident so small that does not acquire value if it has relation to him. Amidst all social and intellectual change, transition, and decay, Shakespeare's genius is not only an unharmed life, but a life ever enlarging the dimensions of its influence. It runs in the current of our thinking, and for all that our nature struggles to express it gives us ideas and a vocabulary; it secures sympathy from all grades of mind, in the unity of a common consciousness; it awakens in them all the sense of a common humanity.

We propose to inquire what it is, in Shakespeare's genius, which accounts for its growing influence, and indicates its lasting power. To this end we shall consider his genius, in itself;—then, some points in its relation to humanity, individual and social.

In looking to Shakespeare's genius, in itself, and as a whole, it at once inspires us with the feeling of its subjective completeness. We think of other poets through some one characteristic faculty or attribute: and only in connection with such faculty

or attribute will this one or that be present to the mind. The genius of Shakespeare will not, cannot, narrow itself into this partial emphasis. The conception of Shakespeare's genius cannot be connoted or denoted: such conceptions must grasp, or try to grasp, an inward nature, that is integral and complete. Here is one poet that we recall by his imagination: it may be imagination fierce and dark; it may be imagination sportive, gladsome, bright, full of tricks, gayety, and wiles; it may be imagination grotesque, serious, superstitious, quaint, - turning men's doings into mockery, - finding in life but a comedy of oddities, and peopling all existence with spirits, goblins, and strange appearances; but, in whatever way or manner, it is still imaginative. It may have in it the soul of beauty or the soul of hideousness; the soul of goodness or the soul of evil; the soul of joy or of fear; of gentleness or of force; - it is still imagination; it will be one or other of these, according to the personality of the poet; and only in this, and his personality, do we shape our idea of his genius. There, again, is another poet who stands to us for intellect; intellect abstract, speculative, philosophic; pondering much on the origin of things, on the nature of existence, on the destiny of MAN; - stands to us, we repeat, for intellect; for intellect, not, indeed, unideal, unimpassioned, uncolored; still, it is through the intellect intensified that the genius here considered becomes poetic, and so it is we view it. One poet we recognize as a singer and dreamer of the ideal; another, as the logician and polemic of the actual. One poet is the keen critic of manners, and looks at humanity only in society; another is an enthusiast of nature, and contemplates humanity only in solitude. Let us conceive of the most florid fancy, the most voluptuous and luxurious imagery; with this conception there is an appropriate poet associated. Conceive also of the barest landscape, of the most sordid conditions of life, of ignorance and poverty, with all their vices, their sufferings, their struggles, their toils; that conception, too, has its poet. Satire has poets, and so has sanctity. Passion, reckless, wild, and strong, indulging in all that can give the excitement of a pleasure or a pain, becomes at times the force of genius; then the poet whom it inspires sings out of the inspiration, and the song is

of satisfaction lost in satiety; of anticipation closed in disappointment; of festivity turned into mourning; of mirth swallowed up in melancholy; of the delights of sense changed into the vexations of the spirit, and the bitterness of remorse: the song swells into a mighty requiem, when it is not the lyric of ridicule or the malediction of discontent; and all nature, and all history, and all life, are made to join in its acrimonious or its doleful music. Fancy, that will not have less than the infinite, which it crowds with the boldest and strangest visions, fancy, sick with the love of beauty, and thought that spurns the limits of the possible, - these, too, must have their poet, and they have had him. He sang amidst the mountains, and looking to the stars; he sang in elfish wood and valley; he sang along the enchanted stream; he sang to the chorus of the waves; and while the singer was in his prime, the glories of nature in the mingling of wind and waves put his song to Fancy in another form chooses another poet; and he also sings a song of thought and beauty; he sings it in melodious and pathetic tones: in its weird and dreamy music, we have murmurs of human emotion which had not hitherto been uttered; and fantasies of mind, that with no certain shape hovered dimly through the spirit, are by the incantation conjured into vision. While the spell of the song is on us, we see the past in the living populations of legends and epics; and nature reveals itself to us through a medium that seems an Finally, while we discern one atmosphere of enchantment. poet in the sublime, we have another in the homely; one poet awes us with the birth of creation, another cheers us with the birth of childhood; one soothes us with the pleasures of memory, another stimulates with the pleasures of hope; one poet deals in description, another devotes his song to duty; this poet sings of war, and that of peace; at one time a poet gives his genius, in high-resounding measure, to the grand and heroic activities of life; at another, a poet in eloquent and believing despondency concerns himself with the solemnities of the grave and the awfulness of immortality.

Now we might safely say that every form of genius presented in this rapid review may be found in the genius of Shakespeare, concentrated and condensed. But every form of

genius has in Shakespeare its due relation, and keeps it. Composed of all these several elements, the genius of Shakespeare is sufficient unto itself. As there is neither deficiency nor excess in the forces of Shakespeare's genius, so is there no disorder in their working, and no disproportion or incompactness in their product. The faculties which constitute these forces are not only great, living, of the soundest health, and of the most sustained activity, each in its own power; but also, collectively, they have the unity and the inspiration of an excellent harmony.

We have not in these remarks made any separate mention of the grand imagination which belongs to the genius of Shake-speare. We have not, because, grand though it is, it makes no singularity of impression, as distinct and aside from the totality of that genius: it permeates the whole as a living principle; as a spirit of fire, which melts the mental chaos into material for creative use; as a spirit of energy and skill, which shapes this material into the agencies and phenomena of an ideal universe. For the same reason that we have not made the Shakespearian imagination the topic of separate comment, we content ourselves with this allusion, and will not refer again, directly, to the subject.

But there is one element in the genius of Shakespeare which we will distinctively notice; it is the feminine element. This is a security, perhaps more enduring than any other, for the immortality of Shakespeare in literature. No genius that deals with human life is complete without including both the masculine and the feminine elements. One, away from the other, issues into no living product, but is doomed to die. Nor merely this: one away from the other does not unfold its own fullest nature; each, by itself, is not only barren, but stunted. The genius which includes them both, and develops both, is like those plants that have the two sexes in the same flower, in which the blossom that gives delight by its beauty gives, at the same time, the promise of coming fruit and of deathless seed. It may be said, that this will hold as well for genius in woman as in man; and that if genius in man must include the feminine element, genius in woman must include the masculine element. We grant the position; but we grant

it with a certain modification: it is this, -- that, as the masculine element should predominate in the genius of man, the feminine element should predominate in the genius of woman: a contrary order is not excellent, but unnatural, -is not delightful, but disagreeable. Mere emotion and sympathy in woman, separate from sound thinking, leaves her a simpleton or a sentimentalist; mere intellect in man, separate from sensibility and intuition, leaves him a surly Cynic or a reasoning machine: but we can hardly tell which is the more intolerable, a lachrymose man, or a logical woman. The feminine element is not only important in literature for the completeness of genius; it is also important, because it is by that element that genius obtains the sympathy of woman: and without the sympathy of woman no literature that deals with humanity can be said to live. The literature that can last, must have common interest for man and woman; but if it lean to either side, it should be to that of woman: for the life of woman is always nearer to nature than that of man; her instincts and sentiments are more primitive; her sense of sex is more vigilant and tenacious; her thoughts are more spontaneous, rapid, and direct; - and the whole constitutes an inward character, that maintains a wonderful unity amidst the numberless varieties of her sex, and a continued identity, which is neither lost nor obscured, throughout the manifold changes of history or the world. The literature, therefore, which not only has no feminine element, but, still worse, which has no feminine interest, wants the most vital element of humanity. If so it be with simple exclusion, what must it be with the literature which depreciates woman, scorns her, mocks her, ridicules her, and satirizes her? The one she will neglect, the other she will detest. What woman reads Rabelais? What woman reads Montaigne or Bayle? What woman reads Alexander Pope or Jonathan Swift? And with all the genius of these writers, they can hardly be said to have any living interest in the world. What woman reads them? But also it may be inquired, What man? To this question we reply, that if women read them, men would; and if women had read them, they would not so soon have become obsolete.

The subtilty and the thoroughness with which Shake-

speare has comprehended the nature of woman, is one of the profoundest secrets of his genius. All the elemental germs of her nature seem to have been hidden in his own; and when his genius began to work, these germs unfolded themselves into all the types of woman-kind. The types so unfolded are mental mirrors, in which every representative woman may see the reflection of her class. It is not that Shakespeare dives into the depths of woman's passions; that he goes through dark mazes of her guilt, her cunning, and her crime; that he detects her concealed motives and her sinful schemes; -- it is that he is equally familiar with her innocence, with her guileless love, her girlish joys, her vanities, her sports, her tricks, her waywardness and wiles, - the slightest motion that ripples the surface of her life, - and with that pathetic and prophetic story of virgin fears and of womanly hopes which she only whispers in her sleep. Thus is Shakespeare's genius interveined through all the inward life of womanhood, with a penetrating power, a discernment of spirit, a truthfulness of feeling, and a fulness of sympathy, which are almost more than natural. For this reason, Shakespeare has both enchantment and awe for the genuine woman's mind, - such a mind loves him while it fears him; and this is the highest love that woman knows. The woman - who is of any worth does not love the trifler, or the flatterer, or the weakling: she loves the man whose strength she can admire, whose insight makes her tremble while she feels that it reads her secret thoughts, and who is of the serious integrity that will not degrade her or him by the base bribery of lying words; who is, at the same time, of the heroic and affectionate nature that moves her enthusiasm and that captivates her heart. such a combination would be resistless to woman in the character of a man, in another way it must be as much so in the character of his genius. On these grounds, the genius of Shakespeare must be to women of soul a glory and a might. such as no genius has ever been before to woman, --- such as perhaps no genius will ever be again. Some poets of modern times have wonderfully ingratiated themselves in the admiration of women: Byron, by sentiment and passion; Schiller, by delicacy, feeling, and enthusiasm; Goethe, by a sort of demonic

magic; Scott, by a natural and massive manliness; Tennyson, by a certain witchery, half earthly, half unearthly, that brings together the sensuous and the spiritual in music and beauty which have always entrancement for womanly susceptibility. But though these, at first, produce more excitement, Shake-speare has more lasting inspiration: he is, in truth, the kingly master of them all; he transcends them all, as Prospero the slavish sprites of his island, or rather as Solomon, in Eastern legends, transcends the spirits and genii of air and sea.

Turning from the subjective completeness of Shakespeare's genius in itself, we find it no less complete in its subjective action on every mind that enters into it with adequate com-As all the powers, feelings, and passions are called into play in the processes of its creative energy, so do they bring into consciousness all the forces and susceptibilities of our inner nature. It is not that Shakespeare draws all our inner nature into consciousness, but as its several functions are harmonized in his own genius, so are the movements which his genius excites in us correspondingly harmonized. This is done, not merely by power, by truth, by reality, but by the occult sympathy of Shakespeare's genius with the whole inner humanity of the individual. As some poets are unduly active in imagination, so they unduly excite it. they are and do, not because their imagination is positively great, but because, relatively, it is not ordered to the measure of the mind. The same may be said of intellect, of fancy, of passion, and of sensibility. The result is, that the writings of such poets leave on us, not only the impression of incompleteness, but also that of unreality; not only the impression of defect, but also that of incongruity. The true ideal is not the product of mere imagination; and much less is it the product of a disjoined and disproportioned imagination: it is the product of all the faculties in their happiest combination, and in their most inspired action; it is the embodiment or utterance, not only of genius in its rapture, but also in its wisdom. Take the embodied result of genius as example. sobriety and unity of power in the most ideal statue, in the most saintly picture, in the sublime building, that transports us out of earth and sense, - that kills within us, while we

gaze, every thought of the utilitarian and the practical! Take genius, again, in its utterance. Where is there great eloquence that does not come from the whole mind, and the whole mind in its collective energies? Where is there high poetry, but where this also is the case? Whence the difference between the art and poetry of India, and the art and poetry of Greece? Why, that in India art and poetry are the extravagance of partial and exaggerated development; that in Greece art and poetry are the result of full development and of complete culture. Gloom and bulk belong to the buildings of India, light and grace to those of Greece: statues in India are grim, hideous idols; in Greece, they are most perfect representations of strength, beauty, and intelligence. Poetry in India is, in a great measure, the wild rhapsody of a monstrous mythology; abhorrent alike to every idea of the human and the divine, the natural and the supernatural, it is so remote from every conception of the possible, that even by contrast it does not suggest the impossible: it resembles merely the reported dreams and visions which drunken giants might have had in their nightmare sleep. Poetry in Greece is song, into which man breathes his deepest, fullest, truest nature. India has, indeed, imagination; but it is imagination sick and somnambulic. Greece has yet more imagination; but it is imagination healthy and awake, - strong, too, because united with the vigor of all the other faculties. Now, who concedes the ideal to India? Who denies it to Greece? The most bewildering unreality belongs to India; the noblest reality belongs to Greece. unreality does not always arise from the abuse or disorder of imagination; it arises as often on the practical side of life as on its imaginative. The Chinese are surely a practical people; but, beyond the routine of their habitual experience, they have neither fact, substance, nor idea. How incapable such a people are of art we know, by the horrible noise which they mistake for music: vet of all arts music is the most instinctive. Even music needs not only enthusiasm and sensibility, which the Chinese have not, - but also it needs reason and imagination, in which they are equally deficient.

We have pursued this course of illustration to explain the ground of our common faith in the reality of Shakespeare's crea-

tions. What always appears to us as the most unreal, is that which is incongruous and inconsistent. We feel this in actual That a man, who has for many years had an honorable reputation, is suddenly found to be a villain, we will not believe, except upon invincible and irresistible evidence. That a man should kneel down to pray and stand up to murder, is what we should hardly credit on any proof short of our own senses; and even this proof we should be almost inclined to doubt. Now, it is the wonderful consistency and congruity with which Shakespeare's creations answer to our laws of thought, that cause us to put our faith in them. The personalities — the incarnations of character — we conceive of as most real, and yet we distinguish them from common fact. They are most transcendentally ideal. But this, instead of carrying them out of the range of our communion, brings them livingly and intimately within it. Let us refer to some of the most preternatural characters of Shakespeare. — to those that may, in the purest sense, be called ideal. Prospero is as little within an earthly population, as the island of his necromancies is within the bounds of earthly geography. Yet we do verily accept him as one of our human kindred; and though we detest Caliban, yet our desire to beat him, and our satisfaction to think he has been beaten, show how mystically and livingly the poet has knit him to our humanity. "Midsummer Night's Dream," its personages and its doings, are as remote from the actual events of life, as if the scenery were placed in a distant planet; yet so full is it of human inspiration, so much of it answers to what we know and feel within ourselves, that we find a place for it in our inward life, though none it has in the outward world. The speculative Hamlet — take him as an individual — is almost as far away from the path of common men, as if he belonged to another sphere; but he too has such hold upon our common, upon our inward nature, that, in all that is most serious, thoughtful, and spiritual, the mind embraces him as a brother. The visionary Macbeth could no more belong to the actual world than the speculative Hamlet; yet he likewise has that within us which can make him real, and by our own instincts, superstitions, and desires, we feel that inwardly we are of his kindred.

It is even this sense of inward kindred that gives solemnity and terror to the ghost of Hamlet's father, that excites detestation against Lear's daughters, and that appalls us in presence of the Witches on the heath. The comic characters of Shakespeare are fully as ideal as his tragic ones; as removed from ordinary fact, and yet as true to human nature. We see them not around us, but within us; we recognize them; and right well we know them. No such social wit as Falstaff ever existed or ever will exist; no such warrior and orator as Ancient Pistol; no such municipal officer as Dogberry; no such glorious cheat and thief as the magnificent Autolycus; - yet these are in themselves and to us so consistent and complete, that, while they are as much creatures of imagination as Ariel and Titania, we almost expect to meet them in our daily walks; but we shall about as surely meet them there, as we shall find the sailing chart of "The Ancient Mariner," or as we shall discover the tavern-bills of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims. Thus it is that genius, subjectively complete, unites in one conception the ideal and the real; thus it is that such genius awakens the sense of them in other minds.

We will now consider the topic objectively. In the relations of Shakespeare's genius to our human life generally, we have again security for its continuance in the deathless literature of the world. There is no stage of life with which it does not concern itself; from "the infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," to the "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history, in second childishness and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." There is no stage of life to which Shakespeare's genius is not true. With childhood and early youth, it does not indeed much deal; but, so far as it does deal with such a period, it does so with the instinct and intuition of nature. Full of freshest, sweetest strength and goodliness is this picture of princely boyhood:—

"O thou goddess,
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rudest wind,

That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned; honor untaught;
Civility not seen from other; valor,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed."

Cymbeline, Act IV. Scene 2.

It would not have been according to the order of dramatic law, that the genius of Shakespeare should have dealt much with childhood or early youth; for such is not the time of action; - passion has not then intensity, and character is not yet formed, while action, passion, and character constitute the essential material of the drama. No poet has ever equalled or come near Shakespeare in the dramatic exhibition of developed youth; no other poet has so wonderfully revealed it. whether in man or woman, with such variety, splendor, beauty, and impressiveness, alike faithful to its glory and its gloom. to the pathos of its grief and the brightness of its joys. We have it with all the personal reality of individual action, passion, and character, in all the diversities which are to ripen into mature humanity. On mature humanity, as we find it in Shakespeare, we cannot enlarge, for that would be an endless task. We will only allude to the manifold distinctness and differences of his old men: among them we have such marked individuals as Lear, Falstaff, Cardinal Beaufort, and Cardinal Wolsey. In reference to becoming old, there is a world of suggestion and of pathetic import in the dreary anticipation of Macbeth: -

"My way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not."

In contrast to this, we have the cheerful spirit of health and vigor of the worthy and aged Adam, in "As You Like It":—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty; For in my youth I never did apply Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood; Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo The means of weakness and debility; Therefore my age is as a lusty winter, Frosty, but kindly."

With as truthful insight, the genius of Shakespeare reaches the life of all classes and conditions of men; and presents every one according to his proper manner and estate. He is equally careful to discriminate the character of men as it is influenced by their country and their time. Owing to this innate catholicity of genius, Shakespeare grows yearly into a wider fame, and may yet, by the consent of Christendom, be regarded as the supreme poet of modern civilization. All Teutonic races admit such fact already; and, devoted as they severally are to their own national bards, they unanimously bow down to Shakespeare as the monarch-poet, the mastersinger of the world. Without discord or division, nay, with enthusiastic acclamation, he is so hailed, alike by scholars and the people, through the length and breadth of Germany and Scandinavia. The Latin nations do not offer so absolute a homage; but still they do offer homage, and homage that is neither cold nor doubtful.

Much in this growth of influence which Shakespeare's genius exercises in steady progress on the mind of the world, is, indeed, owing to his intellect and imagination; but if we would find the most vital cause for such growth of influence, we must seek it in Shakespeare's moral nature. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"; but the touch which makes it so is that of moral nature. In this it is that men have greatest unity in time, and, amidst the differences and contradictions of nations, governments, races, and religions, come the nearest to an agreement in judgment and to the universality of a common consent. We have grave doubts whether the moral nature is not the central inspiration by which the human species is held together in the community of an elemental spiritual life. Without such life, we doubt if the manifold divisions of mankind could have a common intelligence, could have interchangeable ideas, could have translatable languages. We can find no medium for such enlarged communion in the mere impressions of sense, the forms of

understanding, or the combinings of imagination. But whatever be the contrarieties among men, in thought or theory, in speech or imagery, in history or culture, in training, habits, manners, or beliefs, the sense of right and wrong is common to them all, and certain fundamental convictions of that sense are equally as common. The moral incongruities which objectors urge against the unity and reality of the moral nature in man have no force, except with those who examine humanity in its sharper angles, and leave unnoticed its wider spaces. The moral nature, as we have intimated, is the key to the whole of human nature; and without this key, the numberless diversities of men would be as meaningless to each other as forgotten hieroglyphics; human minds would be in a state of spiritual chaos; the confusion of Babel would not stop in the word, it would pierce to the thought; and since then the thing signified never could be reached, the substitution of one sign for another would become impossible. It is not, therefore, that whatever contains an expression of the moral nature is the most impressive, it is also the most intelligible; and sometimes it is that alone which is intelligible. Listen to a technical discourse on some science, of which you are entirely ignorant; you are made only weary and impatient; but let the speaker burst into a flash of moral enthusiasm, which reveals the use, goodness, or beauty of his doctrine to humanity, - then not only does the speech electrify your heart, it brightens your intellect, and that which before had been dark and blank is filled with light and meaning. Listen to a dry legal argument, which, not understanding, or caring to understand, leaves you only drowsy: let the pleader, however, lay aside for a moment his citations and his inferences; let him arise to the grandeur of some noble principle; let him awaken the sleeping sympathies, or call the conscience into action; — a soul of fire is put into his logic. which does not merely enkindle emotion, but illuminates intelligence. Listen to a political harangue on the merits of some party measure in which you have not the slightest interest: but while you are longing for the close, the orator, with an unexpected impulse, carries you away into generous hopes for your country or for man; or plunges you, it may be, into VOL. LXVII. - 5TH S. VOL. V. NO. II.

solemn speculations, - on the changes of the past, on the destinies of the future: a new life is now put into him to speak, -a new life is put into you to hear. You listen to a polemical disquisition, and you wonder at the hairs which theologians split; you think of the Liliputians, and the mortal feuds which characterized the strife between their Big-endians and their Little-endians, and thus you lose yourself in your own meditations: but a sound that seems to come from the centre of man's everlasting soul startles you from your musing: the preacher has done with his scholastic trifles; he is now reasoning of righteousness, of temperance, of judgment to come, and urging on his hearers, with all the authority of eternal truth, the obligations they are under to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God. Thus is the moral nature the soul of all grand and permanent oratory; it is the living essence of all the higher eloquence; and while all that is technical, special, or merely speculative, no matter what amount of intellect it may contain, dies the death of all things temporal, that which the moral nature nobly inspires lives the life of all things immortal. The representative orators of nations — ancient or modern — have, by the moral nature, for their audience the readers and the thinkers of all cultivated ages; in this, the speaking of Demosthenes and Cicero has its undying interest; in this also the speaking of Bossuet and Mirabeau, of Lord Chatham and Edmund Burke, of Plunket and Grattan, of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, has that most human element which can longest hold the attention of posterity.

And so it is with all in letters that directly concerns the life of man: it is the moral nature that gives imperishable soul to the speculations of Plato, to the reasonings of Aristotle, to all the thought which enters into the choice experience of our kind, and which no change in civilized conditions ever renders obsolete; it is in the moral nature that history and biography have their deepest import,—that art has its inward being; the moral nature forms a centre wherein meet the results of remote and opposite extremes, and there reveal to us the unity of wisdom, whether in the Confucius of ancient China or in the Franklin of modern America. But of all lit-

erature the moral nature is most essential to poetry. Wanting it, poetry wants the simplest condition of its power; it wants the very reason of its existence. Having it, no poetry, however foreign, is strange to us; it is not unnatural, however wild; it is not antiquated, however old. Moral inspiration often redeems the most grotesque Hindoo legend from its extravagance, beautifies it in spite of its absurdity, and, distant as in every sense it is from our apprehension, brings it home to our intelligence and sympathy; it opens to us the heart of the Arab and the Persian, different as their idiom is from ours both in dialect and thought: there is no need to say that it is the moral nature which gives to olden poetry a perennial freshness, - as we feel in the Bible, in Homer, in Chaucer, and in all early ballads. Enrich poetry in the highest degree from all the other sources of mind, but let it in the moral element be poor, it will make no deep impression on human life; it will of consequence be no vital force in literature: and this assuredly is the poverty which has given much poetry, not deficient in mind or imagination, to neglect and to forgetfulness. The moral element is the one requisite in poetry, for the absence of which nothing besides can be compensation; because the moral element is that which is the most inseparably connected with the innate and everlasting interests of man.

Of all poets, Shakespeare is the one in whose genius the moral nature seems to have the depth and dimensions of our universal humanity. No passion, no degree of passion, no difference or mode of passion, has that genius not read into and revealed: it has noted every temptation, graduated it, specified, individualized it; it has searched into all sources of danger, of frailty, and of sin; as truly and as profoundly, it has knowledge of the virtues,—their manifestation in character and action, their hidden principles in sentiment and motive. No other genius has ever so entered into the souls of the guilty, and so shown us the desperation and the darkness that in them dwell; so shown us the spirit of the wicked, that is "like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, and whose waters cast up mire and dirt"; so shown us the dull misery of exhausted vice, still and dreary in its ruin, and conscious of

existence only in remorse, shame, or anguish. Neither has any poet equalled Shakespeare in the rectitude and force with which he has conceived of goodness and of worth; with which he has delineated their blessedness and beauty; with which he has presented them in personages of heroic dignity, or in personages of meek and gentle charities. Shakespeare omits nothing - on the bright side or the dark side of life - that has relation to the moral nature: thence, the suggestive meaning that lies hidden in his representations of pleasure, revelry, and mirth; thence, the solemn pathos, the tragic intensity, which his genius associates with sorrow, suffering, pain, and all the ills "that flesh is heir to." Particularly, no poet has so well understood as Shakespeare has the trials which burden contemplative and inquiring spirits with inward struggles and with mental griefs, with troublous thinkings and uneasy doubts, with unanswerable questionings as to the problem of existence, the meaning of life and the mystery of death. speare's genius seems thus to have within itself the consciousness of all moral humanity, in both its essence and phenomena, in its good and evil, in its truth and error, - so is that genius rich beyond any other earthly genius in exhortation and counsel, in threatening and encouragement, in suggestions of guidance, strength, and wisdom, of remedy, or of consolation. Nor does Shakespeare ever leave out of view the Divine Author of existence, the Infinite and Holy Mind, by whose inspiration man, and man alone, has here below a moral and a reasonable life, by whose providence he is cared for, and by whose power he is sustained. The moral element in Shakespeare's genius is not merely legal and perceptive; it is religious as well as ethical; it includes worship as well as duty: worship in mode, act, and principle; duty in its everlasting laws, in its human and divine relations, — its relations to Time and to Eternity, - to man, the universal brother, - to God, the Universal Father.

In one element of his genius or another, there may have been poets—nay, there have been poets—who equalled or excelled Shakespeare; but in the moral element of his genius, he stands alone, in a sort of inspired grandeur. No poet, no historian, no speculative thinker, no ethical writer, ever understood man in this essential and immortal portion of his being as Shakespeare did; nay, all poets, historians, speculative thinkers, ethical writers, have not together more fully comprehended man than has Shakespeare, and more than all of them together his comprehension had sympathy and insight. The most living and complete "Moral Philosophy" in literature, is that of Shakespeare: this assertion alone affords suggestion enough for an extended disquisition, and citations by the hundred might be quoted to sustain it.

But if we separate inward pature and outward nature from each other, we can have of neither an adequate conception. For outward nature has from inward nature its interest and its meanings; while inward nature has in outward nature the sphere of its experience, and the stimulus that awakens, that nurtures, that trains, that enriches, and that delights its faculties.

Shakespeare is not descriptive for the sake of description. and no great poet ever is. Man and his concerns are the real matter of poetry, as they are of all art. It is therefore with man and his concerns that every great poet deals. Man it is that gives interest and life to Nature; for even as a divine revelation of God, of his goodness, and of his glory, it is to man alone that Nature speaks; Nature shows to him alone her signs, and man alone it is that hears her voice, and that ponders on her symbols. Man it is who contemplates the heavens as the work of God's fingers, and the moon and the stars as of his ordination: to man and for man the words were spoken, "Behold the fowls of the air," - "Consider the lilies of the field." Thus it is that the presence of Divine Intelligence in the outward world is revealed in accordance with the forms of human nature; and it is with this twofold significance, divine and human, that Shakespeare conceives of the outward world. Thence, the outward world has to him meanings endless and numberless; thence, it becomes to him a vast vocabulary, from which he forms, as he chooses, his wonderful dialect of pictures and analogies; the very soul of nature seems to pour itself into his soul, and through the medium of his genius, in re-created loveliness, grandeur, and strength. This relation of Shakespeare's genius to outward nature is.

again, another source of its ever-living freshness; for nature is always the same, and the reciprocal influences between man and nature admit few essential changes. It is very true that the progress of science does modify our intellectual view of nature, and that the inventions to which progressive science gives birth enable us to turn the forces of nature to practical uses; but however, by advancing knowledge, phenomena may be explained, or discoveries be applied, the outward universe will ever be, to the general consciousness, an instinctive, an immediate, and, upon the whole, a uniform revelation. So it will be even to the learned, as to the vulgar: the sun will arise and set as aforetime, and as of old; the moon will brighten the heavens with her lustre, and the earth with her beauty; and the stars be, as they always have been, the pomp and glory of the night. We may adduce the example of astronomy itself, to prove how little science changes impression, or interferes with the consciousness that belongs to sensibility and imagination. No one doubts that in the mind of Job, of the Psalmist, of Isaiah, the ideas of the heavens were as different as could be from those of modern astronomy, and as diminutive as different: but can modern astronomy transcend in sublimity the language of those inspired men? And why not? Because the feeling of the sublime is not the feeling of bulk or of distance, - it is not suggested by the measurable, however remote or near: the feeling of the sublime unites the sense of mystery and of the infinite; whatever can excite this sense gives us the feeling of sublimity, and in the degree that it thus excites us. So could the heavens excite the ancient sages of Chaldma and Palestine, - and the heavens of modern astronomy can no more; for reach the utmost visible boundary of space, what we have traversed can vet be measured, and before us is still the Infinite Unknown. Thus, after all, we are in the midst of immensity, and the impression inspires us with solemn awe: the ancients had a like impression and a like awe. We have a sense of mystery and of infinity, and in that sense a feeling of the sublime: the ancients had no less a sense of mystery and of infinity, - perhaps a sense more profound even than ours, and accordingly they had a feeling of the sublime, to which they gave the most solemn grandeur of expression.

We have said that Shakespeare does not deal in mere description, and yet no mere description was ever than his more The wonder of his observing faculty is not simply in the vastness of its range, or in the sharpness of its vision; but in an intuitive sagacity, which often anticipates discoveries of science, - science equally as it applies to nature or to man. We have not space for illustrations; but if we had, illustrations could be collected that would be numerous, curious, striking, and appropriate. His familiarity, therefore, with the objects and the life of nature, was not the result of voluntary attention, but of spontaneous habit. So it is that phenomena, visible, audible, or living, impress us in the poetry of Shakespeare, as if almost direct, and without a medium. Through it we look at all phases of sun, moon, stars, and clouds: we see the ocean in its various moods, when it foams against the heavens, and when it is their mirror; we have the land in all its configurations, its inequalities, its ornaments, its garniture, and visioned pictures of its habitable and solitary places; we hear the air as it plays sweet music in the grove, and the songs of birds that sound in chorus; we hear the tempest as it shouts fierce battle in the gloomy firmament, or ploughs deep chasms in the devouring sea. So in some few brief minutes we may have visions of the successive seasons: Spring, "when wellapparelled April on the heel of limping Winter treads"; Summer, "when the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses"; Autumn, when "the year (is) growing ancient, not yet on Summer's death, nor on the birth of trembling Winter"; Winter,

"When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

"When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl, Then nightly sings the staring owl, To-whit, to-who, a merry note, While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

So have we the changes of the day, but marked particularly in the opening and the close;—in the opening, when "the morning steals upon the night, melting the darkness";—in the close, when "the silent hours steal on, and flaky darkness breaks within the east"; "the west yet glimmers with some streaks of day"; then "spurs the lated traveller apace, to gain the timely inn"; at last, "the dragon-wing of night o'erspreads the earth."

But natural description, accurate and vivid as it is in Shake-speare, is not the peculiarity of his genius; the peculiarity is, that he humanizes all description, and that all his description is incidental to humanity. We often notice this in his symbolic imaginings of day and night:—

"See how the the morning opes her golden gates, And takes her farewell of the glorious sun! How well resembles it the prime of youth, Trimmed like a younker, prancing to his love!"

Then we have Night, "sober-suited matron all in black," subjectively human in one passage, which we shall quote, and objectively human in another, which also we will quote. Subjectively thus:—

"The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic, melancholy night."

## Night, objectively, we have: —

"When the searching eye of heaven is hid Behind the globe, and lights the lower world, Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen, In murders, and in outrage, bloody here; But when from under this terrestrial ball He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines, And darts his light through every guilty hole, Then murders, treasons, and detested sins, The cloak of night being plucked from off their backs, Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves!" Artists and poets have been deservedly and largely praised for the pathetic humanity which they have reflectively suggested in the sorrows and the pains of animals. Burns in poetry has achieved greatness here, and Landseer in painting has achieved equal greatness. But in this pathetic humanity of animal expression, Shakespeare is still the master. We wish we could give his whole picture of the hunted hare; but here is the catastrophe:—

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs, with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing-bell.
Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay,
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never relieved by any."

That familiar picture in the school-books, of "The Dying Deer," which every schoolboy recollects, we will not reproduce, but the comments on it, which even grave students may not always remember, we will venture to recall.

"But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then, being alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends,
'T is right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'"

The variety of tones in which Shakespeare makes flowers speak from and to the human heart, we cannot here exemplify,—there is no one whom we need remind of the

affecting enumeration of the desolate Ophelia. While Shakespeare opens to us all the divinity and the humanity of nature, while he unfolds nature to us, - in its nobleness, in its beauty, in its implications of wisdom, bounty, and pathos, he never desecrates the sanctity of nature by any association with the idolatry or folly of superstition. This is all the more admirable, as contrasted with the life and literature of his time; - a time when astrology was a faith to which even acute and able men gave implicit trust; when belief in witchcraft spread darkness over Europe, and made the darkness red with the blazing fagots, amidst which thousands passed through gates of fire out of life; when the drama did not disdain to find horrible interest in the insane atrocity, and when it had a British monarch for its advocate. Then it was, that Shakespeare, darting his keen wisdom generations beyond his age, ventured to ridicule even the comparatively harmless credence in the influence of the stars. "This is," he makes one of the characters in Lear say, "the excellent foppery of the world! that when we are sick in fortune, - often the surfeit of our own behavior, - we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on."

And that which includes both man and nature, yet belongs to nature only by means of man,—that without which no consciousness can be, yet of which consciousness is the medium and the measure,—Time,—that we have most impressively, most multifariously, spiritualized and humanized in the poetry of Shakespeare. With what subtilty it is said of a person, who begins in sickness to despair of recovery, "He hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time." The moralizing of a sage in motley is thus suggestively presented:—

"He drew a dial from his poke: And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye, Says, very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock': 'Thus may we see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags': 'T is but an hour ago, since it was nine; And after an hour more, 't will be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe, And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot, And thereby hangs a tale."

But after all, the mind, or the state of mind, is the true measure of the hour; and the motion of the hand over the same space on the dial-plate of the clock does not indicate to all the same interval of duration:—

"Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who time ambles withal, who time trots withal, who time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal. He trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, time's pace is so hard, that it seems the length of seven years. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout: for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these time ambles withal. He gallops with a thief to the gallows: for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there. He stays still with lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how time moves."

Time, in these passages, is indicated only in its relations to humanity; but here is one, wherein, with luxuriant description, and thoughtful philosophy, we discern it alike in its relation to humanity and to nature; the passage throbs with beauty, and abounds in pensive imagery:—

"When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day hung in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silvered o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard:
Then of thy beauty I do question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow."

The thorough insight and sympathy which Shakespeare had

as to both inward and outward nature, - the intuitive discernment which he had of their intercommunion, - we observe not only in the completeness of his genius, but also in the completeness of his art. Whence it comes to pass, that, besides being a great artist himself, he understands the essential principles of all art. We meet with phrases, here and there, in his poetry, which, though having no æsthetic intention, contain the substance of æsthetic philosophy. "Nature," says one of his characters, "is made better by no mean, but nature makes that mean: so o'er that art, which you say adds to nature, is an art that nature makes. . . . . This is an art which does mend nature, - change it rather; but the art itself is nature." How deep and true is this! For art is but the union of inward and outward nature, intensified and idealized by genius in human consciousness; and by genius made actual to the world, in body, delineation, or expression. Art is never beyond or out of nature: nature includes art, and gives to art its matter, its form, its meaning, and its life. But both in art and nature, Shakespeare is the poet of HUMANITY. O, most surely, humanity was Shakespeare's peculiar mission! he saw it in every object, he heard it in every sound, and in it all his thoughts were steeped.

We have in this article directed our attention mostly to the general qualities of Shakespeare as a poet. We have hardly been at all specific, or entered on any review of those qualities which have given to him his durability as a dramatic poet, in either tragedy or comedy. But, in both, he has survived generations of dramatists, belonging to every age, from his own down to ours. It is asserted, and not without truth, that even Shakespeare's plays are now heavy on the stage; but then Shakespeare's are the only plays of his time, with extremely few exceptions, that are ever now brought upon the stage. Nature insists on novelty; and novelty even, without nature, is too strong for Shakespeare. Shakespeare himself would lose his power with incessant repetition. Yet no dramatist has had such repetition. With it all, he has never lost his freshness, even on the stage; for though he may often fail "to please the ears of groundlings," yet, in the smallest audience, he has ever some that hold communion with his noble thoughts.

But with the reader in the closet, he is sure to have attentive and fit communion. What numbers of poets, dramatic and otherwise, his age possessed, -- also, the intervening ages; but neither on the stage nor in the closet do we find them now. Comedy, indeed, is changeable; and we wonder not that past. comedy should become to us thus strange. But tragedy, it is asserted, deals with primitive emotions, and cannot thus become obsolete with the lapse of time. Time has no statute of limitation against the passions, -- against grief, guilt, and death. Yet few are the tragedies in English which continue to hold the stage, or to secure perusal. Some of Shakespeare's tragedies are constantly acted on the stage; all of them are constantly studied in perusal. The perpetuity of his genius in our literature and in our life is still more decisively exemplified in the perennial freshness of his comedies. the soul of comedy; but humor, however genuine in essence. is in its manifestation extremely dependent on the day, - on its manners, mode, and fashion. How many writers do we read with the conviction, that the reputation which they had in their time for humor was more than merited; yet we are grave. while we admire. Wizards, such as Rabelais and Cervantes, who once waved the rod of ridicule with such potency as to set all Europe laughing, can hardly now create a smile; and vet we split our sides at the bidding of men, who are, in comparison with these great masters, but jugglers and buffoons. It is no matter of severe difficulty to act on the sense of the ludicrous through immediate associations, and by means of proximate excitements. Drollery and fun are more effective as the time passes, than wit and fancy are when the time has passed; and yet such drollery and fun may have in them neither wit nor fancy. The animal spirits, which exhilarate the blood, may produce mirth in the present moment; when it may not be produced afterwards by the most original imagery that can be fashioned in the brain. The clown of a circus, the harlequin of a pantomime, the jester in a farce, will set thousands in a roar, where the spirit of Yorick, without his gambols, would not provoke a smile. But all such humor expires in the moment of its existence; and even "to mock its own grinning," there remains no laugh a moment after.

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Most humor is connected, not with what is essential, natural, and universal, but with what is limited, exceptional, and extravagant. The mass of humor, in order to be current, must be so connected: "And so from hour to hour it ripes and ripes, and then from hour to hour it rots and rots." In Shakespeare, instead of humor being bound to evanescent circumstances, and dying when they die, the circumstances are bound to immortal humor, and must live because that lives.

Primarily, we find the source of Shakespeare's lasting and growing power in the inspiration of his genius; but we must also esteem it as a very important, though secondary condition of his influence, that his language was English. It was a happy circumstance that this language was in itself a grand medium of expression, more than equal even to the measure of his own greatness; the condition in which he found it was also as fortunate. It was in that middle stage which always seems the best adapted to embody the representative poet of a literature and of a race; and Shakespeare must now surely be considered the representative poet not only of the English race. but also of English literature, however numerous henceforth may be its diversities and modifications. His genius was born in due time, and English speech was ready for its birth. The elements of which this composite language consisted were no longer crude and uncombined: their separateness of origin appeared no longer in disjointed and unassimilated graftings; all had lost their differences; and, with the native Saxon root as a centre of vital unity, constituted a whole, complete alike in music and in meaning, adequate to whatever man would sing or say. Thus fresh, strong, rich, sweet, it answered to the passions and the thoughts of that new, that stirring age; it was cultivated and moulded from the energies and wants of the inward nature, and was yet free from those artificial influences to which it has since been subjected. It was a fit dialect. when it came to the prime of its vigor, for the spirit of Shakespeare; and exactly at that season the spirit of Shakespeare was poured into it. If the spirit of Shakespeare gave to it such mental treasures as an individual genius never gave before to a national tongue, in return, no national tongue ever gave to an individual genius such a compass of glory as English has given, and is destined to give, to the spirit of Shakespeare. This, the tongue of four or five millions merely when Shakespeare wrote, is now heard over the continents and islands of the globe; and wherever it is read or spoken, the name of him who for an obscure theatre once composed his dramas, is sounded with reverence and rapture. Who can conceive the immensity of that public which the English language prepares for Shakespeare with the growth of generations? The English language spreads in Europe; it is the language of this great and increasing American nation; it will be that of the millions who are to fill Australia, and to cover every habitable spot that gleams in the Pacific; if Britain continues to sway India, authority, profit, and ambition will confer dominance on her language, and extend it through many regions of Asia; but wherever this language is known, there Shakespeare's genius will be also known. Some have fears that, in such diffusion, English must be broken into a variety of dialects, and be lost in a chaos of corruptions and adaptations. We do not share in these fears. The English language has not, by means of elementary roots, the independent, native sufficiency which the Greek or the German has; it has, however, an admirable substitute, in the facility with which it naturalizes new and foreign words. The facility of annexing and incorporating words is as great in the English language, as that of annexing and incorporating territory is in the English government. We remember a time, not long since, when English critics wailed dolefully over the corruption of the language by peculiarities of American phraseology; but of late we have seen not a few English critics adopt some of our most exceptional peculiarities, merely on account of their expressiveness, and without our justification of circumstance and necessity. are two volumes on which we rest our strongest confidence for the preservation, through all vicissitudes, of our language in its genius and its unity; -- one volume contains the writings of Shakespeare; the other, the authorized translation of the Bible; - for both will continue to be read and studied, each in its own sphere, while the mind of man has thought for the natural and the supernatural, - while idea, incident, character, and passion impart interest to life, - while God, existence, eternity, and mystery give infinite meaning unto death.

## ART. III. - ART AND ARTISTS.

- Vite de' piu eccellenti Pittori, Scultori, ed Architetti, G. Vasari. 1550.
- 2. Winckelmann's Werke: Donanöschingen. 1825.
- 3. Lessing's Werke: Laocoon. Berlin. 1840.
- 4. GOETHE'S Werke: Italiänische Reise; Einleitung in die Propyläen; Der Sammler und die Seinigen, &c. Stuttgart. 1840.
- 5. Handbuch der Geschichte der Malerei in Italien seit Constantin dem Grossen. Von Dr. F. Kugler. Berlin. 1837.
- Handbuch der Kunstgeschichte. Von Dr. F. Kugler. Stuttgart. 1842.
- 7. Kunstwerke und Künstler in England, Paris, und Deutschland. Von Dr. G. F. WAAGEN. Berlin. 1837.
- 8. Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst. Von K. O. MÜLLER. Breslau. 1848.

THE opening of our public galleries of art, and of the collections of the works of our own artists, in our principal cities, at this time, leads us to call attention, by the above list, to a few of the many valuable works of research and criticism with which, from time to time, the study of art has been enriched. The great wealth of German literature in this department is too well known to need to be more than referred to, and the fact that nearly all the most valuable works on this subject in that language, as well as in Italian, are now accessible in English translations, puts it in the power of every one, whose taste and leisure may lead him in that direction, to possess himself of the most reliable results of art, history, and criticism. this connection, the works of Professor Waagen of Berlin recommend themselves to all those already tolerably versed in the history of art, as of great value in giving the general results at which modern criticism has arrived, in applying the maxims and principles of the earlier German pioneers in art, - Winckelmann, Lessing, and Goethe. To this is added a profound knowledge and critical love of all the minutiæ of art. which give a peculiar charm to his writings, and a great confidence in the judgments he pronounces. For general reading and reference the works of Vasari and Kugler are too well known and appreciated to require any special recommendation, while the learned and profound works of K. O. Müller, greatly valued in Germany, need only time to take their stand in general estimation beside more popular works. Where special and direct illustration is desired, the Gallery of Casts and Sculpture in our Athenæum is, as is well known, particularly rich in those works which have been made marked objects of criticism and admiration by critics of all time, while the collection of pictures and prints in the same institution, and the prints in possession of Harvard College, put it within the reach of every student to become critically familiar with all the principal existing works of art.

Art has existed in all nations in some proportion to their advancement in civilization and refinement. Its origin must be found in a natural power of the human mind to reproduce circumstances or events at some point in their progress. Its object is to instruct and please, by giving representations of what is most beautiful and elevating in the world. The art of painting, for instance, is a means employed by the painter to represent what he has seen in nature, and what he has felt and thought in his own mind and experience.

Practically, what the painter desires to effect, is to make others see exactly what he has seen in nature or in his own mind, and to see it in such a way that it shall produce on them precisely the same effect which it has done on himself. This is the point at which art joins itself to the moral world. and wherein conscientiousness develops itself in the artist. He has learned that certain natural effects give rise to certain sentiments in those who experience them, and that in proportion to the perfection of the artist is the certainty of the effect. It follows that this power of absolute influence which the good artist feels, and which enables him to count almost at will upon certain results, must in an equal degree render him responsible that what he presents shall combine in one the good, the true, and the beautiful. And not only this, but that he should represent his works of art on the ascending, and not on the descending scale; that is, that his work should not be more complete than the idea which it contains, but should rather suggest more than it tells, leading the mind from the story involved in it to the sentiment which gave it birth.

Herein is the necessity of truth in art, that Nature contains infinite secrets in all her manifestations, and that the artist's power lies, first, in seeing certain of these secrets in nature, and secondly, in reproducing that nature with such exactness as that others shall perceive the same, from the truth with which he has selected and the beauty with which he has reproduced just those qualities in nature which he has found to produce a certain effect upon himself.

Of course, in speaking of nature in these connections, we mean the whole natural world, including the moral and spiritual elements, as distinguished from God and the human soul. In other words, as comprising all those elements which lie between God as the teacher and governor, and man as the taught and governed. All this middle ground we would include as the region of nature and the sphere of art. God uses the natural world, in all its variety and infinity, but in a different degree and measure, as a means of teaching and of governing (which is but a part of teaching) individual men and women. In doing this he gives to certain individuals a particular aptitude to perceive and to communicate (each in his own proportion) what teaching and guidance is intended to be conveyed by some special operation in nature.

These men, according to their gifts, we call teachers, religious and secular, artists, poets, and by many other names. In proportion to the faithfulness with which they deliver the lesson they have been taught, are they great men. Their mission is to communicate to others what God has shown to them through the natural world, in all its truth, beauty, and goodness. For what comes from God must be perfectly good, and perfectly beautiful, and perfectly true. Here we come to what may, by way of distinction, be called merit in the artist, spiritually considered. In the providence of God, it is ordained that no teacher shall have all perception directly communicated to him by God's immediate gift. Most of those gifted with the faculty of teaching have a direct perception of God's lessons through nature only in one aspect. The exercise of faith and pupilage in these consists in gaining by diligence. and by the use of intermediate means, the perceptions necessarv to the complete view of God's teaching.

For example, the religious teacher may, by direct inspiration, know the goodness of God in what he sees; it is his task to learn that therein is also absolute truth and absolute beauty, and having learnt these, to communicate to the world a whole which shall contain them all. The artist may see the absolute beauty of an idea taught by God in the natural world, but he must so chasten this perception as to make it compatible with absolute truth and absolute goodness, and must reproduce a work developing all these qualities, before he can claim to have been a faithful steward of his talent. So the philosopher may see the perfect truth of God's teaching in the natural world, but he must see goodness and beauty in the same lesson, before he has learned what he was ordained to teach.

It will be easy to deduce a formula from these few remarks. For our instruction in our present state of being, besides infinite other means, God has ordained that certain men should perceive in his natural world, and seeing should communicate to others, certain attributes of his infinite sublimity. To one he gives the power to know goodness, and him we may call the religious teacher; to another a knowledge of absolute truth, and this is the philosopher; while to a third, who has the perception and the power of reproducing the beautiful, we give the names of artist and poet. None of these recreate what we may have seen, but they reproduce what they have seen. They become great in their departments in proportion as each can blend in one the special attribute with which he is gifted, and those others which he must acquire. The perfect result, if completely attainable here, should be, by combining all these qualities in one, a work of love, satisfying the three great needs which we recognize as forming our souls, - the intellectual, the moral, and the emotional; and such a teacher, delivering to man the lessons God has taught, through the natural world, in the very spirit in which they were given, would be at once the religious teacher, the man of wisdom, and the artist.

It is a peculiarity of works of art, that each individual work, being the production of a single mind, is limited in its extent,

and, like the view contained in one glance of the eye, takes in but one direction at once. In this respect art bears the same relation to nature and mental philosophy that religion does to morals, as being founded in the affections rather than the intellect, the former being concentrative, while the latter is discursive. For the affections aim to bring as many harmonious objects as possible into one field of realization, while the intellect strives to discover the harmonious relation subsisting between widely separated objects.

It grows out of this necessity, that art not only employs itself to combine the true and the good with the beautiful, but that it is also local, and, in a wider sense, national in its character. Speaking still more generally, every special development of art is periodic, that is to say, each manifestation attaches itself to the methods of thought and life prevailing during its germination, and which serve as matrices for its growth. In its own proper period, each manifestation of art must find its sustenance and its limitation. It follows that the life of works of art is limited to the sphere which develops and nourishes them; but that their influence may reach to very distant ages, carrying with it the seeds of other developments, differing from, yet related to, the parent tree.

It will be seen, therefore, that a development of art may take place under various modifications, in different individuals, and in separate countries, yet all under the influence of, and all guided by, the prevailing spirit of the age in which they exist; and that all these different elements may converge towards a common centre, so as to culminate, perhaps, at the same time; — their possible perfectibility being limited by the requirements and advancement of the age in which they are produced, and their existence as living phenomena being limited by the duration of the atmosphere in which they find their nourishment. We shall see, too, how it is possible for a period of art to show in its advancement all the steps by which it has attained excellence, and yet how, the maximum of excellence once attained, its subsequent steps may be merged in one sudden fall, which leaves no mark for the future but its imperishable store of instruction, and perhaps the germs of future developments of art.

The legacy which an art leaves behind it is thus twofold: the instruction which it carries in itself, and which is intrinsic in it, and the germ of future art which is extrinsic from it. The latter is a seed cast off to find nourishment where it may be fostered, while the former is a quality or excellence of the parent trunk. The one may be called the historic and influential side of an art, the other its potential and prophetic side.

Art has prevailed in all nations which have emerged from primitive rudeness and barbarism. In other words, in all nations which have to any extent submitted instinct and inclination to principle and duty. This in nations and eras, as well as in individuals, seems to be the point where the appreciation and the production of art find their natural and instantaneous germination. It is probable that every artist and art student, if sagaciously catechized, would be made to feel that it was in the arrest or control of some eager passion or instinct that the soil was turned up in which the love and appreciation of art seemed to grow, as it were, spontaneously. This period is a crisis and a deliverance in the experience both of men and of nations, and, though so suddenly learned, is never forgotten; for in the one it dates the era of manhood, in the other that of nationality. Both to men and to nations Religion and Science and Art come as trine sisters to minister to and to support them after the first great battle has been fought with evil and with self. When the great renunciation of selfhood and evil has been made, and we lie bleeding and faint from the conflict, the three fair sisters come to us, and thenceforth in our pilgrimage they never wholly leave us. We may not know them all at first, and perhaps only by the teaching of the one chosen one may we come to know the others, in after time; but in that solemn hour of our awakening they are all present.

Even when known, we may not give them welcome, choosing some gayer and less trustworthy friends to our love; but at every welling up of the clear fountain of purity in our breasts, their kind looks and gentle voices wooing us to good are once more seen and heard, till at last, come it sooner or later, we must leave behind us the glitter and noise of the world, and ever after seek them, if haply we may find them.

It is this deep hold, which, in the providential order of the Universe, art has, in concert with religion and science, upon our most inward experience, that gives to it its serious and profound character; and to this must be attributed also the attachment which every nation feels for its period of artistic inception. All greatness is referred back to this period. All anterior to it is represented as fable; in other words, as the infancy and childhood of the nations, before the soul of man had asserted its supremacy, through its possible purity and overcoming of self, over circumstance and matter.

Of course, in treating of art in the general terms we now use, we do not confine the meaning of the term to what are, from their delicate nature, termed the fine arts. All the relations subsisting between men and men, and between men and matter, may be made media for the development of art, as the characteristics of art are spiritual, not material. Thus we might perhaps compare the different branches of the received fine arts to the various methods of garden culture, where the attention of the horticulturist is turned to the perfecting of certain plants, and rightly too; but in a wider sense we may say that every field may become a garden, and every woodland a park, and that the whole world is an enclosure, where each of us has been placed to till his allotted ground. It is in this sense we must say, that, whether as givers or receivers, art enters so largely and so intrinsically into the life and experience of every one.

We have said that art enters into the development of every nation which has made any progress in culture and refinement. It is limited, however, in each by the degree of such culture which exists either as actual or potential development. For all nationality, like all individual character, is restrictive, that is, restrains certain powers and capabilities for the greater and more perfect development of those qualities which are left at liberty. Hence every nationality, as every individual character, is only capable of unlimited expansion in some special direction, and it is the province of Art, as of her sisters, to

restore to nations and to men the elements necessary to their complete development, so that what was cut off by principle or necessity may be restored by love and self-denial.

Now as art is restorative and remedial in its character, giving back to us what we are conscious of the need of in our souls, restoring the glow of the sunset and the sheen of the stars to our weary eyes and hearts, it follows that art cannot minister to needs of which we do not feel the seed and the germ in our own souls, and that, consequently, the development actual or possible to each nation or era is the measure of the development to which art can attain then and there.

But art is always true to itself. Its principles are always the same, under every sky and in all time. The goal towards which it tends always one, though the means various and the distance uncertain. Ever towards the celestial city, the sun of light and heat and power, does the look of art turn. Its votaries may one by one fall on the road before reaching its open gates, but each grave of the faithful follower of art is a guide and a beacon to those that come after him. On whatever road of art we travel, so long as we move faithfully and steadily onward, the three sisters are ever before us, so that we cannot go astray so long as we follow them.

ART. IV.—CONGREGATIONALISM

- 1. Art. Congregationalism in "The New American Cyclopsedia."
- 2. Evidence, &c., &c. in the "Dublin Case." Concord. 1859.

THE highest court of New Hampshire has just made a very interesting decision, of which the gist is found in the true definition of the term which stands in the front of this article. But to make it understood, some few words of historic detail are unavoidable. Almost forty years since, the Rev. (now Dr.) L. W. Leonard took the pastoral charge of the only church and society in Dublin, under the shadow of the Monad-

nock, then a place of far humbler pretensions than now. His settlement was an era in the cause of common-school education, to which he gave himself with a special zeal. It was shown by the preparation of several popular treatises or textbooks in its aid; by a steady and vigilant personal supervision of the teachers and the taught in the districts of his cure; by creating, in fact, (since in that day the name was hardly known,) a Sabbath-school library, whose spreading fame made it the prototype of institutions of the sort, and the number of whose volumes distanced everything of the kind near or far. The much more than average intelligence of Dublin was conceded on all sides, and became a sort of proverb.

mi / Dr. Leonard was the successor of a gentleman who was unmarried, not dependent on his salary alone, while his wants, naturally enough, were very circumscribed. The end of his ministry found him, therefore, in easy, one might almost say, for a retired country pastor, affluent circumstances; his property then rating at five to six thousand dollars. His affections were wrapt up in those for whom he labored; there were none, by legal title, or the sentiment of society, to divert his bounty elsewhere; and the Congregational Society became. almost as a thing of course, his only legatee.

For very many years Dr. Leonard built up in the faith and order of the Gospel an undivided township. But in our age, and especially in this land, who expects such a condition to be enduring? The wonder now is at the rare examples, of which that spoken of was one, of its lengthened date. Discontent based on doctrinal grounds made entrance at last; though it is past all doubt that their unity would have held unbroken much longer, if their convictions and sense of duty had been left in their own keeping. But those faithful overseers of a man's flock, his brethren around, are seldom wanting to their supposed duty in the case; and here, as elsewhere, those who had been taught they were aggrieved, were allowed no rest till they found it in secession and a new altar. But their numbers were few; their fortunes certainly at no time bright; and the pulpit changed its incumbent with a most discouraging frequency. All at once a happy remedy to meet the exigency, and revive the dying-out light in this candlestick of true

gold, was started by somebody, --- by whom we know not, but where that credit rests, should by all means be traced out. The bequest of which we have spoken had been made to "the Congregational Society of the place"; and now the quite original idea was, to dispute the title of the mother society to be styled "Congregational" at all. Who could have encouraged these hopes, that were (or rather, should have been) competent to advise, remains in the dark; but the hopes themselves waxed stronger, till they issued in the final appeal - to the law. The trial came on last winter, and before a full bench: the hearing filled many days; and seriously, the plea most strenuously insisted upon for the transfer of the property to the new claimants was, that the keepers of it did not accept the Assembly's Catechism! Certain points technically legal, and which waited for a law term to be fully considered, deferred the final decision almost to the month of July, now just passed. It was the unanimous judgment of the court, that the plaintiffs had wholly failed to establish their position; and, we ought to add, that four of the five judges were kindred in theological relations with those whom they thus dismissed. The Chief Justice incidentally spoke of himself as a member of the old (Orthodox) Church at Concord (Dr. Bouton's).

The documents comprising this case are just published, and their extent causes one to break out in wonder over the subtilties of a science, by which a proposition, to common view so simple, can become so complicated. The opinion of the presiding judge took up three hours in the delivery. The testimony of the Rev. Dr. Lamson of Dedham, whose ministerial experience, on its very threshold, was such as to be fruitful of questions pertinent to the point in hand, kept him on the stand the larger part of a week, inflicting on the outer man what, in homely dialect, is often called a *siege*. We regret that in the limits of this article we cannot notice the pamphlet in any detail, or admit of quotation from it.

Our remarks began with calling this decision "interesting." But if this be understood as tantamount to important, many will doubtless be prompted to ask, Wherefore? They see nothing intricate in the whole matter, and are puzzled to know

what it is that has been disputed. It may seem calculated to provoke a smile, that we announce so gravely, and so exultingly too, that the great arbiters of life and property in New Hampshire have settled forever - what? That the term Congregational has relation to nothing but the order and polity of the churches. Every smart child, in a well-instructed Sabbath school, would justly think itself equal, not in precise phrase perhaps, but in substance, to defining it as well. vet the fitness of sending this forth with something of that flourish of trumpets, which has become, with certain publishers, (as the land knows,) a stereotyped fashion, whose seal is found on every new issue, has its apology in the fact that this truth is in such fair way of being wholly disguised, mystified, overlaid with things foreign, as any well can be; and soon one may feel little surprise in hearing it flatly contradicted. There may be those to whom this is a new discovery, now learned from our pages; but they must have been strangely unobservant of the way, both in action and writing, not only of a part of the religious world among us, but almost equally of the secular press, whom the spirit of imitation has leavened with the like characteristics. The spirit of imitation, say we: for with the last, for the most part, as we cannot but think, it has its source in stupidity and carelessness. With the former. it is quite plain that systematic artifice and stealthy cunning alone will solve it.

Examples to our purpose even embarrass us, in selecting, by their number and variety. They come to us from new books on the counter, new institutions set up, and from almost every week's issue of the journal-sheet. Editors, or their local correspondents, have a paragraph on the affairs of this or that village; "the Congregational Society" perchance is mentioned, obviously enough in the narrow, party sense, and as if there were no other entitled to the name. The uninitiated reader has to see through the deception as he can. Then we have the term Congregational in all sorts of combination,—with the Quarterly, the new review commenced the last January; with the Library, of some years standing, and from the first under the keepership of Mr. Felt; with the Year-Book, the current directory of the party; with "The Union"; with a

hymn-book, and many more, too numerous, in the shop phrase, to particularize. Not one of these has relation to the whole body whom that broad word describes. They are essentially sectarian in every instance. Let no Congregationalist outside that line make advances, in his innocence, to the benefits of the "Library," or think of becoming a member of the "Union." All these multiplied applications of the term seem, as they doubtless are meant, by flooding the common speech, to sink its legitimate sense. Eight or ten years since, a Gazetteer of the United States appeared, under the joint editorship, as we think, of Messrs. Haskell and Smith, - both of them, it is believed, divines, and the first certainly President for a time of the University of Vermont at Burlington. It is permeated by the peculiarity in question. Of the ten thousand articles on individual townships, the shape of the statistics of one will serve as a sample for the whole: "Religious Societies, - Congregational, 1, Unitarian, 1," &c. The winter before the last, the preacher at the Pitts Street Chapel (under the auspices of the Unitarian ministry at large), invited a half-dozen divines of this city, representing as many leading denominations, to preach, on consecutive Sunday evenings, upon a given text of vital and pregnant import. A well-known Orthodox firm, directly after they were finished, announced their publication collected into a volume. The fashion of the titles respectively, it is amusing to read. Subject and text being given, - By the Rev. N. Adams, Trinitarian Congregation-Turn a few leaves onward, and what do we find? By the Rev. Orville Dewey, Unitarian. The compound term given to Dr. Adams indicates to the reader, at a glance, that there must be some other phase or phases of Congregationalism, pray, Mr. Publisher, what are they? The threefold query presents itself, - Was the ignorance of the bookseller so profound that he really did not know that the same category included both preachers? would he stoop to call this gross blunder an accidental one? or, finally, did he take his cue from the spoken hint or silent example of his theological patrons, that no opportunity was, by any means, to be suffered to let slip, of debauching the language?

The very earliest illustration of the subject-matter of these

strictures that arrested the eye of the present writer of these lines, must not be forgotten. The American Quarterly Register, a respectable journal, devoted to the cause of education. was suspended in 1843, the series having reached fifteen volumes. Among its statistics were tabular lists of the ministers and churches, especially of New England, embracing, either by counties or the entire State, this whole section of country. That of the "Congregational" societies of Maine, united in one notice, is found within the last two volumes of the work. It was prepared by the well-remembered Dr. Gillett of Hallowell, whose rule of classification, as it was quite unique, should be given to the world. Having occasion to look to this authority for some Unitarian minister or church in that State, of past time, and confounded, by so singular an omission, in seeking it in vain, we tried the same experiment with another name, and with no better success. Curiosity thus fairly aroused, we were led to a closer sifting of the article. when lo! it was found that the most ancient churches of the State, holding to the Unitarian faith, such as the First, of Portland, those of Kennebunk, Biddeford, and a few others, which could not well be ignored, had maintained their place. The generality, which were more modern, especially if secessions from existing Orthodox parishes, were very coolly set aside. The denomination was thus rent in twain, to be found here or found elsewhere, as it chanced. What, historically, is the value, to any publication, of such a document?

The article which we have named in the New Cyclopædia is a memento that brings to mind another specimen in kind (the last we mean to give); for which, if anything, less apology is to be found than for any of the preceding. Better things were to have been hoped from a scholarly Cyclopædia. This is not the place to criticise it in the general; our concern now is only with one drawback on its complacency. This author, who is allowed to teach us ex cathedra what Congregationalism is, gives "as its essential peculiarity, that it maintains the independence of each particular congregation of Christians, and their sufficiency to perfect and maintain their own organization, to elect and inaugurate their own officers, and with and through these officers to perform all needful ecclesiastical

acts. Like every other system of church order, it may be connected with any form of doctrine, and any particular mode of worship." He proceeds, however, almost instantly after to say, that "in the common, though more limited and strictly denominational sense in which it will be used in this article, the word Congregational designates a class of churches which hold in general that system which was maintained by Augustine and Calvin, and which has been explained, advocated, and improved by the theologians of New England in successive generations." This is quite enough to bear out our indictment. The flippancy with which he gives notice of the audacity of his intent, provokes as much mirth as anger. He has had enough of our space, and we dismiss the Cyclopædia, with simply asking whether we are to have more of the same The series of volumes and march of the alphabet will soon bring us round to the letter P. Will some worthy confederate of his recent contributor be selected to instruct us that Protestantism, in plain honesty, describes those members of the Germanic body who, in 1539, protested against a specific resolve of the Diet at Spire; but that, for his part, he shall proceed immediately to speak of it as the exact counterpart in meaning to justification by faith, - that articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ?

The real import of Congregationalism is certainly defined by the impartial witness called up in the last paragraph, full strongly for our purpose. How well it would satisfy his brethren in sentiment in New Hampshire, it is for them to say. The documents of the Dublin case show how distressfully earnest the counsel for the plaintiffs were to make out that it was never conceived with us to have the radical meaning of Independent, so wisely preferred in the mother country by those in whose fellowship they gloried. Early authorities to this effect are paraded and lengthened out; and even, one is ashamed to say, some of the present time; for example, Professor Upham of Brunswick. It would be descending, to bandy words in such an argument. All this unwearied painstaking but serves to show how little, with the large body of those who are most intent to usurp control over the appellation which is the nucleus of this debate, the vital essence

of the one thing or the other is to their taste or after their heart; as to which, we reserve a further word to be spoken in the sequel. Gordon, in an early chapter of his History, speaking of the religious order in which the Puritans had been reared, and which they planted here, mingles on his page the two ecclesiastical terms now brought into comparison, as if he dreamed not of any process by which nice distinctions could be run between them. "Mr. Robinson, who, by his conversation and writings, proved a principal in ruining Brownism, was, in the opinion of some, the father, of others, . the restorer, of the Independent or Congregational churches." He proceeds to give as the only reason with the emigrants for dropping the first term, its sounding too bold, and having the air "of too great a separation from sister churches." A strange conclusion and a feeble reason! On this side, the "sister churches" to whom any regard was due, were as yet, and for a long time future, unborn; as to the other side, which at that moment might claim to be most considered, one would really think that the bond would be all the more endearing, by clinging to a common name. How much better were it, if it exclusively prevailed now! It would give us the advantage, so much wanted, of a word not of stronger, but of much more intelligible import.

The motive for these endeavors, after a monopoly of a denominational name, thus steadily kept in view through long years, and which must be deemed a thing of concert through almost the whole line of a party, is altogether hid from us. Where the dear rights of property are concerned indeed, an explanation is found for almost anything. And yet even in the Dublin question, (coming within that category,) it is a very partial explanation. The plaintiffs had had no funds wrested from them by the strong arm. The case widely differs, as any one must see, from those of a minority in church, being conjoined with a majority of the parish, constituting, in the successive judgments of the courts, that body the first church, and which was the essence of the Dedham, Princeton, and Groton suits in Massachusetts. These last may naturally enough be counted a hard, and, in more than one sense, a trying case. But the claimants in the matter in hand lost nothing which

they did not lose by their own act and consent; and now strive to recover, not only their own share of a common good, but the whole. This only will content them. We repeat, then, one cannot but wonder that the zeal of these voluntary New Hampshire confessors was so impetuous, or their simplicity so extreme, as to allow them to have been committed beyond retreat to a lawsuit. That it was a very small society, would seem less a reason for precipitancy than the contrary. We profess to know nothing; but cannot but suspect that those whose friendly offices were at first astir to make this little flock feel it their solemn duty to secede and build, have added to this obligation by inciting to another step, which has plunged their clients still more deeply in debt. The Orthodoxy more nearly round about us, however actively bent in . the same direction, is more cunning; conscious that the process of "continual dropping" on paper or on the stone is the safest way, though it makes a slow approach enough to its object. This has been probably the first lawsuit to deprive Unitarian believers of the Congregational name; the second will not probably come in our time.

But the cui bono aspect of these systematic efforts to amend the Dictionary - what advantage is to come of it? - is not the only mystery adhering to the subject which it is difficult to see through. How near is the age that will witness any result compassed worth all this machinery? Congregationalism is found, to be sure, in ways past numbering, in false senses; but it is equally sure, that it is found in the true one in many others that will not die out just yet. We have the Massachusetts Congregational Charitable Society, of ancient date, and which will probably last as many years more in the future. - almost Unitarian to a man. Even the modest compiler of the Boston Directory affixes, year by year, his T. C. and U. C. to his list of Boston ministers; and, while that needful authority is demanded through all time, will not be bribed to swerve from his present fashion. Every year's return of the anniversary week in May brings together the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers. Its component parts, to be sure, drag rather reluctant steps to that meeting; and the great body is scantily enough represented. There is

less, doubtless, of fervent embracing at this regathering after a year's absence, than in any other assembly of the week; but nothing would ever persuade its two wings to part company. The attendance is just enough to serve as sentinels for observing that "all's well," or to notify the absent, if the rumor should be spread of any intended mine to be sprung from the opposite quarter. Of the two standing officers of this body, the more responsible - he, in a word, who holds the strongbox - seems by prescription to belong to the Unitarians; with occasional change, however, in the incumbents. Again, from time to time, the admission gracefully comes from the Evangelical ranks itself, that is, from the more liberal-minded, of the title of their opponents to share the denominational name. Dr. Codman, as chairman of an important committee of the Overseers of Harvard at some crisis, a few years ago, in his report uses once and again such phrases as "whether by Unitarian or Trinitarian Congregationalists," &c. The "Annals of the Pulpit," that work of extended interest through the whole profession, now in course of publication, from the hands of a truly Christian gentleman not less than scholar. has its first two volumes devoted to "Trinitarian Congregationalists." It is just as certain as if it had already seen the light, that the volume now forthcoming will, in whole or in part, be occupied with "Unitarian Congregationalists."

But in fine, this tenacity about a denominational name,—why should it be accepted as tantamount to possessing the thing? Comparisons, they say, are odious. It would be an irritating question,—and the endeavor at answering it, more so still,—with whom, as to two antagonistic sects, the power of religion was most apparent, or where the moral elevation of society the highest. But this delicacy is uncalled for in relation to the subject in hand. The Unitarian body, whose general indifferency at the encroachment that has drawn forth this protest, falls not short of supineness, in the exercise of congregational liberty have run riot. The phrase "bond of union," applied to them, is but a flourish. More than thirteen years ago, one of the guiding minds of that faith, in the exordium of an ordination discourse at the south end of our city, asks, "Are we a denomination?" The query made the theme

of preaching, and the tone of its asking foreshadowed the answer. From that time, the hint that it threw out has been acted upon more and more with each succeeding year. But what do we see on the other side? From the date of our national union, in the sister State of Connecticut, a nominal Congregationalism, all of one hue, almost possessed the land, for a full generation; a few Episcopal societies making the only exception. But it was still in leading-strings; whatever left the fold, and however few the steps, was looked after with a mother's concern for the infant that can just essay to ram-A presbytery in everything but name lorded it with iron hand; this county and that county had its consociated churches; and the machinery was complete through all their borders.\* The majority of the congregations in timidity and terror recognized this unasked jurisdiction over them; but there was never the least modesty as to assuming it over any who had been careful to retain their freedom, if a complainant could only be found to lay before them a grievance. increasing tokens of an insurrectionary public sentiment, after a long trial, reduced the power of this body to little more than a dead letter; and almost its last expiring act, as the elder patriarch of the Boston Association, now in retirement, tells us, was the attempt (in 1811) to unseat the excellent and venerated divine of Coventry, who but a half-year ago, in this vicinity, passed to his reward, having reached almost the centenarian's limit.

What has there been to show in the history, through much of the last half-century, of this Commonwealth, that they who have been pillars in the Evangelical Church (so called) are any more cordial to "the order of the churches" (Mather's

<sup>\*</sup> As these thoughts are taking their impress upon paper, the last (New York) Independent comes to hand, with the item of religious intelligence, so apt for our purpose, here subjoined. From the style which that journal uses, it agrees with our conclusion, plainly enough, how abused and unmeaning is the title which the prevailing denomination of Connecticut, for generations past, has not scrupled to assume to itself. "On Monday last, the Congregational Church of Northfield (southeast part of Litchfield township) withdrew their connection from the Litchfield South Consociation. They are now strict Congregationalists by the passage of the following resolutions," &c. These — which it is needless formally to quote — announce, that, "from the date of the Resolves, our connection with said Consociation is dissolved."

phrase) here, which became theirs by chance, and not by There may now be few, possibly, who can recall that choice? the public pulse was felt in our own State, as late as 1816, as to the trying an innovation after a like model. But the movement, which has left some memorials on our shelves, was made within the "General Association of Massachusetts," the Rev. Dr. Lyman of Hatfield, for years the highest Evangelical authority, perhaps, in its western section, being the then Moderator of that body. A committee, instructed to inquire into the history of a long-lost MS. of Cotton Mather, very well suited to the exigency in view, though written more than a century earlier, and to take into consideration the revival of its practical admonitions, led the way. But the report of the committee was the solitary fruit of this large preparation and proportioned rumor; for a damper was cast upon its ultimate aims by the alertness with which the friends of Christian liberty and conservatism at once met these embryo movements. Conspicuous among these tokens was a layman's (soon known to be the ever-vigilant John Lowell) "Inquiry into the Right and Authority to change the Ecclesiastical Constitution of the Congregational Churches" of the State. The present writer has well known, at different periods, the Andover school of the prophets. He has been familiar on its high places with successive classes, and with some of the most promising minds of its alumni. Well does he remember, at the interval of many years, allusions from their lips, once and again, to the sarcasms which were always ready on the lips of Dr. Woods at the congregational system, as without life or energy. The pilgrim fathers of New England were, for the most part, nursed at the breast of Independency; but if, instead of being the disciples of Owen and Howe, they had brought with them the lessons and polity of the Presbyterian Baxter, is it not certain beyond all doubt, that it would have been quite as welcome, to say no more, to that larger half of their successors in our day who rejoice in these names? How much trouble it would in that case have spared! in one State, the awkward and abortive attempt to better the system they found ready to their hand; and in the other, the temptation to slur, with every good chance, at its impotence for discipline.

The Poet Percival.

ART. V.—THE POET PERCIVAL.

The Poetical Works of James Gates Percival, with a Biographical Sketch. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

"THE poet's laurel grows upon his tomb."

This is eminently true of Percival. Since his death, there has been repeated demand for a new edition of his works. These volumes are the only ones which ever presented Percival in a form worthy of his merits. But various prose articles are missing, especially the prefaces of his earlier volumes, which, as they shed light upon his works, ought not to have been excluded. His theoretical essays on poetry are mostly retained, and will take rank with those of Wordsworth and Coleridge on the same subject. The Biographical Sketch gives much insight into his eccentric life, and enables the reader to form some definite idea of the man. Percival will now receive that measure of justice which was denied to him while living. We are almost indignant at the ignorance and stupidity of his early critics. While one denounced him as a moonstruck enthusiast, and another berated him for writing sceptical verses, and another found fault with his poetical theory, the majority passed him by in contempt. The North American Review alone set forth his claims, and watched his course with sympathetic care. The neglect into which he fell was doubtless owing partly to the fact, that he had no eminent publisher to look out for his interests; partly to the kindred fact, that the class was so limited of those who truly appreciated his poetry. Fifty years ago, our literature was mainly confined to theology and eloquence, political papers and practical essays, and our reading limited to the witty and heartless writers of Queen Anne's reign. But the Monthly Anthology, begun in 1803, had already in its service a body of young writers who have since gained high honors in literature; and when the North American Review took its place, in 1815, the country gave promise of general literary activity. It is worth our while to note this awakening of a new life in letters. Nearly all the men who made their mark at this time were born between 1790 and 1800, and first came before the public in the interval of 1812-21. Salmagundi, Irving's Knickerbocker, and Brown's novels had already been published. In 1812, Hillhouse produced "The Judgment"; and Allston, Irving, and Bryant soon followed, with volumes which have since become classic. In 1817, Professor Ticknor gave an impulse to letters, by his lectures on modern literature. Cooper was then about to initiate a new school of fiction; Dana was nursing that heartreading thought, which presently streamed out rich and full in "The Idle Man"; Channing, with his fine taste, was just entering upon his famous controversy; Drake was filling his fancy with those airy nothings, which afterward grew into form in "The Culprit Fay"; Maria Brooks was slowly training her imagination for the impassioned scenes of "Zophiel"; Everett had begun his work at Cambridge and in the North American: and Webster had just begun to grace statesmanship with the fruits of manly culture.

In 1821, Percival came into company with these men, by publishing a small, dingy-looking volume, containing the first part of his "Prometheus"; "Zamor," a tragedy which he rejected from his later volumes; and a large number of other poems, more varied in character and versification than had yet come from the pen of any native poet. Although it met with a kind reception, yet works of a purely literary character, like "The Sketch-Book," and "The Idle Man," were not enough in demand to make their publication remunerative: those of cultivated tastes were few in number, often widely separated from each other, and too much occupied with professional life to give more than a glance at the literature of the day, while many who were thus devoting themselves to literature had struck upon veins of thought quite new to that generation. Here we date the rise of whatever is original and peculiar in American letters. The reproach so often cast upon us by European critics, that we are wanting in originality and grasp of thought, seems like random talk when we carefully study the literature of this period. In the writings of Dana, the novels of Brown and Cooper, the essays of Irving, and the poetry of Drake, Bryant, and Percival, we find a certain freshness of thought and individual sentiment, which, however much resembling English writers of the same age, are as different in

their essence, as new habits of national life, and a return to nature and individual experience and thought, could make them. Percival's little volume, made up from poems he had printed in 1820, in "The Microscope," a periodical published in New Haven, and from the earlier contents of his portfolio, shared the fate of "The Idle Man," and brought no pecuniary return to the poet. But this did not yet damp the energy of his genius. In 1822, while at Charleston, S. C., he published the first number of "Clio"; in the preface of which he speaks of being "indebted to Irving for the plan of combining elegant essays and pleasing narrations, which do not issue from the overdrawn fountains of monthly and quarterly literature, but roll on in vigorous fulness, when the burdened spirit lets loose its overflowings"; and again, touching upon "Clio," he says, "It remains to be learned, how the public will tolerate a periodical poet, who, like the wandering minstrel of old, will take them in his round at certain seasons, and demand for his airv. unsubstantial offerings a quantum sufficit of more tangible existences." He declares it his object, "not to give satires on the living manners as they rise, but to delineate, as well as may be, the beau ideal." He then speaks of the nature and uses of poetry, - a topic upon which he writes at length in the second number of "Clio," published in the same year at New Haven. These volumes had no sale corresponding to their merits; and the poet grew weary of writing for a public who did not give him that hearty recognition which he thought his works worthy The last number of "Clio" was published at New York, in 1827. He also delivered a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Yale College, in 1822, on "Some of the Moral and Political Truths derivable from the Study of History"; and a Phi Beta Kappa poem, entitled "Mind," at the same place, in 1825. His last volume, "The Dream of a Day, and other Poems," appeared at New Haven, in 1843; and with it, so far as the public were concerned, closed his literary life: There is yet unpublished a large number of translations, including the Prometheus of Æschylus, which are perhaps quite as good evidence of his genius as any of his original poems. His geological reports, though valuable in themselves, are unreadable, save by the men of physical science.

The events of his life are few and without special interest. He was born in Berlin, Conn., September 15, 1795. ther was the physician of the place; and until he entered Yale College, in 1810, his time was chiefly spent in his native village. Soon after his graduation, he studied medicine with Dr. Eli Ives, of New Haven. He then engaged in his profession, both in his native town and in Charleston, S. C., but soon exchanged it for literary studies. Early in 1824, he received, through the aid of Mr. Calhoun, the appointment of Professor of Chemistry at West Point; but resigned in July of the same year, because its duties left him no time to devote to his chosen pursuits. He then went to Boston, and became surgeon of the recruiting service at that place. About 1827, he came back to New Haven, and henceforth made it his home. In the same year, he was engaged on Webster's Dictionary. then nearly ready for publication. In 1835, Governor Edwards appointed him to make a geological survey of Connecticut. He made his report in 1842. For several years, he was busy with various surveys of no great importance, save one among the coal mines of Nova Scotia. In 1853, he accepted a request to survey the lead-mining regions of Wisconsin, and in the following year was appointed geologist of that State. He was busily engaged in his explorations till within a short time of his death, which took place at Hazel Green, Wisconsin, May 2, 1856.

So far we have seen Percival only as he was known to the world at large; the outward events of his literary and public life hardly distinguish him from the mass; any one, gifted with sensibility and tact in the use of words, may write poetry, though not of the highest order; it does not need great breadth of mind to become a successful geologist, success depending rather upon industry and method than genuine insight; but not a tithe part is known of Percival, when we have given the bare record of his outer life. If we may succeed in giving a picture of him as he lived, thought, and acted in his retirement; if we can win the secrets of his inner life, which few were ever conscious of; if, in short, we can understand his genius and sympathize heartily with his peculiar struggles, — we shall show that Percival was not an unfeeling

anchorite, but one of those elect spirits who seldom appear in this or any age. "Genius is ever a secret unto itself," but it stamps the man so that he cannot be mistaken. is only another name for intellectual power united with moral sensibility. Its presence is shown, not only by a full development of unusual faults and excellences of character, but by a certain fiery, self-consuming nature, by an intuitive power of tracing out the subtile threads of destiny which are woven into life, by an imagination whose creations spring from sympathy with the very soul of character or nature, and by a mysterious vitality, which, while felt as an awakening and quickening influence among men, seems to have its home in the regions of beauty, goodness, and truth. An open heart and childlike love alone bring us into close sympathy with men of genius. Though they seem so independent and self-contained, when they meet with such natures, they unbosom at once all the troubles and joys which disturb their quiet. They seldom have favor with the multitude, though their works become its most precious heirlooms. As we generally judge success, their lives seem very often a failure; but even if they do not leave works such as we look for from a master spirit, the consciousness that such men have lived and come in actual contact with us, and made their influence felt, is a never-ending source of courage and aspiration. But their influence widens with advancing years; we come to feel that

"The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence! They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it."

It is perfectly true that Percival was not appreciated when he published his first poems, perhaps is not generally appreciated now. But the reasons are obvious. The country was not ripe enough to prize such mental gifts as his;—nor was he one who could desecrate his genius by indulging the whims and passions of the crowd. He loved truth better than men, and his knowledge of human nature came to him rather through imagination than experience. From such causes it happened of course that his life was a struggle, and, compared

with his real power, seems like a failure. For while he had such memory, such quick perception, such intellectual grasp as few men have, he had also all the tremulous sensitiveness of another Keats. He had the humility of a peasant and the modesty of woman united with an ambition which, while it was wholly unselfish, would allow nothing to stop its progress. He had such penetration that he mastered every subject which he once took up, - such activity of thought and sight that nothing escaped him; and yet he had so little of executive ability, that he has made public but little from that treasure of vast acquisitions and wide-ranging thought which his friends knew he had in store. A wild impetuosity was strangely mingled in him with extreme delicacy of feeling; and a mystic spirituality dwelt in a mind which did not tire of the minute details of science. Although he had all his faculties in command, it is easy to see that a man whose life was made up of such delicate contrasts was not well fitted to meet the trials of life. If such a man devote himself to literature, without a fortune, he is sure to suffer. The struggles of Johnson, Hood, and Jerrold were not more torturing to the spirit than Percival's in his earlier years. He was modest in his wants, and never married; yet when we read that his entire income for 1830 and 1831 was only sixty-five dollars a year, and are told that he was often whole days without food, and consider that he was rich in treasures which men of the largest culture might covet, and which would doubtless have been rightly valued in Europe, we confess that the heart grows sick.

Percival came before the world as an author,—a poet,—at the age of twenty-five. His early volumes were very popular, and his poetry much quoted in the prints of the day; but his books did not earn him a living, and he soon grew disgusted with the coining of his choicest thoughts and memories into what would buy his daily bread. His property, small at the start, had been invested in a valuable library; and now came a struggle in which he had no weapons to fight with. In a letter to a friend, written May 28, 1823, he says: "It is altogether impossible for me to gain anything for my poems; I have, unwisely and against your advice, though in this I have followed the advice of grave and rever-

end seniors, relied somewhat on my literary efforts. The consequence is, I have emptied my pockets, and can get nothing in return; so that I have been driven to put my name to a newspaper even for my daily bread." In another letter, written about this time, he says: "I do not write now to complain or upbraid. The world may value me as they choose, and I will value myself as I choose. I never will take anything without rendering an equivalent, neither will I give anything without an equal return. Consequently, unless I am paid well, I shall publish nothing more. In that I am resolved. Whatever I may write shall never see the light, until I receive that without which the highest talents only make one a higher sort of beggar. But I have written enough on this. I know what is before me. I must be wretchedly poor, or abandon literature. I must have a profession of the common sort, and perhaps I may not wholly fail." In still another letter, dated the same year, he says: "I sometimes feel bitter towards a public that leaves authors of real merit unrewarded. If I deserve all the North American says of me, I deserve something. But I forget that the public will not buy what does not please it, and will not be pleased with what is not of its own order. 'Like loves like,' all the world over, in England as well as here; and if I cannot come down to the public, I must sit above them, cold and hungry. . . . . . I have said enough of my circumstances. They are low and sad enough, and have made my spirits low. I could tell a tale of embarrassments, joined to a bad constitution, injured health, and a neglected orphanage, which would do much to excuse the wrong that is in me."\* We find him again, in 1832, writing to Professor Ticknor, to obtain employment. After stating his situation, he says: "Under such circumstances, I feel myself compelled to plead for employment, and with a compensation suited for me, and as is fit for a literary man who deserves encouragement; I have no wish for anything more. Only give me light and room, and I am sure I can exert myself still with as much effort and diligence as any, and, I doubt not, with sufficient effect." † During these years his chief sup-

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. p. xlvii.

port came from several books which he edited, but it was only a pittance at the best. In 1836, he began his survey of Connecticut, and from the money paid him for that purpose was able to live more easily. About 1843, we again find him so poor, that, unable to pay for his board, he was driven to live by himself. His poverty thus forced him into retirement; and so completely did he withdraw himself from the world. that, although he was frequently employed in scientific matters, and was always courteous to those who came to see him on business, many, even in New Haven, thought he was no longer among the living. His dress showed, plainly enough, his wretched condition. Garments patched by himself, his old camlet cloak, and the leather cap, by which alone so many knew him, were in strange keeping with the earnest, spiritual nature which shone out in his pale features and quick-glancing eye. His condition roused the sympathy of literary men, and the late Rufus W. Griswold, as their spokesman, offered to Percival, through the kindness of a mutual friend, a very liberal sum for all the poetry he chose to write; but the offer Publishers, too, frequently entreated him to was refused. write for magazines and annuals, and would pay him highly to just allow his name to be printed on a title-page; but he took no notice of them, even when in absolute want. We may perhaps find an explanation of his conduct, partly in his estimate of a public who had indeed praised him in his youth, but gave him a stone when he demanded bread, and partly in his idea of the poetic calling. In a letter to Professor Ticknor, after giving his Credo, he writes: "With such feelings I can no longer look to poetry as a source of emolument; I cannot consent to use it for such a purpose; I can only regard it as the vestal fire in the Adytum; I must meet the .world with weapons of more earthly temper." \* While at the West, his condition grew much easier, and after his death, his property was found more than enough to repay his indebtedness to friends. When his extreme sensitiveness, intellectual pride, and strong love of literary pursuits are compared with the poverty which beset him; it seems to us that

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. p. xlvi.

no man of eminent ability, in our time, has yet been called to go through severer trials.

We find in the incidents of his boyhood the shadowy outline of the future man. His father was a man of resolute and energetic character; his mother, one of those who have exceeding tenderness of feeling in union with rare mental development. While Percival inherited his father's strength of character, he was endowed with an organization sensitive to the gentlest touch, and a reach, grasp, and activity of mind which early marked him, among his schoolmates, as one who had their feelings but not their thoughts. He loved to be by himself; and the little stream by his home was one of his frequent resorts in his solitary boyhood. He built paper navies to sail upon it, made fortresses of its pebbles, marshalled armies upon its banks, and became so absorbed in realizing, through imaginative sympathy, the history and fiction which he read in his father's library, that he often quite lost his consciousness of time or place. His poetry is the best revelation of such imaginings, and shows, even at this time, the self-educating process of his mind. He had, too, a passion for collecting, arranging, and giving names to old bones, bits of rock, and flowers. At school his progress was marked, and he soon compassed all which its limits permitted. Among his companions he was cheerful, and whenever meeting them on his return from solitary walks across the fields, had a genial smile and kind word. Later, when preparing for college at Wolcott, Conn., he never joined in holiday rambles with his fellows; but if they happened to stray among the wild and solitary regions near by, they would find Percival communing with himself, at the foot of a cliff, or upon the banks of a secluded stream. The impressions made upon his imagination in these rambles were so vivid and distinct, that, years after, he wrote them out as if from inspiration, thus imparting to his descriptive poetry a peculiar freshness and originality. As soon as he knew how to read, his father's library had a charm for him beyond everything else. His parents found, on telling him to begin the study of geography, that he had already made his way in it much further than it was studied at schools in those days. He early betrayed a shy, shrinking habit, never resenting, but

rather retiring from insult or injury. He showed, too, a purity of thought and firmness of purpose unusual for youth, and could never bear to see any creature suffer. The simplicity of manners and rural beauty of his native town had much to do with the shaping of his intellect and character. That meeting with temptation, which makes the ordeal of less ethereal natures, he never experienced. He had a general distrust of human nature, which doubtless ripened as he knew more of it, and when, in later years, he came to know human life as it is, and saw the possible goodness and actual depravity of the race. it almost drove him mad. There are two characters in modern literary history whose boyhood was like his, Novalis and Shel-They had the same sensitiveness, the same childlike simplicity, the same innocence and depth of thought, the same natural insight, the same spiritual feeling and aspiration. longing to the same age, each felt the throbbing of a more religious spirit than was then prevalent; each lived amid and knew more of the mysteries which are aback of reality, than of reality itself; and though their course in life was widely different, each had a secret affinity for the other.

We have already seen, that to "dwell in the still air of delightful studies," to meditate, not to act, was the part assigned to Percival in life. His poetic genius early showed itself. At the age of fourteen, he wrote a poem of considerable length, a burlesque on the times, in which the "Embargo" -a topic which Bryant made the subject of one of his earliest poems was not forgotten. He also projected an epic, and under the inspiration (perhaps) of Thomson's Seasons, in his sixteenth year wrote the greater part of a poem which he entitled "Seasons of New England," and which, though bearing the marks of youth, is no unworthy prelude to his later works. In the same year he entered Yale College, poorly prepared in Latin, yet so largely stocked with knowledge and so rich in meditative energy, that his mind had already mapped out its future course. The following picture, from the pen of his room-mate\* at Yale, is not without interest. "His manner of life while with us was something like what I am about to relate. On leaving the

<sup>\*</sup> Rev. N. S. Wheaton, D. D.

breakfast-hall, he would go out on a long, solitary walk, in the suburbs, returning about an hour before the eleven-o'clock recitation, when he would steal silently into the chamber, unlock his desk, and write a few minutes, making a record, as we supposed, of the poetic inspirations which had visited him in his ' rambles. Having done this, he would return his paper to the desk, lock it, and take up the text-book of the subject of the next recitation. This he would look at for half an hour, silent and motionless, when he was fully prepared, whatever the subject might be. After tea, the solitary walk would be repeated, and sometimes prolonged till late in the evening. During all the time we were room-mates, he rarely took part in conversation, his mind seeming to be always preoccupied, and dwelling apart in a world of its own; yet he was uniformly amiable, and sometimes even cheerful; and would occasionally, when encouraged, read to us a few lines of what he had written. But it would be difficult, I think, to prove that, during his whole collegiate course, he ever unbosomed himself, even in the slightest degree, to any one of his companions. The inner history of his mind, at this period, will never be written."

He himself once said that he gained the respect of the Freshman class, by writing satirical verses against some of his classmates who had begun to persecute him.\* In his Freshman year he had already by him a manuscript volume of poetry, which he first offered to Noah Webster, wishing him to sanction its publication; but Dr. Webster advised him to wait, and be in no hurry to publish it. He then handed it to General Howe, the leading bookseller in New Haven, but was met with such a cool estimate of his poetic ability, (his volume being unexamined,) that he silently withdrew. In allusion to this, his classmate, from whom we have just quoted, remarks: "This brought upon him the raillery of the college boys, - which deeply wounded his sensitive nature; and to a question from one of us as to the truth of the report, and some remark perhaps not complimentary to his discretion, he burst into a passionate flood of tears, and sobbed out, 'I don't care, I will be a poet.' After that, we were careful how we touched the ten-

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. p. xviii.

der spot. His mortification was extreme, as much probably at the publicity of this youthful escapade as his failure to appear as an author. During the short remainder of the term, he seemed to shun, more than ever, all intercourse with the students, and at its close withdrew from college." He pleaded sickness as the cause, and resolved to give up his education and become a farmer; but the love of study conquered his disappointment, and he returned to college the following year, entering the next class. Ever after he was known in college by the nickname of "Poet." The first draft of "Prometheus" was read before the society of the Brothers in Unity, of which he was a member, in his Sophomore year, and caused much excitement in college at the time.\* He also frequently sent in poetry anonymously, to be read at the society meetings, and generally gave his leisure hours to poetic composition. In his studies he was regular and faithful, but, from his modest manner, not appreciated; for recreation he often busied himself with the higher mathematics; he also made good the vacancies in his reading which his father's library could not supply; and though he devoted himself with zeal to the natural sciences, the languages had by far the best share of attention. His compositions were always listened to with interest, but he read them in so low a tone, as often to call out the remark from Dr. Dwight, "Read up louder, Percival; you have got nothing to be ashamed of." While he was delivering his oration at Commencement, Dr. Dwight said to a friend, that Percival was the most remarkable scholar he had known for many years, and gave him as his parting advice, that he must follow an active profession, or he would be a ruined man. The poet Brainerd and the Rev. Dr. Sprague of Albany were his classmates, the latter of whom says, "Everybody looked upon him as a good-natured, sensitive, thoughtful, odd, gifted fellow.". He had a perception almost intuitive, united with a never-failing memory. This not only gave him superiority as a student, but enabled him to keep in store everything which he learned. Nor did this trait suppress the action of original thought. deed, the leading fact which a classmate recollects of him is

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. p. xix.

his originality and independence of mind; and his vast stores, far from becoming disordered, were as trusty and exact as a dictionary.

After his separation from college, he looked out upon active life rather as one who must press into service to earn a living, than as a man who had a real zest for action. He first turned his attention to medicine, but devotion to literature and love of abstract science were even then struggling to win the energies of his life. Led on by a master passion, - the love of study for its own sake, - he engaged in study on a much broader scale than he had done before, and throughout life, amid trials which he could hardly withstand, his self-forgetting devotion to mental pursuits never lagged. Though his mind had such largeness and elasticity that he could take up many studies at the same time, he generally threw his whole soul into the subject at hand, until he had grasped its essence, and then seldom touched it again. In this way he soon compassed wide tracts of knowledge; and as memory never failed him, his resources in such walks at length became almost marvellous. While Webster's Dictionary was passing through the press, if there were difficult points which no one else of the New Haven literati could throw light upon, Percival was the oracle resorted to, and his response taken as final. So he often had letters and visits, not only from all parts of the country, but even from Europe, with regard to knotty questions either in learning or science. He had both the industry and generosity of the scholar. No one came to him with questions of an answerable nature, and went away unsatisfied. One who had frequent occasion to make use of his kindness, and had as often tried to repay him, once managed, as he left him, to slip several dollars into his hand. But a few days after, passing by a bookstore which the poet used to frequent, he was called in, and received back the amount which he had given him.

Percival had no mean notions of the scholar's character; the service of truth, the spread of knowledge, and the best interests of humanity were the objects which he not only proposed to himself, but actually lived for. He regarded the seclusion of his library as sacred; if he had a call, he would step out

of his room and talk as long as his visitor wished; but that place where he lived a life far more intense than most men ever dream of, and gave himself up with energy to the fascinations of his favorite studies, he could not have profaned by "lion-hunters," nor even echo with the voice of friendship. A foppish young man, attended by ladies, once on a visit to the Hospital, where was Percival's room, wished to pay his respects to the poet. He was shown the way to his room, and knocked at the door. Percival quickly thrust his head out to see who had come. The young man, bowing politely, said, "Have I the honor of beholding the distinguished poet, Percival?" but the words were hardly spoken before the door was shut in his face, with an exclamation of contempt. He was ever kind to those who would consult him. but took the empty honors of the world as an insult. from his studies, he kept up an interest on all matters of the day, and few were so generally or accurately read in the literature and events of his time. Whenever there was a chance to extend scientific knowledge by the explanation of new facts, his pen was in hand, and the New Haven newspapers amply testify to its use. But as he grew older he grew more fond of the great and earnest pursuits of the scholar. Many favorite plans, which he had spent nearly a lifetime in maturing, now demanded execution. The love of study, self-kindled in his youth, was now mingled with the desire to spend his strength upon an enduring work; the melancholy which had shaded his earlier years had now lost its gloom; he longed for a few years of unbroken devotion to his studies; he wished to build a small library, where he could pass the evening of his life in peaceful retirement. But he was not free from debt, and when Governor Barstow of Wisconsin offered him the post of State Geologist, he could not refuse. He staved in Wisconsin a year, and then made a visit to New Haven. All the delight which ushers in the old age of the scholar seized him as he again saw his library at the Hospital, though now packed in boxes; it was sad to leave the consolations of study for the drudgery of scientific toil. Percival sought the advice of friends, but none advised him to stay, and he felt almost angry to find so little sympathy with the earnest feelings which now agitated his

inner life. If even one had besought him to remain, he would not have gone back; but he had not yet completed his survey; his pay was good; he was in need of money; they could not advise him otherwise; and he went back, never to return.

To the study of medicine Percival was doubtless inclined by the example of his father. Soon after leaving college he began his studies with Dr. Ward, his father's successor in Berlin. The Doctor had a large medical library, and Percival asked leave to come and "look over his books." It was readily granted, and before the Doctor was up the next morning, his pupil was at the door waiting to begin his studies. During the day, as Dr. Ward passed in and out, he saw Percival apparently only fumbling over the books. He told him that he ought to take up the elementary books first; but Percival gave no heed to his remark. Thus employed for several weeks. he at length inquired about the library of Dr. Ives, in New Haven. Dr. Ward now took him to task for spending his time without serious devotion to his studies. He replied, that he had looked over nearly all the books. The doctor then told him he should begin with Physiology, and took down a volume to show what he meant. Percival said he had looked that over; and, to test his word, the Doctor asked a series of questions, to which he replied almost in the words of the book. The Doctor went through with his library in the same manner, and found that Percival had its contents at his tongue's end. He then studied with Dr. Ives, and took his degree at New At the request of friends he began practice in his native town. But while yet early in the practice, he was consulted in several cases of malignant fever which baffled his A number of patients in the same family died in quick succession. This so affected his spirits that he refused further attendance. He soon found, too, that it was no easy matter to collect his bills. Being in need of money, he went the circuit to procure it. But one wished to pay him in farm produce. another thought his bill ought to be less, another pleaded hard times, still another was not at home; and he returned so disgusted, that he threw his bills in the fire, and never practised again. He then turned his steps to New Haven, from which place a certain scientific lecturer, by the name of VOL. LXVII. - 5TH S. VOL. V. NO. II. 21

Whitton, being about to sail for Charleston, Percival agreed to accompany and assist him in his lectures; but Percival's love of scientific accuracy and Whitton's mercurial temper soon obliged them to part. Percival now took an office in Charleston, intending to practise his profession; but unwilling, with no patients, to endure the restraints of an office, he locked his door, and gave himself to pursuits more congenial to his taste.

In connection with his medical studies botany was a favorite pursuit. One of his earliest poems, yet in manuscript, shows an insight into the secret language of flowers, a communing with their symbolic beauty, which is surprising in one so young. In his Senior year at college he studied botany with Dr. Ives, who still clings in his old age to his early love of the science. Botany was then in its infancy in this country. Colden, near the close of the last century, was among the first to introduce the Linnean system, and Muhlenberg, Barton, Elliott, and Ives were active disciples, gleaning what they could from books and nature. Pursh's "Plants of North America" had then just come out in London, and Dr. Ives engaged Percival to translate it for publication from the Latin; but after nearly completing the first volume, with a fortnight's constant labor, and when Dr. Ives had gained a large list of subscribers, he grew sick of his work and left it unfinished. was, however, much pleased with the proposal that he should become curator of the botanical garden which Dr. Ives was just then starting at New Haven, and only a severe illness turned him from it. He afterwards delivered a course of lectures on botany, at Charleston, and always kept up his interest in the science, as both his poetry and love of solitary rambles sufficiently attest. It was a great delight to him, of a summer day, to take a long walk in company with a few intimate friends, and we have been told that he became almost another man amid the wild beauty of our scenery; but unless with those who had a kindred nature, he quenched his enthusiasm, and talked only as a man of science.

He made an epitome of Wilson's Ornithology while in college, and always had a quick eye to detect the habits and species of the lower orders of creation. He also made exten-

sive notes in geography, and by his translation of Malte-Brun has left an enduring monument to his knowledge and accuracy. He had made such wide incursions in the natural sciences, that, in 1827, no man was found better fitted to correct the scientific part of Webster's Dictionary, and even while a student had begun his researches in geology; yet before he begun his survey of Connecticut, he had kept the circle of science unbroken by a particular study of any one branch. Percival had no little pride in his geological discoveries, and his graduating oration on "The Comparative Value of a Scientific and Military Reputation," somewhat blindly prefigures his own destined path. He was a thorough and profound man of science; but, like so many leading minds, he saw farther than he could reach.

We have already alluded to his reports on matters of physi-The last of them, on the Geology of Wisconsin, is only an abstract of a much more extensive work still in manuscript; but, in this abridged form, it describes with precision the exact relative position, and every nicety of distinction, of the rocks of the State. No such accuracy has been attempted in any of the other State reports. It is curious to observe the utter absence of any theories in this report. Percival said that he purposely avoided them, regarding it as his duty to present facts alone to the people; but that he had theories, and that his exhaustive collection of facts, especially in regard to the Trap, was made in order to verify theories which he did not divulge, he never denied. Many theories peculiar to himself have not stood the test of more recent scientific observation. The detection of the curvilinear (crescent form) arrangement of Trap, which he gives in detail in his report, is due to him alone. a letter to Sir Charles Lyell, who came to see him when in the United States, dated October 23, 1843, he says, in allusion to efforts to rob him of this discovery: "This system of arrangement was long since observed by me, as early indeed as when my attention was first directed to geology, (when a student,) from the circumstance that my native place was in the very centre of the larger Trap formation of Connecticut." Alluding to the statement in his report, he says: "In the early part of 1837, I prepared a full report, (now in manuscript,) in which

I laid down my arrangement of the Trap in far more minute detail than in my published report." He was frequently employed to make explorations in various sections of the country, and if he had lived, his survey of Wisconsin would doubtless have been the copestone of his scientific fame. His accurate memory, minute research, active imagination, and good scientific judgment were the secret of his success.

Of Percival as a philologist, we will first let him speak for himself in a letter to Professor Ticknor, dated February 17, 1834:—

"When I was with you last, you asked me what languages I had read. I first repeated the languages in which I had read, but remarked. that I had done so in connection with my study of German Philology. I did not profess to read them regularly. I then said that I read the Roman and Germanic languages with some ease, but particularly so, Italian, French, and German. Such is the fact, and, to avoid misstatement, I will now say that, beside Greek and Latin, I have studied most particularly Italian, French, and German, - in the next class, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, and Swedish, and that, comparatively, in the order here given. I have been over the grammars of many other languages, and have read and translated them, more or less analytically. I have studied the Mithridates, and for several years have read what I have met on the subject of the affinities of languages with interest. To some extent, I have pursued comparative etymology. All this I have done, I may say truly, from the love of the pursuit, not for public display."

In the same letter he speaks of the Basque, of which he was then a "three days' scholar," and, though he had no dictionary, gives the translation of a Basque poem, with nearly two pages of notes. A week after, he gave an oral lecture before the Connecticut Academy of Arts, on the grammar of the same language:—

"In addition to the French, Italian, and Spanish of his earlier years, he delighted in constantly adding to his stores of German, ancient as well as modern, expressing in it his choicest thoughts and feelings. Not content with gratifying his romantic tastes through the study of the Gaelic and Welsh, and his curiosity and sympathy with the stern and heroic, by mastering the Norse, Danish, and Swedish, he was indefatigable in his devotion to the Slavonic tongues.... The Russians

were found to be unexpectedly interesting from the tenderness of sentiment among their peasantry; the vigor and spirit of the Polish did not disappoint him; the Hungarian Magyars were peculiar as well as wild; and in the Servians he took extreme delight."\*

There was indeed not a language or dialect (save the Turkish) of Modern Europe with which he was unacquainted, and in the modern languages of India he had made extensive studies. While in Wisconsin, he succeeded in learning something of the language and history of the Indians whom he met with.† Among the papers which he left is an unfinished English Grammar, and he is known to have spent much time in collecting materials for a universal grammar. He also made profound investigations in etymology, and has left many studies on this subject, which we hope some competent scholar will bring to light. He had great zest for hunting out the analogies and hidden origin of words, and one of the chief reasons why he could not revise Webster's Dictionary through more than two letters of the alphabet was his pertinacity in having the etymology of every word correct. We state this fact as it is reported to us from New Haven, without intending in this place to throw any suspicion on the correctness of the etymologies of the twenty-four letters which remained. His love of accuracy and truth in the minutest things amounted almost to a passion. Indeed, an editor has told us that, when there happened to be mistakes of the printer in the numerous articles which he wrote for his paper, Percival often said that it almost made him sick. In the letter to Professor Ticknor from which we have already quoted, he says: "My object in studying languages has been mainly twofold, -to understand them analytically so as to catch the precise shades of meaning, particularly in all works of genius, and to learn their philological (etymological) relations and affinities. This last was what first interested me in the study of language, and I have never yet lost that interest." He did not approve the mode of studying languages in our universities, but insisted that the sciences should precede languages, and the modern languages - those most akin to our mother tongue - should be studied before

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. pp. xxxvii., xxxviii.

the ancient. In allusion to an exercise with which he often delighted his friends, he says: —

"In my view, the proper analytical study of other languages is one of the best means of giving copiousness and richness to one's own. Let care be taken to put everything in genuine English, which will come the natural way, from good conversation and reading, and, as the only vehicle of thought, will, like a snow-ball, be constantly rolling itself up by inflection,—let the exact and nicest shades of meaning be gathered from analysis, and let these shades be embodied in our own idioms,—and one will come out from such a reading of Homer, for instance, with a world of English conquered. So I practised in reading Homer; and if I have truly possessed any freedom and copiousness of diction, as has been allowed me, I believe I am as much indebted for it to such a mode of studying language, as to any other cause."

The result of his labors is far from being equal to his knowledge. He has left, in a complete form, an extensive series of imitations of the verse of different languages, under the title of "Studies in Verse," in the Preface to which he writes: "I do not claim for these imitations anything like an exact correspondence with the original metre, but they may serve to show, perhaps, that our language is not entirely destitute of that almost universal musical flexibility which has been claimed for the German." These "Studies" are in imitation of the following languages, - Sanscrit, Persian, Greek, Italian, French, German, Gaelic, Welsh, Danish, Swedish, Scottish, Norse, Flemish, Finnish, Bohemian, Servian, and Russian. He also composed frequently in German, Italian, and Danish, and Dr. Follen, who saw his German poetry, said that many stanzas were perfect, and that there were few mistakes of idiom. He wrote many Germanic odes in the Wisconsin . papers, and was very popular with the Germans in that State; but perhaps his Danish ode to Ole Bull is best known. It was eight stanzas in length, and was written after hearing Ole Bull at a concert in New Haven, June 10, 1844. He also published an extended series of translations from the Slavonic, Germanic, and Romanic languages, with elaborate notes, in the New Haven papers, and at one time printed many translations from the older Greek and Latin lyric poets; but perhaps his best translations are yet unpublished, especially that of Prometheus, which he once told a friend was the best thing he ever wrote, and of which he has himself written as follows: "In July, 1823, I wrote out a rough sketch of the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. I wrote down my version as fast as I proceeded in the interpretation, and then put it by unreviewed, in scriniis, where it has remained till now [1833]; consequently, beyond the legitimate period of nine years. not aim to give a refined or embellished translation, nor one closely literal, but by a somewhat free, yet faithful, and what seemed to me no unfitting paraphrase, to give, plainly and boldly, the Titanic force and majesty of the original." transfusion of the tragedy, bringing out the very spirit and presence of the original characters, and touching the sympathy of the reader, it has perhaps no superior in English literature. Percival imparted to his translations the soul of the original, and some of his translations from the leading German poets are as fine as anv.

Percival's purity of diction even as compared with that of his contemporaries was remarkable; and few have ever had such a gift of writing in pictures. His imagination, though without the condensed vigor of Dana's, could yet sustain a loftier flight, and his fancy had a tireless activity. He imparted to his poetry those minute touches which reveal the man of science, and that pure ecstasy of being which arises from close communion with nature. He had the rare ability of consecrating the familiar, by the magic of poetic coloring, and is surpassed by none in his paintings of natural scenery. not merely a painter, — he throws his own soul into his soliloquies with Nature. While Wordsworth awakens a feeling of • grandeur, and ever hears "the still sad music of humanity" amid his holiest contemplations, Percival feels a kind of childlike delight, and love and beauty - not the murmur of the world he has left—attend and inspire him in his woodland meditations. He brings our choicest feelings into sympathy with natural beauty, and by his love of Nature reveals to us those mysteries of the soul, which, in some hidden way, have connection with it. His more earnest and individual poems are full of spiritual meaning. He held that poetry was closely allied to religion, "that it should live only in those feelings

and imaginations which are above this world, and are the anticipations of a brighter and better being," and so abstracted it from the realities of common life, that few without a kindred nature can enter deeply into its spirit. He wrote to express his own emotions and thoughts; he longed to grasp that ideal of beauty, goodness, and truth, which ever beckoned him on in its pursuit. His poetry is often the creation of purely Platonic beauty: while under its spell, we lose all consciousness of passion, and live in an atmosphere of purity and love. One who has once caught its spirit will thence date the possession of higher thoughts, and far deeper, purer sensibility. His glowing eve, at times flashing out a strange meaning, was but the outward token of that inward sight whose readings he could impart through poetry alone. His sonnets, full of condensed meaning, far surpassing those of Wordsworth in grace and beauty, and subdued by the "sweet, silent thought" which welled out from his inner life, give us a clear insight into the nature of one, who, as he truly calls himself, was a

"Lone reader of the woods, the waters, and the skies."

In his descriptions of natural scenery, he succeeds in giving voice to those peculiar feelings which, from very joy, we are always unable to express. In his pictures of the clouds, we read the secrets of the skies, translated into common speech. Language, indeed, was ever plastic in his hands; and except Coleridge and Shelley, we know of no poet in the language who had more melody in his soul. The comparison with Coleridge holds in more points than one. If he were the first of our poets in creative power, he was Coleridge's rival in carelessness of completing what he worked upon. He saw . so much in a subject, that, unless it were of the smallest compass, he always left it incomplete. Except his lyrics, there is hardly a poem which has the orderly arrangement and careful finish of inferior men. He himself wrote, in 1823: "In all the mass of poetry that I have written, there is not a single article that was not written hastily, and published without anything like a careful revision, - some of them almost exactly word for word as they were first conceived." Amid his constant poverty and inward struggles, although he often designed it, he had no chance leisurely to conceive and execute a work in which all his powers could be brought into play. Hence much of his poetry has the defect of impromptu writing, and, with all its brilliant succession of ever-varying imagery, its "linked sweetness long drawn out," and its firm energy and simplicity of language, often leaves but a confused impression upon the mind.

Percival is often spoken of as a most eccentric man, and the flying stories relating to the more tragic passages of his life gave him no slight annoyance. He had a native melancholy, which imparted to his character a gentle, and at times deep sadness. In early life this was increased by unusual power of feeling. So keen was his enjoyment, and so bitter his grief, that he never found those to whom he dared to disclose the emotions of his boyhood, and he once told an intimate friend that he knew only two women before he entered college, his mother and a domestic in the family. As he grew up, conscious of higher thoughts than ruled the lives of others. and bearing with ill grace the sight of depravity, his feelings withdrew him still more from intercourse with men. forest, the flowers, and all animate nature were more congenial to his thoughts; his sensitive nature showed itself in a passionate love of beauty and truth; and we need only read his early musings and poetic pictures of the working of love in character, to see the fiery energy of feeling within his own breast. For woman, he had all a poet's love, but no common woman could hope to reach his ideal; he sought those who would sympathize with his inner life, but found them not; no doubt many of his lyrics were the record of actual experience, but the current stories about his disappointment are Manhood, though shaded by faults, was ever uppermost in his character, and he did not give way to unrequited love. Had he met with one who united strength of mind with delicacy of feeling, he would have been a far different man; the repression of those sympathies which reach their full in love, was doubtless the hardest trial he ever endured. But his seclusion was determined still more by his love of scholarly pursuits. His wealth of feeling spent itself in a most passionate devotion to study. He delighted to amass literary treasures, and used all his available funds in enriching his library. This was very miscellaneous, containing curious and quaint works in all languages, and especially full in books on philology and theology. It would seem that he bought every singular theological treatise he could lay hands on. There were also numerous geological reports, works on geography, and the leading poets in all languages. But he had read so widely and with such distinct impressions, that his library was chiefly filled with those works which made good the gaps in his own knowledge. He hardly cut the leaves of his books, and it is curious to find his Greek tragedies - books often in his hands—just as they came from the press. He read faster than another could count the lines upon the page, and did not need to look at a book the second time. But perhaps his wide range of information, taken in connection with his freedom from worldly cares and amazing memory, is not surprising. He worked as often during the night as in the day, and took sleep only when nature imperatively demanded it. While writing he had a habit of biting his nails, and was so sensitive to noise that at one time a fiddling Frenchman, at another, the pounding of shoemakers, drove him from his room. he shunned society, in the company of friends few were more talkative and genial. He was seldom seen in the streets except before sunrise and at early twilight. This habit reminds us of the frequency with which pictures of the rising and setting sun appear in his poetry. Though he put on a certain calmness and dignity in the crowd, and was looked up to as one who had intellectual secrets apart from his fellows, his simplicity and modesty gained the respect of those who knew him only by sight.

He had a strong love of country, and his national sympathy easily kindled into a flame. In the election of General Harrison he was intensely active. His Whig songs were written under full inspiration, and have more than a local worth; even now they glow with fiery feeling. In his interest in the campaign, he forgot his reserve; was seldom absent from the meetings; and after the election, at a party ovation, where he was lustily cheered for his songs, he made a short speech, which he said was the first he ever made in his life. But his

patriotism was not confined to party. Who that has ever read it will ever forget "New England"? His numerous Odes on Independence ring with true tones; and we do not forget how often the struggles of Greece, of Italy, and of South America were re-lived in his lyric sympathy. He also had that breadth of vision which belongs to the statesman, and was thoroughly conversant with the history, basis, and spirit of our government. He once wrote many anonymous papers on national politics, remarkable for their acuteness and foresight, and it is not generally known that some of the wittiest thrusts at the shams of the day came from his pen. He was neither wit nor humorist, yet, when deeply moved, often let fly arrows which did not miss their mark; and we have seen poems of his, in which the very bedlam of wit seems let loose. An instance of this is the article which he wrote on "Nosology versus Phrenology." Its effect upon the sensitive feelings of Dr. Barber, a phrenologist then lecturing at New Haven, against whom it was written, was so great, that the Doctor himself avowed that he did not dare to repeat his lectures.

He had no small degree of intellectual pride; and confidently believed, that his poetry would one day receive the attention which it deserved. This he not only confessed to his most intimate friends, but frequently expressed in his works. The whole tenor of "The Mind" is that of reverence and earnest sympathy with lonely men of genius, especially at the close, where Dante assures him of poverty and future fame; and the same hopeful trust is repeated in "The Dream of a Day." Nearly allied to his poetical gifts was his love of music, in which he was a proficient performer. In conversation, the fulness of his knowledge, his ready memory, and the ability to tell what others knew not, made his remarks of unusual value; but the talking was nearly all on his side. He would listen to no question, when once fairly under way; and if his friends wished to speak, they had to wait till he finished. early youth, he talked but seldom, unless he met with those whom he knew would justly appreciate his thoughts; in later · vears, as he had little consciousness of time, his talks were apt to be wearisome; and, if one asked him a question, he might get a treatise in reply. His conversation was rich in original

thought, and had a kind of inward logic. "If opinions opposite to his own were advanced, he would listen calmly to the arguments by which they were sustained, replying in a ready and ingenious manner, but maintaining his own opinions with great firmness." In company with a few friends,—among whom we may mention Dr. North, Mr. Augur the sculptor, and Dr. Wm. Tully,—all recently deceased, and men of similar turn of mind with himself,—he often spent his evenings, or rather a great part of the night. Perhaps, about midnight, Percival would think of going home; and, their talk unfinished, Dr. North would accompany him. Still talking, Percival would then return with Dr. North, often repeating the walk several times; and at their sittings morning would not unfrequently break in upon them.

"In figure, Percival was somewhat tall, and thin almost to emaciation; his forehead was high, his nose prominent, his lips thin and mobile, his face oval, and his complexion pale, inclining to sallow. But his eye betokened, even to a casual observer, the presence of rare genius. It was flashing and deep-glowing, like the diamond. Its color was blue-grey, its vision far-searching, yet microscopically minute. Nothing seemed to escape his observation. It was the eye equally of the naturalist and the poet." † "He commonly talked in a mild, unimpassioned undertone, but just above a whisper, letting his voice sink with rather a pleasing cadence at the completion of each sentence. Even when most animated, he used no gesture, except a movement of the first and second fingers of his right hand backward and forward across the palm of the left, meantime following their monotonous unrest with his eyes, and rarely meeting the gaze of his interlocutor."

He was a naturally religious man. He saw deeply into the nature of things, and had a kind of intuitive communion with spiritual truth. He found in the strictness and severity of religious thought, which characterized his time, little that was congenial to his indwelling spirit. A religion of fear seemed to him, in some measure, to belong to the Church; and, like so many other ingenuous minds, he made in youth an earnest effort to find out a system of worship superior to what he saw about him; but he had no bitterness of spirit, no desire to uproot the faith of others, and rarely spoke to any one on

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. p. xlviii.

the subject. His "Prometheus" has many revelations of his spiritual condition, when scepticism had strong hold of him; but "the defenders of the faith" saw only bugbears, when they attacked him so severely in the reviews. He never connected himself with any form of worship, and was but seldom seen at church. He has himself given his Credo: "Philosophy, Religion, and Poetry sit enthroned as a spiritual trinity in the shrine of our highest nature. The perfect vision of all-embracing truth, the vital feeling of all-blessing good, and the living conception of all-gracing beauty, - they form, united, the Divinity of Pure Reason." During his last days, those whom he met "regarded him almost in the light of a sinless being";\* his mastery of himself was seldom lost; but only in his poetry can we gain insight into that spiritual life which he never spoke of to his friends; for he has said, "True poetry should be a holy thing, like true philosophy and true religion, — the product only of our highest intellectual and moral nature,"and he wrote in this spirit. As he ripened in years, the scepticism of his youth changed to trust and hope, and the gentler feelings of his nature gushed out in full sympathy with children, social intercourse, and religious truth. One who was with him at the close of his life has told us: "I often heard him remark, that, if we did our duty faithfully here, we should receive the approbation of our Almighty Father."

<sup>\*</sup> Vol. I. p. xxxiii.

ART. VI.—THE BOOK OF JOB.

- The Book of Job, a Translation of the Original Hebrew on the Basis
  of the Common and Earlier English Versions in Parallel Columns with the Hebrew Text and the Common English Version.
  With Critical and Philological Notes. For the American Bible
  Union. By Thomas J. Conant, D.D., Professor of Sacred Literature in Rochester Theological Seminary. New York: American Bible Union, &c. 1856.
- 2. The Book of Job, a Translation from the Original Hebrew, &c., with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes for the English Reader. For the American Bible Union. By Thomas J. Conant, Professor, &c. New York: American Bible Union. 1857.

THE American Bible Union is a society consisting chiefly of members of the Baptist denomination, and formed for the express object of revising the Common Version of the Bible. It appeared two or three years ago, from a statement of one of the Presidents of the association, that between one and two hundred thousand dollars had already been raised and expended in the promotion of the work. The only completed results of this marvellous expenditure of money are a revised translation of the Book of Job, and of one or two books of the New Testament. The revised translation of Job is in two forms; one accompanied with the Hebrew text and King James's Version in parallel columns, with notes philological, the other having only an Introduction and notes expository for the English reader. The translation itself is the same in both forms.

The translation of Job was intrusted by the Union to one having a very good knowledge of the Hebrew language. We are happy in this case not to be obliged to expose philological blunders, ignorance of the grammar and idioms of the original language, and evident indications of haste and carelessness. This is no "Yahveh Christ" affair. On the contrary, Dr. Conant, by his knowledge of the Hebrew and his study of all the recent German commentaries on the book, has produced a work which, in reference to its philology, must hold a respectable rank. To many passages, which are unintelligible or ob-

scure in the Common Version, he has given a clear and satisfactory meaning, by substituting the true for the false rendering of the original. The philological notes give good evidence of his Hebrew scholarship.

Besides a thorough knowledge of the original, two other qualifications are wanted in an expositor and translator of the Scriptures. First, sagacity and judgment in the application of the principles of interpretation, and, secondly, taste and skill in representing the meaning in English. In respect to these qualifications we have not received so favorable an impression from the work, as in respect to the translator's knowledge of Hebrew words and idioms. At least our judgment is different from his, in regard to the meaning of a good many passages.

Our limits will not allow us to go into much discussion; but in regard to ch. xix. 25, &c., we cannot help expressing our astonishment that, in view of all the expositions of the passage by learned commentators for the last three hundred years, Dr. Conant should (p. 39) regard it as Messianic. His supposition, too, that the passage describes Job's confidence in a blessed immortality of the soul in its state of separation from the body, seems to us to contradict the descriptions of Sheol, or the state of the dead, which Job is represented as giving in other parts of the book, and to be inconsistent with the connection in verse 23, and with the whole plan, conduct, and dénouement of the poem. Dr. Conant says, "The common interpretation is, confessedly, the natural import of the words." This is a very loose critical remark, for two reasons. First, Dr. Conant himself does not adopt what he calls the "common interpretation." "common interpretation" makes the passage réfer to the resurrection of the body at the second coming of Christ, while Dr. Conant explains it of the immortality of the soul, separate from the body, - a very different thing. Secondly, the literal meaning of the words might appear the "natural import" to a reader of the nineteenth century, taking the words by themselves, and having no acquaintance with the opinions of the ancient Hebrews, while the hyperbolical meaning, which supposes it to represent Job, reduced by disease to a mere skeleton, as trusting "to see God" in the present life, may seem the "natural import" to one who has a regard to the connection, to the contents of the whole poem, and to the opinions of the ancient Hebrews respecting the state of the soul in Sheol. To us the opinion of Dr. Conant appears to conflict with various passages of the poem more than "the common interpretation," which refers the passage to the resurrection of the body.

But it is in reference to our third-named qualification of a translator that Dr. Conant appears to us most deficient; namely, taste and skill in the mode of representing the sense of the original in English. We do not forget that he may be right and we wrong; but our duty obliges us to say what we think and feel. His translation seems to us to have nothing of the savor and spirit of the Common Version. Where the original requires a different sense, Dr. Conant's renderings do not chime in with the language of King James's Version. And where the meaning is not at all, or not materially, changed, his alterations seem to us very often for the worse, and sometimes even to exhibit bad English. As far as we can judge, this arises sometimes from a slavishly literal rendering, and sometimes from the peculiar taste of the translator. As we do not wish our readers to rely solely on our judgment or taste, we feel bound to give a considerable number of illustrations of what we mean.

In ch. i. 11, why should Dr. Conant introduce the pure Hebraism, "if he will not renounce thee, to thy face," instead of the plain English, "to thy face he will renounce thee"? In iii. 11, "Why died I not from the womb? why did I not give up the ghost?" &c., by omitting the "why did I not" from the second clause, he has obscured the sense and departed from the English idiom. In iii. 19, why is not the majestic language of the Common Version, "The small and great are there," as good as "Small and great, both are there"? In iii. 23, "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God has hedged in?" the omission of what 'the Common Version has in italics, "Why is light given," has no effect but to confuse the reader, and especially the hearer. So, too, the alteration of the last clause of the verse from the

Common Version into "And God hedgeth about him," has, in connection with the preceding line, no effect but to make bad English out of good. The alteration of verse 25 from the reading of the Common Version into "I feared evil, and it has overtaken me," merely substitutes the Hebrew for the English idiom. In iv. 19, does Dr. Conant's rendering, "Much more they," &c., make sense in connection with the preceding verses? We think not. In v. 8, "But I, to God would I seek," is not true to the English, however it may be to the Hebrew idiom. In v. 9, why is "things wonderful, without number," so much better than "marvellous things without number," as to make a change necessary? In v. 13, why is the verse enfeebled by substituting the primary sense, "is made hasty," for the well-authorized secondary sense of the Common Version, "is carried headlong"?

In ch. v. 16, why is not "So the poor hath hope" at least as good English as "Thus there is hope to," &c.? In vi. 5, "lows the ox at his fodder" is not so expressive, nor so close to the original, as "loweth the ox over his fodder." In vi. 8, "O that my request might come, and that God would grant my longing," is a rendering very inferior to that of the Common Version. In vii. 3, is "So I am allotted months of wretchedness" better English than "So I am made to possess," &c.? In vii. 16, is "Cease from me!" more intelligible than "Let me alone!"? In viii. 16, is not "He, in the face of the sun, is green," a clumsier expression than "He is green before the sun"? In xii. 19, there was no good reason for substituting the feeble term "long established" for "mighty." In xiii. 3, "But I, to the Almighty will I speak," is not true to the English idiom, however it may be to the He-The same remark applies to verse 4, "But ye, - forgers of lies, botchers of vanities, are ye all." In xvi. 16, "a death shade," and xvi. 19, "my attestor," are bad enough. In xvi. 20, the rendering, "My mockers are my friends," presents a wrong collocation of the words. In xvi. 22, in the rendering, "For a few years will pass and I shall go the way that I return not," instead of "When a few years shall pass, I shall go," &c., the translator merely substitutes the Hebrew for the English idiom. In xvii. 3, a phrase unintelligible

without explanation, "Who is there that will give his hand for mine?" is substituted for an intelligible one. In xvii. 7, why is "my members all of them" better than "all my members"? In xvii. 6, could not the translator find a less voluminous and clumsy expression than "I am become one to be spit upon in the face," and, in the next verse, why is "bedimmed with grief" better than "dim by reason of sorrow"? In xvii. 12, "Light is just before darkness," is a very bad rendering to express the idea that light borders on darkness, or will soon be merged in it.

A sudden change of persons from the first and second to the third is a well-known Hebrew idiom, which it appears to us idle to attempt to express literally in our language. Thus xiii. 28, should be translated, "And I, as a rotten thing, shall waste away," &c., not, "And he," &c., as Dr. Conant and the Common Version have it. So in xviii. 3, instead of "One teareth himself in his rage! For thee shall the earth be forsaken," &c., how much better to adopt the English idiom at once, and avoid the necessity of a foot-note, - "Thou that tearest thyself in thy rage! Shall the earth be forsaken for thee?" &c. So in xxii. 17, it is much better to say, "What can the Almighty do to, or for, us?" than, with Dr. Conant and the Common Version, "to or for them." Other instances of bad English, or of phraseology inferior to that of the Common Version, are the following: - xviii. 6, "The light darkens in his tent"; xviii. 17, "He has no name on the face of the fields"; xix. 10, "My hope he uproots like the tree," - a mere Hebraism; xx. 15, "but shall disgorge them; God shall dispossess them from his belly." Again, what confusion worse confounded meets us in Dr. Conant's rendering of xx. 18, "The fruit of toil he restores and shall not devour, as his borrowed possession, and shall not rejoice in it"! In xxi. 5, "And lay the hand on the mouth," is poor. So is, "And behold the summit of the stars, how high!" in xxii. 12. xxiii. 10, "I shall come forth as the gold," we have another substitution of the Hebrew for the English idiom. In xxv. 6, "What is man, a grub!" needs no comment from us. xxvi. 10, "Unto the limit of light with darkness," is not intelligible English. In xxviii. 11, "And the hidden he

brings to light," is not idiomatic English, at least out of the province of metaphysics. In xxix. 3, by not supplying "and when" before the second clause of the verse, Dr. Conant has perverted the sense for every hearer, and for most readers. The same thing occurs in xxix. 5. In xxix. 11, according to the well-known use of the Hebrew conjunction to introduce the apodosis of a sentence, the beautiful rendering of the Common Version, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me," is much more probable than that of Dr. Conant,—"For the ear heard, and blessed me, and the eye saw, and witnessed for me."

In xxxi. 26 and 28, "If I saw the sun, kow it shined," "This too were a crime to be judged," renderings in all respects inferior, are substituted for those of the Common Version. In xxxiv. 6, "My arrow is fatal, without transgression," is not good English to express the meaning, "The arrow that pierced me is fatal," &c. The English idiom requires, "My wound is fatal or incurable," &c. Of course there can be no doubt about the meaning. In xxxiv. 19, by omitting the words, "How much less," which the Common Version supplies, Dr. Conant has made the verse nearly unintelligible to a hearer, if not to a reader. What in the world led Dr. Conant to substitute, "Here are we!" for "Here we are!" in xxxviii. 35. In xxxviii. 37, Dr. Conant renders, "Who inclines the bottles of the heavens?" By a well-known figure of speech, "Who pours out," &c. is perfectly justifiable. In xxxix. 17, we have, "And given her no share in understanding"; in xli. 11, "Under the whole heavens, it is mine"; in xli. 12, "and bruited strength"; in xli. 17, "Each is attached to its fellow,"—a mere Hebraism; and in xli. 20. "like a kettle with kindled reeds." On these renderings no comment is needed.

We might adduce in great abundance similar instances of what we regard as want of taste, skill, and judgment in the work we have been examining. But we cannot think it necessary. While, therefore, we give credit to the author for sound Hebrew scholarship, and regard many of his notes as valuable, we are driven to the conclusion that, for popular use, his version is a decided failure.

## ART. VII. - THE WAR AND THE PEACE.

- EDMOND ABOUT,— The Roman Question, translated by Mrs. Wood. Boston. 1859.
- 2. L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie. Paris. 1859.
- 3. Manin et l'Italie. Paris. 1859.
- 4. Le Pape, l'Autriche, et l'Italie. Par Jules Pauler. Paris. 1859.
- 5. EMILE DE GIRARDIN, L'Équilibre Européen. Paris. 1859
- 6. George Sand, In Guarre. Parist 1859.

A New-Excland politician, when urged to declare his preference between two candidates for the Presidency, while it was yet too early to conjecture which of the rivals would prove himself the favorite of Providence by the decisive test of success, replied, that he chose to "await the ulterior bias of future events." To every question that suggests itself respecting the probable results of the late extraordinary war in Italy, and the yet more extraordinary peace which terminated it, we are much inclined, if not to use the same phrase-ology, to make, substantially, a similar answer.

There is, indeed, a like uncertainty about all the movements of the remarkable personage who presents Imperial Majesty in the serio-comic drama called "Modern France." Whether the Emperor ever means just what he says, whether he means little when he says much, or means much when he says little, - these are points on which the next generation may possibly be better informed than this. Thus far, however, there has been, pretty uniformly, a strange apparent discrepancy between what lawyers call, in legal proceedings, his allegata and his probata, or, as the lay gents say, his promise and his performance. His admirers allege that his seeming short-comings are but a deceptio visus, and they argue, as convincingly as did Lord Peter, to show that the substance is present, though the accidents be wanting. And if he to whom a fish has been promised, complains that he has received a reptile when he expected a salmon or a turbot, they comfort him by demonstrating that the wriggling vertebrate is not a serpent, but, unequivocally, an eel.

According to the exegesis of these expounders of sover-

eign rescripts, the phrase, "Italy free to the Alps and the Adriatic," is simply a manière de dire, a Pickwickian expression, which, interpreted by the light of the famous pamphlet. "The Emperor Napoleon III. and Italy," notoriously an efflux of imperial inspiration, means "the Mincio for a frontier, and an Italian confederation animated by the Papacy, and administered and controlled by Austria." If then Sardinia, and Venetia, and Lombardy, and Tuscany, and Romagna, are disappointed at the result, they have only to blame their own dulness of apprehension for not comprehending the true sense of engagements, which, to those who had duly studied the oracular pamphlet, was so plain that he who runs might This is, however, not the interpretation which the Emperor himself, just now, puts on his own words, though it may answer as a reserve to fall back upon hereafter, in case of emergency.

But in the midst of all this uncertainty of the present and the future, there are some very prominent facts, in the near and in the distant past, to which it is important to draw the attention of our readers.

One of the most striking and significant circumstances connected with the recent peace is, that the two Emperors ascribe their common failure in carrying out, to the letter, their respective programmes, - the one, of "conquest and annexation, to the Var," the other, of "the expulsion of the house of Hapsburg from Italy," - to one cause, the treachery of their "allies," both meaning the same allies, namely England and Prussia. Whether the concord between the jeremiades of the two Majesties, the apostolic and the unanointed, proves them to be separate parts of a well-concerted composition, or whether the sovereigns in their concluding voluntaries have accidentally run into the same set of harmonics, is at present doubtful; but the coincidence between the imperial manifestos is rather ominous, and certainly lends some countenance to the suspicion of a private understanding between the autocrats. in virtue of which perfidious Albion and tardy Prussia may be called to account for their delinquencies, Russia benevolently standing by, to see fair play and help the strongest.

What is not less remarkable is the fact that both the com-

plainants are quite in the right, for both have been deserted by those who ought to have been, or who pretended to be, their allies.

When Napoleon proclaimed the principle of national independence and self-government as the foundation of European general polity, and offered to take upon himself the responsibility of establishing it, and at the same time of extirpating the foul incubus which has, for centuries, so heavily oppressed the liberties of the Continent, - the secular power of the Papacy, -he had a right to demand that Protestant and progressive England and Prussia should aid him with at least their moral influence, as promptly and as cordially as did either of them in his usurpation of the French throne. He had, we repeat, the right to demand this of powers, whose refusal to afford such countenance would be a base betrayal of the principles which lie at the root of all that is great and all that is excellent in the history of either. And England, at least, independently of any obligations implied in her present relations with France, had been long committed, by the nearly unanimous voice of her people and the authoritative declarations of her Ministry, to the principle of the surrender of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom by Austria, and the independence of the Italian states.

On the other hand, the expectations of Austria had as wellgrounded, if not as just, a foundation. England and Prussia were parties to the iniquitous arrangement of 1815, by which Lombardy and Venice, after the Emperor Francis and his generals had disarmed their hostility by promising them liberty and independence, were subjected to the hated Austrian yoke; they had both tacitly assented to the treaties, nominally secret, but well known to every diplomatist, by which Austria had secured to herself ultimate accession to the sovereignty of several of the lesser Italian duchies, and had bound the king of Naples to the perpetual maintenance of the detestable tyranny which has so long trodden in the dust the people of the Two Sicilies; they had formally and officially approved the forcible overthrow of the Roman Republic in 1849, and the restoration of the treacherous and malignant pontiff, who was first to set the ball of revolution in motion,

by affecting to favor the principles of liberal government, and the first to sacrifice those who had been deceived by his professions; and they had acquiesced in the Austrian occupation of Romagna, with all its murderous cruelties, as well as in the garrisoning of the fortresses of Tuscany by Austrian myrmidons, for the entire period which has elapsed since the disastrous events of 1849.

Such was the joint position of England and Prussia with respect to the Austrian empire and its tyrannical and aggressive policy. And what were their individual relations with that power?

England, though committed to the principle of Italian independence, had limited her action to an expression of the opinion, that Austria could not quietly and peaceably maintain possession of Northern Italy; and whenever any question of the right of Austria to do wrong has assumed a practical shape, England has always ranged herself on the side of the oppressor. Nay, she has uniformly treated Austria, in the direct relations between them, with the most humiliating, grov-Her post-office, when required, has served elling deference. as a bureau d'espionnage for the Austrian political inquisition. British subjects have often been wantonly insulted, beaten, imprisoned, by the petty authorities of Austria, both in her own legal territory and in provinces "protected" by her, without even a demand for redress on the part of their own government; and in the Mather case it was finally settled, after much negotiation, that if an Austrian official prefers the more summary course of cutting down in a public street an Englishman who ventures to wear an unsized hat, or to walk out without a taxed cigar in his mouth, the weregild shall be a thousand francesconi, which, considering the difference in the value of money, is about the price of a Saxon churl in the glorious days of the Danish dynasty in England. And, finally, when in the Crimean war France wished to compel that selfish and unprincipled power to aid the Allies in the contest undertaken by them for the common defence of Europe, -and less for that of Turkey than of Austria in resisting an invasion the success of which would have infallibly deprived her of her Slavonic provinces, and of the navigation of the Danube, - England inter-

fered to protect her, and even encouraged her in occupying, plundering, and brutally oppressing large and fertile provinces of the Turkish empire. So much for the antecedents of England. Add to this, that though the British envoy at Turin, himself an enemy to the policy of Sardinia and the liberation of Italy, had proved to his government that the discontent of the enslaved Lombards arose, not from Sardinian intrigue, but from grinding oppression, and the unfavorable comparison which they were hourly forced to make between their own wretched condition and the prosperity of their emancipated neighbors, yet the Ministry persisted in charging the whole responsibility of Italian disaffection upon the Sardinian government, and made it a crime that she was arming in her own defence, while her enemy was gathering hundreds of thousands upon her defenceless frontier to crush her at a blow. Austria knew, too, that the personal sympathies of the British oligarchy were with her and her cause; and knowing that the British people, with a culpable indifference to their duties as a free and self-governing nation, habitually leave the management of their foreign affairs in the hands of that oligarchy, she was fully warranted in expecting, in spite of formal remonstrances faintly urged by the Derby Ministry, for the obvious purpose of soothing the torpid political conscience of the nation, that she should have the moral support, and probably the material aid, of the British empire in her meditated conquest of Sardinia.

She had even stronger reasons for relying with entire confidence on prompt and efficient support, not from Prussia only, but from all Germany. All the arbitrary and violent interferences of the Empire in the affairs of the minor German states, within the last forty years, had been encouraged, or at least winked at, by the leading powers of that nation; every evidence of increasing Austrian strength, and every exercise of yet more galling tyranny in its non-German territory, had been hailed with exultation as a fresh manifestation of that "German nationality" which was so prominent an object in the maudlin dreams of the king of Prussia, though he wanted the courage to clutch its sceptre when it hovered within his grasp; the feeble protests of Prussia against the commencement of an

offensive war by Austria were more than neutralized by direct and unqualified assurances, that Prussia would not see her "weakened" by changes in her "territorial circumscription"; and when Francis Joseph began his preparations for the subjugation of Sardinia, there rung out a savage war-whoop, wherever "die Deutsche Zunge klingt," and every Teuton, from the Baltic to the Alps, from the prince on the throne to the cobbler on his bench, was burning to join in the infamous Knechtschaftskrieg about to be waged by a remorseless tyrant, for the sole purpose of extinguishing the only spark of liberty that yet glimmered in the Italian peninsula.

While, therefore, the honor, the duty, the most sacred interests of England and Prussia, gave to Napoleon a right to require their aid in the accomplishment of the great and beneficent objects which he solemnly declared to be his only aim, it is plain that the conduct and the professions of both entitle Austria to expect their support in defeating the realization of those objects.

Voltaire satirized, a century since, the strange indifference of European monarchs to the interests and the liberties of their co-religionists in the territories of each other. A Catholic prince, who tolerated no schism among his own subjects, was often ready to foster a Protestant insurrection in an adjacent state, of his own religious faith, because it might weaken a too powerful rival; and a Protestant monarch might find sufficient reasons for discouraging that same insurrection, in the fear that the native government would exhaust its strength in suppressing it, instead of spending its energies in annoying a more obnoxious or a more dangerous neighbor.

England and Prussia have not precisely the same motives for the disgraceful part they have played in refusing the slightest encouragement to measures, which, if countenanced and supported by them, would most certainly have resulted in the religious as well as the political emancipation of the European continent. The English nobility look upon Austria as the great enemy of republicanism, and the champion of

<sup>\*</sup> This mawkish diplomatic galimatias, from the circular of Count Schleinitz, means, of course, that Prussia would help her to defend anything she thought worth keeping.

oligarchical rule; and they believe that her overthrow, or an essential reduction of her strength, would endanger the principle of hereditary aristocracy, as an element in the legitimate frame of government in Europe. . In France, aristocracy exists but in name, and though the British nobility hailed the extinction of the French Republic by Napoleon III. with rapturous applause, yet he has sadly disappointed them by restoring the throne without creating a privileged class to control it, and without giving any real, substantial importance to descent and title. The Empire is now regarded by them. not as a "finality," but as essentially a revolutionary, much more than a conservative power, and hence it is with them almost as much a bête noire as the Republic it superseded. In aid of this position of the aristocracy comes the popular jealousy of France, and a fear of the rapidly growing military power and efficiency of that formidable state, which makes every Englishman shrink from participating in any policy that could increase the prestige with which the arms of France are now invested, or create for her Emperor a personal claim upon the gratitude and respect of Europe. And then, whenever any question of national honor, involving a possible appeal to arms, arises in England, a figure, kept always ready dressed for the occasion, in the garb of a Manchester spinner, is led out by some Mr. Cobden, and presented to the people as an impersonation of "white-robed Peace," the sole source of national wealth and prosperity, and the indispensable condition of all national blessings. This is a coup de théâtre that never fails to produce its effect. Without peace, it is argued, England can no longer buy and sell; and shall questions of abstract right be weighed in the scale against the solid interests of commerce? What a question to put to a "nation of shopkeepers"! The spirit of trade is everywhere the sworn and implacable foe of conscience and honor and generosity,not, indeed, in private intercourse between man and man, but in the policy of states; selfish, grasping, grovelling, unjust, whether under the harshest despotism or the most licentious democracy; unhealthy and infectious, whether battening on the life-blood of colliers and factory-children, as in England, or pampered with sugar and poisoned with cotton, as in Boston and New York. To this spirit no appeal is made in vain, and though arguments addressed to justice and humanity may meet with no response, the sensitive ear of the moneyed cities that rule the world is never deaf to the persuasive tones of the genius of commerce. The four thousand chapmen of London, who a few months since sought to avert the wrath of Napoleon by protesting, under their signs manual, that they did not write the libellous articles upon his royal person which had so sorely moved his choler, and that they abhorred the impudent scribblers who did, would just as readily have volunteered the same assurances to any offended Majesty, from Alexander down to Soulouque, who had threatened to issue letters of marque against British shipping.

But let us be just to the nobility and commonalty of England. The aristocracy, though with many discreditable exceptions, is individually an honorable and generous class of men, - disinterested, often self-sacrificing, scrupulous in the performance of all the private duties and the ennobling charities of life, - affable, unassuming, highly intelligent, and courteous; but they are, officially, a corporation, and, as such, demoralized in the same way as all the corporate organizations which have exerted so baneful an influence upon the social life of the nineteenth century. They are, in politics, what monetary corporations are in commerce, - selfish, unconscionable, unscrupulous upon all questions that can in the remotest degree affect the privileges of their order. The people of England, whose positions exempt them from the corrupting influences of politics and trade, retain, in full measure, the noble qualities which have made England the model nation of the world, -- the highest, perfectest social organization that humanity has anywhere achieved. The sense of right, the love of truth, the authority of individual conscience as the binding law of action, the feeling of self-respect and personal independence, the duty and the love of active benevolence. and the sacrifice of private interest to the public good, have never manifested themselves as the governing traits in the character of any nation so powerfully as in that of the English people; and if they would but exert their constitutional power in making their government as just and as generous as themselves, the world would acknowledge that the cause of England and the cause of humanity were forever one.

The criminal sympathy with Austria of Prussia, - of all the countries, in fact, besung by Arndt in his famous "Vaterland," - is founded on the idea of "German nationality." This is just one of those unsubstantial, shadowy phantoms, half metaphysical conception, half poetic figment, which have such an irresistible charm for the German imagination; and it has at this moment so completely intoxicated the whole race, that it would be hard to find a Teuton who would not choose to be a slave under a German empire, rather than a free man out "Nationality" in Germany is just what "universal philanthropy" was in France during the first Revolution, the antithesis of patriotism, charity, and humanity, — a mere speculative idea, a mode of profession, by which men cheated themselves and each other into a contemptuous neglect of the practical, the positive, and the real, in the vain pursuit of a vision incapable of ever assuming a substantive, living being. It was this wide-spread delirium, that, as much perhaps as any other single influence, caused the wretched political abortions No man thought of reforming the abuses of of 1848 – 49. the individual state, and uniting Protestant Germany under a rational federative organization. No, this was too simple, too mechanical a view of the matter. The Teutonic race was to be consolidated, fused into a red-hot individuality, in the furnace of a Frankfort Parliament, composed, in due proportion, of Red-Republicans, crazed enthusiasts, visionary speculatists, absolutists, and Obscurantists, with scarcely a dozen practical statesmen among them, and made the leading power of Christendom by the immediate instrumentality of a Deutsche Flagge, as a means of moral suasion, and a Deutsche Flotte, consisting of a steam-frigate and a sloop of war, as an engine of material coercion. The Deutsche Einheit was at one with itself in a single point, namely, in worrying poor little Denmark about the Dano-German duchies; and having exhausted itself in this effort, its constituent parts separated, fired their remaining cartridges at each other, and then vanished into thin air, leaving the old despotism stronger than ever.

After the general stampede among the kings and kinglings

of the Continent in 1848, the German people had the power in their own hands, as completely as had the republicans of America after the surrender of Cornwallis; and if there had existed among them a sane comprehension of the true purposes and duties of government,—an intelligent practical patriotism, as distinguished from the intoxication of "nationality,"—an aptitude for mastering and applying the principles of constitutional liberty,—they might have reduced the powers and interests of dynasties to a proper subordination to those of nations; and, instead of exhibiting the most pitiable and humiliating example of political incapacity on record, they would at this day have been in the enjoyment of those franchises and that freedom of which it is a shame and a sin in a Christian people to suffer itself to be deprived for an hour.

Were the consolidation of Germany practicable, we do not believe that any good would result from it to the Germans themselves, and still less to the general cause of European liberty. A German empire, fronting on the North Sea, and extending from the Baltic to the Adriatic, would, like a Muscovite despotism reaching from the Gulf of Finland to the Ægean, possess a power wholly inconsistent with the independence of the western Continental states, as well as of England, and would prove in the highest degree dangerous to the best interests of Christendom. It would treat the Slavons, the Magyars, and the Italians as tyrannically as Austria does now; not, perhaps, like that power, for the gratification of a brutal and malignant temper, but with the view of Teutonizing them, by processes similar in principle to those employed by Southern cotton-planters in Christianizing the benighted Africans. For no German nationalist ever dreamed of releasing Lombardy, Hungary, Bohemia, Moravia, Prussian Poland, and the Slavonic and Italian provinces of the Adriatic coast, from the yoke of a foreign despotism, and allowing them to set up nationalities for themselves. Nor is there any ground to suppose that internal harmony and domestic freedom would be secured by such consolidation. If history has taught anything of the character of the Teutonic race, it has proved it to be, in its external relations, like the Anglo-Saxon, grasping, unjust, aggressive, and disorganizing; in its internal policy, unlike the Anglo-Saxon, arbitrary, unassimilative, unpractical, unprogressive, and anti-democratic. As a barrier against a Panslavic inroad, it might have its uses; but, on the one hand, there is reason for hope of the dismemberment of the Russian Colossus, and on the other, if we may judge from the past and the present, German princes and the German people are more likely to unite with the Cossacks in extinguishing the liberties of Europe, than to harmonize in the establishment of free institutions among themselves.

There is something unaccountably strange, portentous even, . in the present political tendencies of Germany. Of all modern peoples, the English not excepted, the Protestant German\* has done most to establish the intellectual independence of man, and to emancipate him from the moral shackles of authority and prescription; and yet, for two centuries, no Christian nation has done less to secure his personal, civil, and political liberties, than the Teutonic race. The Milanese Beccaria appealed to the reason and conscience of Europe against the cruelties of the criminal code of his age. Kant, "the sage of Königsberg," demonstrated that the Treatise on Crimes and Punishments was founded on wholly mistaken principles, and, at best, a mere piece of flimsy Italian sentimentality; but nevertheless the works of Beccaria and of the Neapolitan Filangieri have exercised a wider and more beneficent influence on the criminal and the civil legislation of Europe, than all that philosophic Germany has produced since the time of Luther. And so with regard to the direct relations between government and people, the true bounds and obligations of the respective powers and duties of both, Germany has taught the world nothing; and all that humanity has won in this greatest department of secular knowledge and action, is due to the examples and the doctrines of England, America, and France.

<sup>\*</sup>We say Protestant German, for it is a remarkable and pregnant fact, that in the splendid array of world-renowned German writers who, in the last hundred years, have so gloriously adorned and illustrated almost every field of human thought and fancy and research, there is not one who was not born and educated as a Protestant. If we were to strike from the records of human intellectual action all that Catholic Germany has contributed to the general stock since the Protestant Reformation, the world would not be poorer by one great idea, or even by one comprehensive fact.

But the plan of a consolidation of the German states is a chimerical and impracticable scheme. Northern and Southern Germany might have a joint interest in a defensive alliance, because they are exposed to the same danger from Russia and from France; but in everything else they are antagonistic. They have no concurrent commercial relations, no oneness of intellectual character, no common sympathies. They profess religions which, just in proportion as they influence their votaries at all, create between them an irreconcilable discordance of opinion, principles, purposes, and tastes. Their sole bond of union is that upon which infinitely too much stress has been laid, -- the community of language; and even this extends but to the educated classes, for the speech of the Styrian boor is as widely distinguished from that of the peasant of Hanover, as the dialect of Yorkshire from either, and the entire valley of the Rhine might far more fitly be organized as one state, than the opposite slopes that feed the Elbe and the Danube. The German states can be united only by the sword, and held together only by fetters of iron. They can never harmonize for good, and their whole history proves them incapable of combining for aught but purposes of evil. Better the confusion of Babel than a "national unity" like this.

But let us come to the commencement de la fin, the beginning of the end, the Peace of Villafranca. It is very solemnly denied that the great neutral powers had proposed or agreed upon any terms of peace whatever. Well, La Santità di Nostro Signore, the Holiness of our Lord, Pope Pius IX., also denies, under the Fisherman's seal, the massacre at Perugia, for the perpetration of which he promoted Colonel Schmidt to the rank of General, and bestowed on him dispensations and indulgences ad libitum;\* and the Giornale di Roma, inspired by an infallible Vatican, most impudently quotes our countryman, Mr. Perkins, as testifying that "the troops behaved with a moderation that could hardly have been expected, after the provocation to which they had been exposed."

<sup>\*</sup> The Pope, in a recent letter to the Vicar-General, Cardinal Petrozzi, warns the faithful "not to weep over the lying (menzognere) and imaginary reports of a massacre at Perugia."

The world will give equal credit to the cabinets and the pontiff. It would not be easy to prove that the powers in question had entered into formal written stipulations, and sent a sheriff's officer to serve a duly certified copy of them on Napoleon III. and Francis Joseph, but in diplomacy as much is done by signs as in a street conversation between two Italian beggars. The expression of the Prussian Prince Regent's fears, that the malarious atmosphere of the Mantuan marshes might prove prejudicial to the French Emperor's health, in case he should undertake the siege of that fortress, accompanied with appropriate gesticulations on the part of the envoy, and some such cabalistic phrases as "territorial circumscriptions," "some cession of territory," and the like, would mean that Prussia would treat the invasion of the Quadrangle as a casus belli between herself and France, and, while producing the desired effect, would leave the former power quite at liberty to say that she never made any proposals on the subject of a peace. But though perhaps Prussia did not make what she is pleased to style "proposals" in 1859, it is remarkable that the basis of the Peace of Villafranca is precisely what Prussia did propose in 1849,\* namely, the possession of the line of the Mincio by Austria, "comme point strategique," with the stipulation that the Italian territory retained by the empire should form a part of an Italian confederation. The selection of this boundary was founded on the opinion of "German officers," that the "line of the Mincio was, in a strategical point of view, necessary to Germany"! The line of the Mincio necessary to the defence of Vienna and Berlin against invasion by martial and ambitious Italy! General Jackson thought Texas necessary, in a strategical point of view, to the defence of Washington against a coup de main by the British forces in Canada, and Mr. Buchanan entertains very similar opinions upon the importance of Cuba as a coast-guard for the city of Pittsburg. It does not appear that these far-sighted professors of the science of grand-tactics inquired what sort of a line was strategically necessary to the defence of the Lombardo-Piedmontese frontier, and we have little doubt that the military oracles who gave this opinion were the very same "German officers" who.

<sup>\*</sup> L'Empereur Napoléon III. et l'Italie, p. 18.

with such wisdom and integrity of purpose, advised Sultan Abdool Medjeed to secure Constantinople against attack from Russia, by leaving the Bosphorus undefended and fortifying the Dardanelles.

But though we do not profess to state precisely what England and Prussia did to bring about the peace, we do certainly know that they did not do that which, by every consideration of honor and conscience, they were bound to do. They ought to have said to both parties, frankly and unequivocally, the moment that Austria commenced the war under circumstances of such unparalleled wrong and outrage, that they would sustain France and Sardinia in their just demand of the liberation of Italy from all foreign domination, and her restoration to political independence and the undisturbed right of selfgovernment. Had they adopted the programme of Napoleon, Italy would very speedily have reformed herself. The present generation of Italians is not the race described by the tourists and diplomates of the last. Austria and Rome and the Neapolitan Bourbons, hard schoolmasters indeed, have taught Italy great lessons, and we believe her people are now prepared to vindicate their claim to a worthy place among the enlightened nations of the earth.

In point of intelligence, the middle and lower ranks in Italy are much superior to the same classes in Germany, and, so far as the charities of life belong to the department of ethics, in morals also. Stupidity, churlishness, and rudeness are as rare among the Italian peasantry, as they are general among the German; and as for the hotel-keepers, traders, and vetturini, while in Italy you may be flattered or argued by them into paying a few shillings above a reasonable reckoning, you will in Germany be treated with boorish insolence, if you refuse to submit to an extortion of as many pounds. respect to the educated classes, the relative position of the two nations is reversed, and the German is superior to the Italian, in just the same proportion as his advantages of education are greater. The reason of this lies in the intellectual constitution of the races. The German is just what books and scholastic discipline make him, and in German life there is no social training which alone supplies their place. Take these

away, and you have but a coarsely organized and intensely animal being left. The Italian, on the other hand, has original endowments, a facility and a flexibility of nature, and habits of associate life, which enable him to form and develop a character without the aid of the artificial means which are indispensable to the German. The Italians are inherently and collectively a civilized people; the German must be reclaimed and civilized de novo, in each individual case. well remarked by About, that the Italians have in all ages shown great aptitude for the functions of legislation and administration, and these are qualities specially important in the reconstruction of a homogeneous and well-compacted state. out of the chaos into which Guelphs and Ghibellines, Popes and Cæsars, Medici and Bourbons, have thrown the Italian peninsula. So far as the Italians of our day have been tried, they have proved eminently successful in political construction and erganization. The example of Sardinia is a triumphant refutation of the thousand times repeated slander, that the Italians are incapable of maintaining or comprehending a constitutional government; and the history of the Roman Republic of 1849, for the moderation, wisdom, liberality, efficiency, and integrity of its administration, stands entirely alone in the annals of political revolution, unless, indeed, it finds its parallel in the noble spectacle presented by Tuscany, in her late quiet dismissal of her treacherous sovereign, and her orderly submission to the provisional authorities, during the exciting period of the war. When we compare facts like these with the imbecility of the leaders, the violences and the jealousies of the popular masses, and the lamentable disorder and con. fusion that reigned paramount in all the revolutionary movements of 1848 in Germany, we must admit that it does not become the Teuton to reproach the Italian with a want of capacity for political reform, or for administering a liberal government.

The true character of the peace, and its future influences on the cause of Italy, will depend very much upon details, which may be so framed in drawing up the treaty as very essentially to modify the interpretation of the protocol. What these details will be can only be known after the conference at Zurich, and we shall then be still just as much in the dark as we now are with regard to possible secret stipulations between the high contracting parties, which may control the meaning of the details as effectually as the details overrule the apparent signification of the provisional arrangement. Thus, it is evident that the Mincio was proposed by Prussia as a frontier, for purposes of offence, not of defence. It was selected as a strategical line, which would enable Austria to recover Lombardy, and commence hostile operations against Piedmont, just when it suited her convenience to do so, and the dishonesty of such a proposal can be equalled only by its impudence. Now, in arranging the formal stipulations of the treaty, Napoleon may insist on some counter security, which shall leave the newly acquired territory of Sardinia not absolutely at the mercy of a dishonorable and revengeful enemy. as by the naked words of the convention of Villafranca it now is, or he may give Austria, at the cost of Sardinia, some equivalent for the loss of the province she has surrendered. Again, the expression, the fugitive Dukes' "return," may be made a mere prediction, not binding those who uttered it, or it may prove a formal compact to restore those petty tyrants by force The ground which the French Emperor will take will be very much influenced by the position of England and Prussia, unless he is already committed too far to retreat. From Prussia, no generous or honorable policy is to be expected; and even were she better disposed, the rampant "nationality" of Germany might render it difficult for her to take the initiative in wiser counsels. With respect to England, the overthrow of the Derby Administration, and the avowed sympathies of one or two of the present Cabinet, give reason to hope that the new ministers will repair the wrong committed by their predecessors, and take energetic measures to obtain terms which shall secure at once the liberties of Italy and the peace of Europe. Prussia, with all her despotic proclivities, would probably yield to the wishes of England, if that power should firmly insist on a wise and fair adjustment of points yet open for discussion, and Austria will subscribe to any terms which both shall agree with France in dictating. Upon these Protestant states there may yet depend the determination of the issue and the responsibility of the consequences. If he had been originally sustained by them, Napoleon not only would, but must, have gone on in the progressive career upon which he had entered; if now opposed or abandoned by them, he must either ally himself with the darkest despotisms of the Continent, and aid in restoring all the abuses in church and state which the first French Revolution abolished, or he must place himself at the head of Red-Republicanism, and wage a sans-culotte war against every worthy and time-honored institution of Europe. We should look upon the latter alternative as the lesser evil, for we believe it would be easier to construct new political and ecclesiastical edifices out of chaos, than to repair and cleanse such rotten structures as the Austrian Empire and the Church of Rome. They are alike infected with the "National-Hotel disease," and the guest that lingers within their borders is infallibly smitten with palsy or with death.

The situation of Napoleon is one of exceeding delicacy and difficulty. The familiar dangers of a prætorian militia would alone suffice to render the tenure of his crown extremely uncertain; but he is beset by no less formidable perils from without. He knows that the pyramid of his fortunes rests upon its apex, and, aware of the impossibility of long maintaining it inverted, and yet erect, in the midst of so many disturbing influences, he has been endeavoring to restore it to a normal position, and thereby to give it the stability which the interests of his dynasty require. By the aid of the British government and aristocracy, he usurped the throne of France, in defiance of the public sentiment of the Continent, and especially of the Legitimist party, which has numerous and powerful adherents in every European state, and of the Church, which, both from sympathy and from principle, is indissolubly attached to the interests of the elder branch of the Bourbons. as the special representative and champion of all Obscurantist and retrograde ideas. Napoleon saw at once the necessity of fortifying himself in his insecure position by making terms with "Catholicity." Hence his flagitious crusade against the Roman Republic, the restoration of the perjured Pius IX. and his robber-guardian, Antonelli, and the severities against Protestantism in France. But this was but a temporary policy, to obtain the sanction of the Papacy to his invasion of the sacred rights of legitimate succession, which the influence of the Popish clergy with the partisans of Henry V. seemed to render important to the permanence of his reign. On the other hand, the demands of Romanism are so utterly irreconcilable with the interests of France and the pride of national independence, which is one of the most marked traits in the character of Frenchmen, that the Emperor felt obliged to relieve himself, and to some extent Catholic Europe, from so galling and so dangerous a burden. In short, he was tired of a position which must have, just now, suggested to his ingenious and ambitious countryman, Monsieur Blondin, the idea of crossing the Niagara on a tight rope, with a man on his back. Exchange the man for a monk, and the parallel would be complete.

In the attempt to free himself from the stifling embrace of that Old Man of the Sea, he asked the aid of Protestant England and Protestant Prussia. Though once refused, it is perhaps not yet too late to afford it. If this plain duty, for which nothing but moral influence is needed, is honestly performed. Europe may hope a respite, for a generation, — a peace, not, like that of 1815-1848, a condition of external truce between adjacent states, and of internal hostility and strife between nations demanding, and thrones refusing, the fulfilment of the solemn pledges of reform which in the hour of trial princes had given, but a peace founded upon the recognition of human, as well as divine right, and therefore as stable as the enlightened conscience of man. If the required aid is refused, and Napoleon is left to fight the battle alone, then comes the choice between the alternatives of which we have spoken, or rather the succession of those alternatives. First, new concessions from the Emperor to the malignant spirit of the Church, new persecutions of Protestant sects in France, the reconciliation of Sardinia and Rome with all its concomitants of intolerance and oppression. new concordats between the Papacy and Catholic and semi-Catholic princes, new holy alliances against truth and freedom and manhood; and then, when oppression becomes no longer tolerable, a new uprising of the nations, led on, perhaps. by Napoleonites, and a new overthrow of thrones, dominations.

princedoms, powers. The latter evil, as we have already said, is the lesser, and though we do not desire to see a repetition of the career of Jacobin France, we believe it would be better for the interests of humanity that the Gallic eagle should again haver over Berlin, — we had almost said London, — than that another Wellington should lead another horde of Baschkirs and Kalmucks and German princelings to the conquest of Paris.

In case of a rupture with France, and of course with her allies, to which the Emperor's just resentment of the conduct of the British government may very naturally lead, we believe that England would be in a more critical position than she has been since her kings were pensioners of Louis XIV. The prestige of her naval superiority is gone, and her land troops are confessedly as inferior to those of France in military efficiency as they are in numbers. But, with the security conferred by her insular position, the facilities of concentration of force afforded by her network of railways, her vast material and mechanical resources, and the characteristic courage and endurance of her people, she might well defy the utmost efforts of France, - her only dangerous single enemy. But the power of England stands in no such relation to that of the entire Continent as it did when she was arming for the Peninsular campaign. She was then the undisputed mistress of the sea, and the wealth of a lucrative commerce flowed into her coffers almost as abundantly as in the profoundest peace, while it was only under her flag, and by paying tribute to her merchants and seamen and national treasury, that the rest of Europe could participate in maritime traffic at all. Her superiority over all the world in the mechanical arts, upon which the efficiency of military enginery depends, was immense, and her native abundance of iron and coal, and other metallic and mineral products, furnished an inexhaustible stock of material for elaboration in all the branches of industry most conducive to the prosperity and power of a nation, in war or in peace. The numerous open and secret enemies of Napoleon I, looked upon England as the common friend and champion of the rights and national interests of all; and above all this, she had the consciousness of security, and strength, and moral power, to a

degree which, she well knew, existed in no other political community upon earth.

At this day, though England has advanced in all the productive arts, yet her progress has been relatively so much slower than that of the Continental nations, that, in very many branches of mechanical industry, her superiority, either in quality or in facility and cost of manufacture, is very seriously questioned. A war with France would cut off the largest channels of her commerce; emigration and the attractions and advantages of city life have depopulated her rural districts, and she has no longer the material for the rank and file of military service; her people have lost their confidence in their own prowess and invincibility; and she has disappointed the hopes and alienated the good-will of that portion of the European people who have looked forward to the general establishment of rational liberty and constitutional government by the moral force of the example, and the directly active influence, of the British nation. The mission of England was to preach and to promote the political emancipation of Christendom; but it is much to be feared that she has done more to obstruct than to advance an object of so much importance to the general interests of the human family. Her only serious efforts for that purpose are in the establishment of the puny kingdom of Greece, — a wild olive, that as yet has borne no fruit, — and in resisting the nefarious attempts of Russia to extend her own grasping and remorseless tyranny over the territory of the Ottoman Porte, which is much more likely to be effectually Christianized under the liberal policy of the Sultans, than under the iron bigotry of the Czars. In 1815, England was the first power in the world, and able to dictate terms to every European sovereign. For the political arrangements of that fatal year, which consigned to hopeless slavery, under relentless despotisms, many of the finest parts of Europe, England is answerable; because, having the power to control the conditions of the general pacification, she neglected to exercise it, and stipulated nothing in behalf of any interest but those of dynasties. Since 1815, it has been her policy to sustain the princes restored by it, and though she has sometimes encouraged resistance to despotic sovereigns, she has always abandoned the insurgents to the wrath of their masters, when the revolts have been suppressed. She has thus gradually estranged from her the liberal politicians of the Continent, and is universally regarded as the ally, not of the people, but of their oppressors. The ill-will felt towards the British government has extended itself also to the nation. Englishmen are envied for their wealth and their social privileges, but detested for their airs of superiority, and their supercilious behavior towards the natives of the countries they visit, and consequently neither government nor people has any hold upon the confidence and sympathy of the commonalty of Europe.

On the other hand, the British government, by its protection of political refugees, and by its inability to restrain the freedom of the press, has drawn upon itself the bitterest hatred of all the advocates of arbitrary rule, whether princes or subjects, and nothing is more probable than a coalition between the despotisms of the Continent, with the view of compelling her to muzzle her press, to make the other branches of her public service as subservient as her post-office, and to employ her police, and the officers of her army and navy, in hunting out and surrendering for punishment the Mazzinis, the Kossuths, the Hugos, and other disturbers of the repose of crowned heads.

While, therefore, England has ceased to be a source of encouragement and hope to the people of the Continent, she has failed to secure the confidence of their rulers, and in any crisis of danger or of trial she will be sustained by the sympathies of neither. Under these circumstances, there can be no doubt that for her the path of duty is the only path of safety. Let her now become what she long since ought to have been, a champion of liberal institutions and popular rights abroad, as well as an example of them at home, and she will find in the gratitude, the attachment, and the alliance of the people of Europe, a stronger bulwark than in an entente cordiale with a score of despots.

We have barely alluded to the remaining party in the controversy,—the Papacy, and its present imbecile, obstinate, and vindictive incumbent; but this is precisely the party that has most to gain or to lose by the ultimate results of the policy of

Napoleon. The true relations of Catholicism to civil and political as well as religious liberty, though for three centuries as patent as the sun at noonday, have been strangely blinked or misrepresented by Protestant writers, for the last quarter of The discovery, that the Reformers were mistaken a century. in their judgment upon the secular influence of Romanism, that the prevalent opinions upon its intolerance, its hostility to light and progress, its worldly selfishness, and the corruption of its clergy, are mere Protestant prejudices, is one of the weakest and most mischievous of the many "flunkevisms" which seem especially to mark an age when manhood and moral courage are among the rarest of the virtues. Even those who admit that Popery in the sixteenth century was what Luther knew and felt it to be, very often inform us, that the spirit of Romanism is softened in accordance with the "spirit of the age"; that it no longer persecutes, no longer corrupts, no longer seeks for temporal power or worldly wealth; that its mission is of charity and healing; that it favors the advancement and diffusion of knowledge, and is everywhere the patron and the advocate of the suffering and the oppressed; that a morally depraved Pope is now impossible; and that, though the civil administration of his government may be faulty, it has renounced its claims to the political sovereignty of Christendom, and as a spiritual authority it works only by fair argument and moral suasion. Assertions like these, in the face of the facts, that not one of the impudent claims of the Papacy to secular power, and the right of absolute spiritual control, has even been surrendered by the Vatican, not one of its minatory bulls against heretics revoked, not one of its means of corruption discarded; that, though Catholicism numbers but one seventh of the human family, the property of that Church many times exceeds the wealth of all the other religious communities upon earth: that new concordats have been negotiated with Catholic princes, reinvesting the Pope with all the powers ever claimed by him in the darkest period of the Middle Ages; that Catholic supremacy is notoriously the mainspring in all the policy of the Austrian Empire; and that, in every Catholic state in Europe, persecution and intolerance are rapidly reviving; - in the face of such facts, we say, the assertion that Catholicism is no longer a dangerous influence, betrays an ignorance of the relations between cause and effect, or a perversion of the moral faculties, very discreditable to the intelligence and the candor of those who make it.

Although the history of the Papacy shows many pontiffs more dissolute in private life than Pius IX., - not one more aggressive in his aspirations, more relentless in his vengeances, or more obstinately wedded to all the traditional abuses of the Vatican, — it does not record one pontifical act of more detestable wickedness, not one fraught with greater danger to the most sacred of human rights, than the forcible kidnapping of young Mortara, a crime that scarcely finds its parallel in all the barbarities of Nicholas in Poland or Franz Joseph in Italy. And yet this enormous wrong has scarcely called forth a breath of reprobation in Protestant Europe or Protestant America. Napoleon, to his honor be it said, and Napoleon alone, warmly but ineffectually remonstrated against this flagrant outrage, and it still remains unredressed, - the foulest stain which a single outrage has placed on the history of the nineteenth century. If the power to repeat such crimes remains with the Bishop of Rome, the responsibility will rest less on Catholic, usurping Napoleon, than on Protestant, legitimate Prussia and England.

ART. VIII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. PARKER'S recent Letter to his Congregation \* stands among those striking autobiographies, in which our generation is so fortunate in having its marked phases of religious thought set forth. No exposition of a man's belief is at once so interesting and true, as that contained in an honest record of his life; and even when that record is colored by his own feeling, or prejudice, or wayward experience, it is all the more serviceable witness. The current of personal feeling that runs through the "Phases of Faith," Brownson's "Convert," and

<sup>\*</sup> Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, with some Account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry. Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr.

Blanco White's Memoirs, makes a distinct part of their value as illustrations of the religious tendencies they represent. As strongly individualized as Luther's "Table-Talk," and a good deal more deliberate and full, each in its way furnishes precisely the material which the historian or critic, one of these days, will be most in search of.

Of recent works of this kind, this little volume, or large pamphlet, is the most interesting to us, and the most likely to provoke sharp criticism. It is a very transparent and plainly told story of a pretty obstinate controversy, still fresh, from the pen of the most conspicuous actor therein; and of course, it both reflects and provokes the slumbering passions of the debate. It is also a revelation of personal feeling and experience, - a private, and indeed confidential record, made to near friends, reckoning on their sympathy, and not shrinking to say what few men would care to say to a larger circle. It is as if a certain curiosity or fatality had broken the seal of privacy, and let us into the secrets of an intercourse which, primarily, we had no right to share. In form, it is a private matter between the writer and his correspondents. He wishes "it might be read only to them, or printed solely for their affection, not also published for the eye of the world; but that were impossible, .... so what I write private to you becomes public also for mankind, whether I will or not.'

This statement, to a certain degree, disarms criticism. we imagine this to have been strictly a private communication, brought to light only by accident, or posthumously, it would scarce be amenable to any judgment or comment of ours. We should pause at the words, so appealing to our human sympathy: "Consumption, having long since slain almost all my near kinsfolk, horsed on the North-wind, rode at me also, seeking my life. Swiftly I fled hither, hoping in this little island of the Holy Cross to hide me from his monstrous sight, to pull his arrows from my flesh, and heal my wounded side.... I know that I am no longer young, and that I stand up to my shoulders in my grave, whose uncertain sides at any moment may cave in and bury me with their resistless weight. . . . Yet still the will to live, though reverent and submissive, is exceeding strong, more vehement than ever before, as I have still much to do, - some things to begin upon, and many more lying now half done, that I alone can finish, — and I should not like to suffer the little I have done to perish now for lack of a few years' work." With these words before us, breathing the suppressed pain of a strong man bowed, we should read anything that might follow without censure or deprecation, glad simply to see things as they seemed to the writer's heart.

But a public document, — which this comes to be in fact, — containing the story of events in which a great many have borne a part, and reflecting honor or dishonor on a great many names among the living, is another matter. This "Letter" is not only an account, it is also an epitome of the writer's ministry, — a recapitulation, in brief, of the long war of pamphlets and discourses, in which no one else has borne a part at all comparable to Mr. Parker in boldness or general ability. With the warmth of the debate, the passion of the hour reappears. So

true, indeed, is Mr. Parker to his character, as a man "severely in earnest," that, even in this narrative review, he assumes the agonistic attitude, and runs perpetually into the tone of argument, appeal, or obiurgation. The reader is likely to be disappointed, vexed perhaps, to find so little of the calmness he might look for in the forced repose of a sick man's retrospect. At this distance of time, he will say, — five or fifteen years from the battle he relates, - at that distance in space, where the exile may be thought to see everything softened by the intervening leagues of sea and sky, — followed too from his native land by so warm an expression of sympathy, even from many who had been strangers or opposed, - we might have expected to find the view of men and things tempered and assuaged. Some softening in the perspective, some mellow haze hiding the sharpness of light and shadow, we might have looked for in a picture drawn in that far-off retreat, — possibly softer strokes from a hand weakened by sickness. But the remarkable character of the Letter - aside from the glimpse it gives of the real tenderness, devoutness, and affectionateness of a character which the great public has seen mostly on another side — is precisely as a reproduction, or epitome, of the controversy as it was. The narrative is, indeed, in some parts, almost sternly given, and not a hard line suppressed. And for the immediate effect (though not the ultimate value) of this review, we regret a frequent tone that savors of ten years ago.

The best justification, or at least explanation, of this tone, is found in the narrative — which another generation, so far as it looks at all into this matter, must find very striking and curious - of the quality of opposition and reproach met in this eighteen years' iconoclastic crusade. That anything was done to provoke so virulent a hostility as is here spoken of, - that as hard blows were given as taken in the fight, - we find no hint in a narrative certainly meant to be candid and full. When Mr. Parker says, (p. 174,) "I have no delight in controversy; when assailed, I have never returned the assault,"—the statement may be literally correct, but the public will find it hard to understand. A man who, in his thirty-fifth year, "had thoroughly broken with the ecclesiastical authority of Christendom," and who felt then that he had enlisted for "a thirty years' war, if life should hold out so long," can hardly seem, to average people, "not much of a fighter," however sincerely he may say it; and one only wonders at the astonishment he seems to have felt at the hostility he called forth. It is not time yet to analyze all the motives of that hostility. Suffice it to say, that in some points it would have been disarmed, if the sense of personal justice and the decorum of debate had always weighed as much with him as zeal for public justice and the stress of controversy. Even the friendliest judge will ask if all the fault is on one side, when a strong and heroic worker is obliged to "do his work by stealth"; and when an enterprise of simple charity "would have been ruined at once, if his face or name had appeared in connection with it." In the main, in its estimate of the respective rights of the disputants in these discussions, it is likely that posterity will side with Mr. Parker. But - naturally enough, perhaps — we think this narrative does great injustice to

the opposition, forgets many elements of provocation, and makes the sincere feeling, or belief, or good fame of others of quite too small account, in comparison with the fiery force of conviction which it declares.

In reply to these suggestions, we know that Mr. Parker's most ardent admirers would remind us that, just as we cannot get all the minor virtues for four and sixpence a day, we cannot, in wider matters, ask all traits of force and of loveliness in the same finite life; — that the great reformer cannot be expected to be the great pacificator, harmonizer, tolerator, and mediator. This is, we suppose, the simplest key to the tone of the book; the author does not know what is meant by "Toleration," and yet does not know that he does not know it. His firm and unhesitating belief in himself, therefore, almost inevitably expresses itself in a tone, — which is, we believe, to the seniors who had to do with this controversy very provoking, - while to the juniors just now coming on the stage it is simply amusing, - which, if we may borrow a phrase from Sir Walter Scott, may be called the "big bowwow" strain. A charming letter-writer, a companion in travel of Mr. Parker, has just now styled him, very happily, "the Great Dog," "Can Grande," - in memory of Dante's hopes for the achievements of Can Grande della Scala, a prince of his own time. After personifying the treachery of Florence, the rapine of France, and the hungry meanness of Rome, under the figures of panther, lion, and wolf, which had terrified and threatened him, Dante makes Virgil say of Rome and of Can Grande: —

"For yonder brute 'gainst whom thou criest, alarmed,
Permits none else on her vile path to stray.
Nay, every trespasser with death prevents,
So bad by nature, so accursed at core.
Her greedy appetite she ne'er contents,
But after gorging, she howls on for more.
With many a beast already she has lain,
And shall with many more unite in lust,
Till comes the Greyhound, slaying her with pain [Can Grande].
He will not feed on earthly dross and dust,
But wisdom, love, and virtue.

'T is He shall worry her through every town,
Till back to Hell, wherefrom she first arose,—
Envy's rank spawn,— He shall have dragged her down." \*

Poor Dante's prophecy did not prove fortunate; — it has been, indeed, the only passport to immortality of the Great Dog in behalf of whom it was made. As in lesser cases, his bark proved worse than his bite. We hope more for the war against falsehood, force, appetite, and craft of the new Can Grande; but while we express the hope, we have to confess that we seldom listen to his baying of the wolf, without detecting something of a more conscious and less dignified "bow-wow."

We cannot attempt to examine in detail statements of fact so numerous as are here given, and many of them made in the most general and sweeping terms, — made too on the sole authority of a memory, singu-

<sup>\*</sup> We quote Mr. Parsons's translation.

larly tenacious and clear indeed, but not quite infallible. It is said, for example, (p. 57,) that on a certain occasion the Attorney-General of Massachusetts "brought an indictment" for blasphemy against the author of certain critical papers in the Christian Examiner, — a statement which we believe to be not only incorrect, but impossible. Again, what account of an opponent's belief can be quite trusted, from one who speaks of the usual Christian faith in a special revelation of the Most High by his chosen messengers, as making "the whole of human nature wait upon an accident of human history, - and that accident the whim of some single man!" We should be sorry to charge looseness as to fact, or habitual misrepresenting of belief, as a characteristic of this narrative; but we both blame and regret each class of statements of which we have cited the above as specimens.

But the main thing in this Letter, and that which gives it the greatest permanent value, is the very extraordinary testimony it bears to the industry, the energy, the copious scholarship, and the intense convictions of the author. The earlier portions in particular, which speak of the growth of character and opinions, the influence of parental training, the hopes and purposes with which the toils of manhood and the special path of service were approached, cannot be read by any one, we venture to say, without interest and sympathy. As to the later narrative, even those who have best known the diversified resources of Mr. Parker's intellect will be surprised at the immense range of his reading and the amount of his intellectual toil; while those who have worked most constantly by his side will hardly have estimated the activity and energy of his labors, - of pulpit, platform, lecturer's desk, or walks of mercy, - as the memory of them is brought back in this review. And, whatever the verdict finally pronounced upon the labors here recorded, the record itself will remain, as one of the most curious, instructive, and characteristic chapters in the history of New England Theology.

Dr. Bellows's Address at the recent Anniversary of the Cambridge Theological School elicited before its publication, while known to the public only by report, some foolish comments, and some ill-natured ones, from the newspaper press, of which the printed pamphlet is the best refutation. It was, perhaps, too much to expect from the journals which criticised this performance, nice discrimination, or candid judgment, or conscientious accuracy of statement. But it seems a not unreasonable demand, that the critic should read before judging, and not pronounce on a vague report as he would on an authorized publication. Dr. Bellows was represented as having gravely propounded a new form of Christianity, - a new "Church,"-to be established by individual effort directed to that end; something between Romanism and Protestantism, avoiding the errors and combining the merits of both those ministrations. The Address\* is now before the public, and

<sup>\*</sup> The Suspense of Faith. An Address to the Alumni of the Divinity School of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Given July 19, 1859. By Henry W. Bellows. New York: C. S. Francis & Co. 1859.

all who are interested may satisfy themselves of the falsity of this charge, concerning which we remark by the way, that no writer of our acquaintance is less likely to have committed such an absurdity than the author of this discourse. The discourse strikes us as every way worthy its distinguished author, - admirable alike for its breadth of view and its fervor of spirit, its penetrating analysis and its comprehensive faith, its luminous suggestions and its weighty counsels. We heartily accept the author's criticism of the spiritual aspects of this our time, and we know of no statements on this subject more searching or more eloquent than those which we find under the third head of this discourse, — the psychological and universal reason for what the author calls the "suspense of faith." We have no room to quote what seems to us so striking, and can only refer to the portion included between the 20th and 30th pages as containing some of the best and profoundest things that have been said in this direction in our day.

Dr. Bellows appreciates the limitations of Protestantism, in itself considered, without undervaluing the Protestant Church, or dreaming of any invidious comparison between it and the elder communion.

"Who does not see that the fatal misgiving at the bottom of the mind of Protestantism is this: Have the external institutions of religion any authority but expediency? Do they stand for and represent anything but one portion of the human race educating another portion of the human race, which in the last analysis is self-culture? And if they stand on self-culture, on what other basis than schools and colleges? None whatever, the logical mind will answer, except that they are religious schools and colleges. Make your ordinary schools and colleges, your family education, religious, and you may dispense with the Church, which has no basis but expediency, and is founded wholly in man's wit. Accordingly, it is a very common and spreading feeling that our religious institutions are approaching their natural term of existence."

The practical conclusion of the whole is a plea for the Church as the

saving power of society, whose agency admits of no substitute.

"The work of the Church is so to speak to the world in the orotund of great historic incidents, — so to preach by emphasizing the commemorative days, and illuminating the holy symbols, and pausing on the successive events, which made the doctrines of Christianity, - as gradually to thunder into the deaf ear of humanity the saving lesson of the Gospel.

"No lecture-room can do this, no preaching-man can do this, no thin, ghostly individualism or meagre Congregationalism can do this. It calls for the organic, instituted, ritualized, impersonal, steady, patient work of the Church, which taking infancy in its arms shall baptize it, etc. . . . A new, catholic Church, a Church in which the needed but painful experience of Protestantism shall have taught us how to maintain a dignified symbolic and mystic church organization without the aid of the state or the authority of the Pope, — this is the demand of the weary, unchurched humanity of our era. How to renounce the various obstacles, how to inaugurate the various steps to it, is probably more than any man's wisdom is adequate to direct just now. But to articulate, or even try to articulate, the dumb wants of the religious times, is at least one step to it. It is a cry for help which God will hear, and will answer by some new word from the Holy Ghost, when humanity is able and willing to bear it."

The stupidity which could pervert this confession of a want into the declaration of a purpose, is one of those annoyances which public

speakers have to encounter from their natural enemy.

11, 1-, 6. 121/11 THE Dougy Version of the Old Testament, made from the Latin Vulgate, which was the translation completed by St. Jerome, A. D. 405, which the Council of Trent pronounced to be "authentic," is as good a translation of a translation as we should suppose it reasonable to expect from Roman Catholics at the time it was made; that is, in 1609, two years before King James's Version. Dr. Kenrick, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Baltimore, has published an edition of it,\* for the use of such Catholics as can obtain permission of "the pastors and spiritual guides whom God has appointed to govern his Church" to read it, in a partially revised form. The changes which he has made appear to be generally for the better, as far as they go. But it is difficult to perceive on what principle he proceeded in making them. It was not to make the Douay Version conform in every case more strictly to the Vulgate. For in several instances, in the few chapters we have examined, he departs from the Vulgate. Thus in Job iii. 7, he renders, "Let that night be solitary and void of praise," instead of "not worthy of praise" in the Douay. But the Vulgate reads "nec laude digna." Again, in ch. v. 26, the Archbishop renders, "Thou shalt enter into the grave in full age," instead of the Douay, "Thou shalt enter into the grave in abundance." But the Vulgate has it, "Ingredieris in abundantia sepulchrum." This certainly is a departure from the "authentic" Vulgate, to make it conform, with heretical King James's, to the original Hebrew. But why Dr. Kenrick should correct from the Hebrew this verse, rather than hundreds of other passages of the Vulgate, which, in the opinion of all scholars, require correction, does not appear. In general, his corrections of the Douay Version are very few, and of little importance compared with those which must be made before the Catholic version can be regarded as representing the original Hebrew. It would seem, if the few chapters which we have found time to examine may be taken as a specimen of the whole, that the Archbishop's revision cannot be relied on as representing either the Latin Vulgate or the original Hebrew. Thus in Job iii. 18, the Douay has it, "And they sometime bound together without disquiet have not heard the voice of the oppressor." This represents the Vulgate, "Et quondam vincti pariter sine molestia, non audierunt vocem auctoris." The Archbishop has it, "And they sometime bound together are without disquiet, and hear not the voice of the taskmaster," a rendering which

<sup>\*</sup> The Book of Job and the Prophets, translated from the Vulgate, and diligently compared with the Original Text, being a Revised Edition of the Douay Version, by Francis Patrick Kenrick, Archbishop of Baltimore. Baltimore: Kelley, Hedian, and Piet. 1859.

does not well represent either the Vulgate or the Hebrew. The latter is well translated in the common version. So in Isaiah liii. 9. The Douay has it, "And he shall give the ungodly for his burial, and the rich for his death." This represents the Vulgate, "Et dabit impios pro sepultura et divitem pro morte sua." But the Archbishop has it, "And he shall have the ungodly in his burial and the rich at his death," which represents neither the Latin nor the Hebrew. It is certainly not "authentic." Protestants, therefore, unacquainted with Latin, who have the curiosity to know what the Vulgate is, or what the Douay version is, will do best to take the common editions of the latter. But Catholics will come a little nearer to the meaning of the Hebrew original, especially with the help of the Archbishop's notes, by using his revision of the Douay version.

The notes are useful as far as they go, and suggest many emendations of the Version which he does not adopt with the text. But to us Protestants, who are accustomed to fuller and more learned ones, they appear meagre, and behind the age. The Archbishop's views of interpretation may be estimated by a remark which he makes in his Introduction to Job: "The boldness with which he [i. e. Job] vindicates his innocence is best excused by regarding him as representing the Son of God, who was altogether free from sin."

John Shideraphy.

'SHELLEY is buried without the walls of Rome, in unconsecrated earth; his works are contraband within the walls, and many good people elsewhere in Christendom still suppose that he was the Devil. To add an authentic page to his history, is the purpose of the present work.\* He has been unfortunate in having many ambitious, incompetent, and perverse biographers. It was inevitable that such an unworldly, delicate spirit should be misunderstood. .He was in arms against the religion, and politics, and social institutions of his time and country. That he was persecuted and maligned, is evidence of his power, and their weakness. His heart was the finest meter of all injustice and wrong; and when it spoke, though it had no power but the pen, it carried alarm to the bad and the bigoted. They avenged themselves with scandal, and with the law, handiest weapon of the base. There is no such instance in modern times of the union of the poet and the earnest, practical reformer. What he thought, that he would instantly realize; and the impossibility of realizing it - his ideas being, as they were, tainted with no systems of compromise - made the great, the real grief of Therefore, dearest blessing of the Muse, he took refuge in poetry. Not, however, without some debate and questioning of his own genius. The best part of every reformer's career is his first protest; time will work the problem; he has enough to do to keep himself in advance of his protest.

<sup>\*</sup> Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley. To which is added an Essay on Christianity, by P. B. Shelley: now first printed. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

But Shelley was essentially a poet; and the sensitiveness which made him feel so keenly the evil in the world, renders his ideal realms and characters so much the more elevated and inspiring. At last he took refuge in poetry, and in Italy, "the Paradise of exiles." There he was happy in his work; his powers were ripening; he had competent fortune; and in his household relations he adds one to the scanty roll of those men who seem to have found marriage a divine institution. His wife was his peer in many respects; they went hand in hand, nor did he divide himself from her in any part of his magnificently endowed nature.

## "Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also."

And after eight years they still loved, and she could write at his death: "For eight years I communicated, with unlimited freedom, with one whose genius, far transcending mine, awakened and guided my thoughts. I conversed with him; rectified my errors of judgment; obtained new lights from him; and my mind was satisfied. Now I am alone, — O how alone!" "The glory of the dream is gone. I am a cloud from which the light of sunset has passed. Give me patience in the present struggle. Meum cordium cor! Good night!"

This volume shows anew the beauty and sincerity of Shelley's life. Those nearest to him loved him best. His own father scarcely knew him. He made, or found, his own kindred. His blood, of the best in England, united only with generous hearts, and high intellects. performed the practical and humblest offices of charity. He espoused every unpopular and friendless cause, or person; and there was no wrong but reached his sensitive and tender heart. In return, the doors of his own home were shut against him; he was expelled from Oxford; his name was a word of ill omen in all England; the Lord Chancellor took his children from him, on the ground that he was an atheist; and fortune frowned upon him, almost to his untimely death. Yet he was a poet, and who can doubt the recompense of vision and of rapture in his own soul? The story of his death is familiar. His life in Italy was growing more and more prosperous and serene. approaching the time he himself had prophesied, when he should be able to do something in every respect accommodated to the utmost limits of his powers. He died. The tale cannot be told or read without tears. Nor is there anything more grand or solemn in the Urn Burial of Sir Thomas Browne, than the narrative of the cremation of Shelley.

"The spot was wild, lonely, and inexpressibly grand. In front lay the broad, bright waters of the Mediterranean, with the islands of Elba, Capraji, and Gorgona in view; the white, marble peaks of the Apennines closed the prospect behind, cooling the intense glare of the midday sun with the semblance of snow; and all between stretched the sands, yellow against the blue of the sea, and a wild, bare, uninhabited country, parched by the saline air, and exhibiting no other vegetation than a few stunted and bent tufts of underwood. A row of high, square watch-towers stood along the coast; and above, in the hot stillness, soared a solitary curlew, which occasionally circled close to the pile, uttering its shrill scream, and defying all attempts to drive it away."

Upon the pyre they poured wine, frankincense, and other fragrant things, and the rich, golden flame, quivering aloft, seemed to show no common mould within its fierce embrace. The costly body of the poet consumed away with a purer and more ethereal flame, and swiftly ascended to the sun. Thitherward soared the dreary curlew, singing a sweeter and more ruthful requiem. What was it but the hymn of Lycidas, - the funeral service for all poets, - or the Elegy of Adonais, which he himself, half prophetically, sung over a brother-poet? The only spectators of the obsequies were Mr. Trelawny, Lord Byron, and Leigh Hunt. In one of Shelley's pockets was found a volume of Keats. doubled back and thrust away as though he had just been reading it. In another was a volume of Sophocles. The copy of Keats was lent by Leigh Hunt, who told Shelley to keep it till he could give it to him again with his own hands. As the lender would receive it from no one else, it was burnt with the body. The ashes, and the heart, - which remained unconsumed, (a fact to which the Cor cordium of the inscription alludes,) — were taken to Rome and deposited in the same burial-ground with Keats. There the roses are in bloom in midwinter. That which the writer of these lines plucked on a serene Sun day in January is still fragrant in some securely folded leaf. Over the grave is written, "Nothing of him doth fade;" but the crescent sphere of his fame, and of his too who thought his "name was writ in water," slowly fills with immortal light.

POETRY AND ART.

An almost Spartan taste in externals reigns among authors and publishers. You may well-nigh detect the best books on any shelf, by a certain severe and chaste garb. And within the covers it is the same. No advertisement, no preface, no dedication, obstructs your progress to the contents. The author scarcely deigns to write his name. In all possible ways he abbreviates the introduction to his message. This is particularly the present fashion among poets. Something of the old oracular style has returned; and one cannot help remembering that most ancient picture of the poetical and prophetical character:—

"The Sibyl, speaking with inspired mouth, Smileless, inornate, and unperfumed, Pierces through the centuries."

Once books had a courtly and ceremonial air, coquetting with the reader through a hundred pages before admitting him to the banquet. Our books are like our houses,—they have no vestibule, the Court of Vesta, goddess of courtesy and decorum. But open the door, and 't is like removing the last skin from the pomegranate. We are fishes that swim close to the surface, or insects that live in the top of the ground. The spider is a truer gentleman; he abides in the bottom of his beautiful tunnel, and welcomes his guests over many a silken and curiously woven web. The architecture of a bird's-nest, or the commonest weed, shames our careless yet extravagant models.

In books, though we have so much apparent simplicity, and the rejection of all gossip between the author and his reader, and an introduction , after the curt manner of the Transcendentalists, - "Know you, before heaven and earth, that this is Jane, and this is John,"—it is not a sustained simplicity, but the table of contents often warns us of many fantastic and obscure topics, aggravated by the author's informality and reti-All the old art of the title-page and the prologizing in various kinds, is transferred to the naming of the pieces. If you have any Sibylline skill, you will read all the story in the name. It is meant to be strictly onomatopoetic; like an overture in music, the echo and miniature of the thing itself. The name must be the subtile distillation, the very image and soul of the poem. The metaphysics in the titles of Tennyson's and Browning's poetry is a striking characteristic; and in George Herbert, one could not change his mottoes without destroying the charm and character of the book. They are something more than the socle of the statue, or the frame of the picture. They are the poet's own key and interpreter, and should properly be read as the last word of every poem, or hypercatalectic verse. For he works outward from the very heart of his subject, or from the idea; but the public see the process inversely. They look to the horizon; he looks from it, backward to them, and on to a new horizon. All the doors of the poet's house open outward to him, but inward to his guests. Or, to speak more nearly to the present thought, though the sympathetic reader apprehends things figuratively, the poet discovers that the figure itself is real, and the basis of a new comparison. Thus pursuing things through all their transformations, he comes at length to their last and best secrets. Whoever has found out and given the right name to an object, has been so happy as to have beheld it produced back to its cause, and forward to its ultimate effect, in the elemental order of nature.

Opening the volume before us,\* the table of contents is of that suggestive variety well known to the lover of poetry. Almost instantly each name flashes an image of the poem across the mind. Or, if not the poem, a poem. The Fates have aided the Muses at the christening of their children.

The present volume contains certain Sonnets to Beauty and to Night, likewise a Hymn to the Sea, and one or two other pieces heretofore published, and much liked by a few attentive and inquisitive readers. For they have appeared in obscure places, and there has been no flourish of trumpets. So much the better for the beginning of a true fame, and influence independent of newspaper notoriety. The newspaper is a useful thing to the merchant and the mechanic; but the poet cannot afford to advertise his wares. His is a commodity that must advertise itself, or it is nothing. So it happens that it lies long depreciating on the market till some odd customer appears, then another, and at last the admiration of those two or three persons is justified in the eyes of all the world. Often Aristotle was Plato's only hearer. Those books now dearest to us have been subject to the vicissitudes of every ill-for-

<sup>\*</sup> Poems. By Anne Whitney. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

tune; and their preservation is as much a miracle as their creation. They were never published, or in some irregular way, coming into vogue without any of the usual appliances, and nobody knows how. They never had any sale when published, and were a vexation to every one concerned. But at length the bad perish, the good become common property, and reappear with the regularity of the seasons. So it has passed into proverb, that no good book dies. Yet, though we have that faith, who can look along the counters of the bookstores, and behold without sadness the faded backs of the unsalable and unread books. Of this class the thin volumes of new poetry are by far the most common. For a few months they meet the eye in their accustomed places, but they seem to grow thinner and thinner, and then they vanish away. How often forever! And this was the very coined spirit of some solitary, musing soul! whose only joy perchance in this life was to unfold his secret sadness, and to paint in vanishing colors the life and destiny he could never grasp. Sometimes, indeed, these fragments are illuminated by an increasing fame; and the forlorn little book is taken down and dusted, and, being included among more famous works, suffers the ignominy of a corner, with the inscription, "Earlier Poems."

It is considered a safe precept to read none but old and famous books. Yet who can avert his eyes from the miscellaneous poetry that is afloat in newspapers and in those small books? There are no books so tempting to us. The prose we pass by on the other side. We wait for the critics to pronounce there. But the poetry, - we cannot resist handling that for ourselves. However inferior the poet may be, that he should call his work by that sacred name is a presumption much more provoking than the happiest, the most captivating title of another book. It is most likely he cannot drive these horses of the sun, but we love the courage that will dare it; the generous, youthful impetuosity, celebrated as much by a failure as success. We judge men by what they attempt; and the most wretched poetaster has some dim vision of what he is striving after. So there gleams a word, a verse often in these pages, which repays our adventure. There is something, too, in the very form, that gives to the mind a certain assurance of a value somewhere latent.

That which is the most striking defect in so many of our poets,—want of assimilation of the subjects to the experience and the imagination,—is not at all apparent in this volume. On the contrary, things have become, in the being of the poet, so intensely her own, that, when reproduced, they are often mystical and allegorical. What seem to be personal experiences, are obscurely so. But when the topic is objective, as in "Susana" and "Kristel's Soliloquy," the personality is made more delicate and vivid. There has been just enough of the brooding, idealizing mind, to give them life and character. But "A Lost Dream" is almost unintelligible. Yet experience warns us to admit that some reader may have the clew which we lack. Likeness is everywhere so much greater than unlikeness, that it is unsafe to call anything a mystery or mistake, for its like will readily find and interpret it. What I cannot understand was probably meant for you; or if not for you,

perhaps for some person yet unborn. For all the opening poem is on Joy, the prevailing tone of the book is subdued and deeply moral. There is no passion, no play; all is serene, earnest, intellectual. A fatal defect: be you the most accomplished artist, you cannot touch the human heart without hot blood, and a certain youthful frenzy. Shall the great Jove transform himself to a cuckoo to win Juno, and a mortal woman ignore, through two hundred pages, the divinities of love? Is it not unaccountable that one who sings,

"I am a maiden, Turned of eighteen,"

and who confesses she has had a score of lovers, has no record, comic or tragic, of one of them to show us, — nothing save that bare piece of statistics?

A deep, dark-eyed, but sad and twilight Muse. Yet through all come hints of a fair and rich life, growing into more and more completeness, developing new powers in art and in thought, putting into song all surrounding commonplaces, so that nothing insignificant or unworthy can henceforth meet her eye, but she will live, as it were, in another and fairer world: we cannot choose but linger and listen to the voice that speaks thence.

WE know no work on ecclesiastical architecture which contains so much information, so clearly expressed and so well illustrated, as the new manual of Herr Heinrich Otte.\* It literally answers every leading question which one can put concerning the church edifices of Germany, whether of the earlier or later styles, and leaves nothing untouched that can indicate the origin, progress, meaning, and use of any part of these buildings. It initiates us into all the mysteries of arch and buttress, of crypt and vault, of nave, transept, choir, and chapels, of gallery, cloister, round windows, flat windows, and pointed windows, of solitary and of clustered shafts, of crochets and pinnacles, altars and altar-vessels, side niches, credence tables, sedilia, sacred vessels and sacred vestments, - gives, in fact, a complete picture of the Romanesque and the Gothic churches from foundation-stone to topmost tower. The form of separate questions with answers annexed, which the author has adopted, helps conciseness of demonstration, and relieves the reader. Eighty-eight well-executed plans and pictures exhibit to the eye the points discussed, and interpret the necessary technical terms. With this catechism in hand, one may criticise intelligently those evident absurdities which are perpetrated in this country under the name of Gothic structures, and may give a reason for his instinctive repugnance to such outrages on fitness and beauty. Mr. Otte's book, though not intended as a builder's guide, and dealing only with churches of former centuries, ought, nevertheless, to be translated for the benefit of those ambitious church committees who insist upon restoring the Mid-

<sup>\*</sup> Archäologischer Katechismus. Kurzer Unterricht in der kirchlichen Kunstarchäologie des deutschen Mittelalters. Bearbeitet von Heinrich Otte. Mit 88 eingedruckten Holzschnitten. Leipzig:, T. D. Weigel. 1859. 8vo. pp. 106.

dle Age, and repeating the cathedrals of Europe in their parochial sanctuaries of wood and plaster. It would make an appropriate text-book for the new Catholic Church which some would inaugurate.

Mira, EDUCATION.

If there is no royal road to learning, there certainly is none to teach-Excellent and successful instructors of the languages there unquestionably were fifty years ago; and yet we can conceive of no more cunningly devised process for creating disgust at all learning, than the method of teaching described in the Life of Chief Justice Parsons as employed in his day; according to which a boy was compelled to commit to memory the whole of the grammar, besides a work on Greek Primitives, before he was allowed to use in translating a particle of the knowledge he had acquired. Probably no two teachers in our day agree, or would be equally successful, in precisely the same course of training; nor — as much depends on the peculiar wants of school and pupil, as well as the taste and preference of teacher would any really good teacher pursue invariably the same course with every class. But none, surely, would advocate the method above described, or fail to recognize the vast improvements made of late years in the mode of teaching the ancient languages. We are, indeed, firm believers in the necessity of rigid drill and thorough "memorizing"; but we could never understand why intellectual food should be considered fit for the young mind only after all the juices had been carefully expressed.

To us it seems clear that a scholar will be interested in his studies very much in proportion as he is taught to use, and practically apply, the knowledge he gains,—as the Greek and Latin, generally so dead, are made in some sort living languages, over which he may, from the first, have some control. Not that we believe in using the language of Homer or Cicero to express the daily wants of modern life. We can see no advantage in a boy's learning to ask the price of corn, or tell the state of the tides, in idiomatic Greek or Latin; and hence we do not recommend the general use in our schools of certain works recently published on the plan of Ollendorff, as applied to the ancient

languages.

We have no room to speak at length of the books of Arnold and his successors and imitators. They are in many respects admirable, and have done much to improve the standard of culture, and to make more pleasant the task of instruction. Many teachers will long continue to prefer them to all others. Harkness's Second Latin Book, especially, we are glad to mention in terms of almost unqualified approbation, as a work of rare excellence.

But, since we became acquainted with the very remarkable merits of Crosby's Greek Lessons, we have wondered that nothing of the kind was attempted for the Latin. No other course, so far as we know, is so successful in kindling enthusiasm, and promoting accurate scholarship. We therefore hailed with peculiar interest the announcement

of the works named below.\* No one is safe in pronouncing decisively on the merits of a school-book till he has applied to it the practical test of the school-room. We are sorry to say that the first-named work does not bear this test. The general plan is good, but it bears marks of having been got up too hastily and carelessly. The work is illarranged, without sufficient regard to philosophical method or the natural development of the subjects treated; the examples are often poor; too many new words and new topics are crowded on the mind at once; the notes are not good; peculiar and idiomatic expressions are used in the very first lessons; the Vocabulary is very imperfect, — words are omitted, and the definitions are incomplete, and often different from the expressions used in the English sentences given to be turned into Latin, so as seriously to puzzle the scholar; typographical errors are by no means uncommon, and the references to the grammar are occasionally incorrect. On the whole, the book seems to have been prepared by some one who could have done much better if he had allowed himself

more time; but as it is, we cannot give it high praise.

The work of Mr. Richards was published so lately that we can speak of it only from examination, and not experimentally. Of the author we have never heard before, but he is evidently a good scholar, as well as a teacher of ability and experience. We have carefully examined the book with special reference to the defects noted in the other work, and have found very much to praise, and nothing seriously to blame. gives indications everywhere of careful thought and conscientious fidelity. Mr. Richards evidently made his book to use, as well as to sell. Among the features which seem to us specially worthy of commendation are a clear logical arrangement; systematic treatment of topics; a carefully devised plan for committing to memory the grammar; admirable notes; rules for the euphonic changes of consonants, and, based upon these, laws for the formation of the theme in the third declension, and of the second and third roots of verbs; the clear analysis of verbs, with mode, tense, and personal signs, and the special significance of the several terminations; a well-arranged Synopsis of Syntax; some excellent hints on English etymologies; and a Vocabulary, which, so far as we have examined it, is accurate, scholarly, and complete. We ought to add our thanks to the publishers and printers for the typographical execution of the work, which, for a school-book, is absolutely faultless. It is electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry. Teachers will differ in judgment as to the best mode of teaching Latin. But those who believe, as we thoroughly do, that a boy should not begin the study

<sup>\*</sup> The New Liber Primus: a Practical Companion for the Latin Grammar, and Introduction to the Reading and Writing of Latin; on the Plan of Crosby's Greek Lessons. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. Cleveland, Ohio: Henry P. B. Jewett. 1859. 12mo. pp. 126.

Latin Lessons and Tables: combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; consisting of Selections from Cæsar's Commentaries, with a Complete System of

Latin Lessons and Tables: combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; consisting of Selections from Cæsar's Commentaries, with a Complete System of Memorizing the Grammar, Notes, Exercises in Translating from English into Latin, Tables, and a Vocabulary. By Cyrus S. Richards, A. M., Principal of Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, and Company. 1859. 12mo. pp. 129.

till he is at least thirteen years of age, and who are persuaded of the superior advantages of this method, can hardly fail to use this little book with exceeding satisfaction.

WE have examined, with great satisfaction, a Latin Lexicon recently published by Lippincott & Co.\* Both in plan and execution it is excellent. A good School Lexicon is a rarity. In its preparation are needed skill and judgment, as well as sound scholarship; and few persons possessing those qualifications have been willing to employ them in such work. Occasionally, a "Vocabulary," at the end of an elementary text-book, is prepared with fidelity and accuracy, as in the excellent edition of Sallust edited by Messrs. Butler and Sturgus; but for the most part, the compilations put into the hands of the young student are miserable abortions. We regret to be obliged to name, as among the poorest of the class, the list of words, called a Vocabulary, in Felton's Greek Reader. No better, generally, have been the School Lexicons; and the result has been disgust, discouragement, and inferior scholarship.

The work we are noticing we are almost afraid to praise as highly as it seems to us to deserve. The authors say: "It has been the [our] aim to make it conform precisely to its title, - that of a School Lexicon. In executing this purpose, we have endeavored to keep in view the wants of students, rather than those of teachers and philologists, and to prepare a hand-book for daily use, rather than a work of reference for the scholar's library." They have certainly succeeded, and produced a work which no scholar need be ashamed to use, and which the teacher will find a most valuable aid. It claims to contain every word, and to explain "every passage peculiar or important lexicographically," used by "the prose-writers and poets who are universally acknowledged to be the first among the classic writers of Latin literature, and as the most important to be read in colleges and schools." We are not able to affirm that the claim is made good; but from what examination we have made, we hazard little in saying that a majority of young scholars, in reading the works of Cicero, Tacitus, or Horace, would use with more ease and profit this book, than the larger Lexicons of Leverett, or Andrews, or Freund. The advanced scholar must have the fullest and most complete works; but the inexperienced student is more often perplexed by the over-fulness, than helped by the exhaustive scholarship, of the great lexicons; just as an average boy of fifteen would find more to his purpose in Worcester's Academic Dictionary than in Richardson's Quarto.

The compilers of this Lexicon have shown admirable judgment, both in what they have omitted and in what they have included. Confining themselves to the Golden and Silver Ages of Roman literature, the

<sup>\*</sup> A New Latin-English School-Lexicon, on the Basis of the Latin-German Lexicon of Dr. C. F. Ingerslev. By G. R. Crooks, D. D., late Adjunct-Professor of Ancient Languages in Dickinson College, and A. J. Schem, A. M., Professor of Hebrew and Modern Languages in Dickinson College. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 982.

bulk of the work is materially diminished by the omission of very many words that are never met with in an ordinary Latin course. Instead of long quotations and references to authors, so confusing and useless to a young scholar, whatever is needed for illustration is given in the briefest possible form. And in general, the last results of ripe scholarship are imparted, while the processes and the minuter details are omitted.

On the other hand, the important subject of etymology is thoroughly treated, and the latest discoveries of comparative philology are in all cases noted. Another very important and valuable feature is the insertion of all names of any note in mythology, geography, and history. The scholar in his study, with the works of Smith at his side, is needlessly embarrassed by the presence of proper names in his general Lexicon. But the young student, who needs the information at every step, in reading such an author as Virgil or Ovid, cannot have three or four other books of reference on his desk; or, if they are there, it at least an equal chance that he will not use them. We esteem it, therefore, essential, that a school lexicon contain all proper names; and in this department the work we are noticing is admirably complete, containing, in a very compact form, a great fund of information, both as to individuals and places, and including also adjectives derived from proper names, in alphabetical order.

It has seemed to us, also, that the arrangement of the several articles, both general and special, is remarkably clear and logical. The divisions and subdivisions are few, but very distinct, and arranged with great care to show the gradual development and changes of meaning. The typographical execution is excellent. The book is printed in double columns, with clear type and white paper. The leading significations are marked by heavy, broad-faced type, so that the eye catches at once the direct English equivalents of the Latin; and the other devices of the printer for designating the leading features of the articles

are all that could be desired.

The authors of this work have done good service to the cause of letters, and deserve the thanks of all friends of sound classical culture.

Bernhard's Roman Literature is one of that class of German books of reference which is designed for the use of scholars, and which aims, therefore, at absolute completeness, and as great compactness as is possible. Here we have in eight hundred pages everything which is known about Roman Literature, well arranged, briefly stated, and all supported by a list of references appalling to look at. At the lowest estimate, these references and citations occupy as much space in fine print as the text in coarse, and they are not placed at the foot of the page, but each paragraph of the body of the work is followed by two or three pages of these. One hundred and forty-five pages of introduction are devoted to the general characteristics of Roman Literature,

<sup>\*</sup> Grundriss der Römischen Litteratur. Von G. Bernhardy. Dritte Bearbeitung. Braunschweig: C. A. Schwetschke und Sohn. (M. Bruhn.) 8vo. pp. 814.

the character of the people, language, etc., and the method of the study. The history which follows is divided into two parts, Internal and External, the latter again into the history of Poetry and Prose. The External History contains the statistics of the subject, the growth of the different branches, Drama, Epic, History, Oratory, etc., and a special account of the individual writers; the Internal traces the development of the literature, its sources, and the causes that stimulated it. "If." says the author, "as is now more than ever acknowledged, a history of civilization is contained in the Literature, and this is exposed to the changing influences of society, how much more must this be the case in the literature of the Romans, who were the narrowest political association of antiquity!" The history written from this point of view - far most important except for mere reference - is therefore a sort of history of civilization, bringing prominently forward the eminent writers, not so much for the value of their own literary works in themselves, as for the influence they exerted on their age and those who came after This inner history is divided into the following periods:— Five centuries, containing merely the elements of literary culture or expression, such as we imagine to have been sung in the "Lays of Ancient Rome"; the first period of written literature, from the appearance of Livius Andronicus, B. C. 240, to the death of Augustus, A. D. 14, commonly called the Golden Age; the second, or Silver Age, comprising the century from the accession of Tiberius to that of Hadrian; the third, that of literary anarchy, which reaches to the "rule of plebeian Latin, about the Gothic time, and is indicated by the name of Cassiodorus, about A. D. 500"; and fourth, that of the Middle Ages. An Appendix, on the writers on Jurisprudence, and the Fathers of the Church, closes the volume.

4.16,13

MISCELLANEOUS.

REV. MR. CLARK'S History of Norton\* bears marks of extensive research, great industry, and an enthusiastic devotion to minute antiquarian studies. It is a remarkable fact, that so large a volume has been made from so small a variety of material; that a town in no wise remarkable, socially, commercially, or politically, should offer so affluent a record. The positive story of Norton, certainly, might have been told in less than half the space here occupied. But it has been the purpose of Mr. Clark to gather all the facts, however unimportant, that might illustrate the character or the work of the town which he loves. Even the record of the Census of 1855, and the names of all the town officers for a century or more, will not seem superfluous, when one remembers the risks to which town records are exposed, and the fate which has befallen the public documents of more than one town in Bristol County. Perhaps the personal genealogies might have been somewhat abridged, and more abbreviations profitably used; yet the

<sup>\*</sup> A History of the Town of Norton, Bristol County, Massachusetts, from 1669 to 1859. By George Faber Clark. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859. 12mo. pp. 576.

numerous repetitions have the advantage of making the statement clearer. The subscribers cannot complain that they have less than they expected, or that anything which they would know about Norton has been omitted. Its streams, its ponds, its hills, its mills, its churches, schools, ministers, doctors, lawyers, college graduates, soldiers, old people, slaves, and rum-shops, all receive most ample attention. Fifteen portraits of distinguished citizens adorn the pages; and the liberality of the heirs of the immense Leonard property, in contributing ten dollars towards the engravings of their ancestors, is impartially mentioned. Mr. Clark is a just and fearless man, and leaves no one in doubt as to his own opinions.

A few instances of incorrect English, and some passages in doubtful taste, we have noted, as well as one or two mistakes of fact; but in the main, the work is well executed, and the plan is a good one. Mr. Clark judiciously refrains from stating all the circumstances which led to the formation of the Orthodox Society, and so entitles himself to the gratitude of more than one whom the full exposure of that case might seriously annoy. A novel feature of his plan is an "Index" at the beginning, instead of an Index at the end of the volume. We trust that the list of subscribers at the end does not include all who mean to buy the volume; and we cannot believe that the town of Norton will, for one who has labored for them so hard and so well, allow this task of love to become a pecuniary loss.

THE name of the translator of "Ettore Fieramosca" is not given; but unless we had learned in the anonymous Preface that the author was a foreigner, we should never have suspected it. There is no need of an apology for such choice and idiomatic English, and only in two or three instances have we detected even slight inaccuracies. The present interest in Italian affairs makes the translation timely; yet we cannot see how the supplementary titles which have been appended to the original designation are borne out by the story itself. It does not tell the struggles of one or of many Italians "against foreign protectors," but rather their alliance with such protectors. There is nothing here to show that the Italians hated the Spaniards, or fought against them. Nor is "Italy and France in the Sixteenth Century" a proper heading for a book, no scene of which is laid in France, and which deals, moreover, with matters so local and special. D'Azeglio's own title is far more exact, and is quite sufficient for the purposes of art. The sounding additions excite hopes which the performance itself does not bear out, and which do great injustice to the plan itself of the author.

As a novel, Ettore Fieramosca has some merits, but many defects. It was the earliest work of its author, written before practice had matured his style, and it has long ago fallen into neglect in his own land. Though twice honored by a French translation, it is at least twenty years, we think, since the last French translation appeared. It is, as

<sup>\*</sup> Ettore Fieramosca, or the Challenge of Barletta. The Struggles of an Italian against Foreign Invaders and Foreign Protectors. By MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO.

a work of art, far inferior to "Niccolo da Lapi," the translation of which into English appeared two or three years since. The merits of the book are its chaste diction, its graphic descriptions, especially of costumes and scenery, its high moral tone, and its glowing patriotism. The defects are looseness of plot, confusion of characters, lack of consistency in the treatment of the leading personages, distortion of historical facts, and incompleteness. The disposition which the author makes of his principal personages is very unsatisfactory. The Cæsar Borgia who figures here, though no worse than the original, is yet not the Cæsar Borgia of Italian history. The famous duel is made to have an end which is more flattering to the Italians than the verdict of the judges. We believe that it was pronounced by Bayard to be a drawn game, though D'Azeglio represents it as a complete Italian victory. The book may be read with pleasure, but cannot be received as an authority.

THE title of Mr. Henry's volume,\* and the quiet humor of the frontispiece, which represents the blind author dictating his lucubrations to his son, prepares us to expect a half-satirical sketch of the contortions and frenzies of camp-meetings and revivals. We get, on the contrary, an earnest defence of such physical excesses, and an indignant answer to all who deprecate or doubt them. Mr. Henry believes in jerking devotion and in bodily spasm, as evidence of the Holy Spirit's presence. He finds in all the sacred narrative, from the birth of creation down to the prophecy of the New Jerusalem, in the story of Gog and Magog, Moses and the Prophets, Christ and the Apostles, - in the history of the Evangelical Church as well, - the abundant proof that noise and excitement accompany the experience of piety. Simeon in the temple, Bartimeus at Jericho, Peter on the sea, and the sisters at Bethany, are not less instances of his theory, than Miriam with her timbrel, Joshua with the rams' horns, and David before the ark. Of course, such a style of argument involves absurdity. Yet Mr. Henry's book is not altogether weak and nonsensical. There are in it a good many wise observations about men and things, and it abounds in humorous turns of phrase, and in shrewd hits at existing follies. Its imagery is singularly felicitous, and almost poetical. We feel, after having finished the volume, like yielding our commonsense to an argument which is urged so genially, and with so much enthusiasm. Sometimes this enthusiasm, we regret to say, leads Mr. Henry to false statements of the facts of Scripture. It is hardly allowable to represent the four thousand whom Jesus fed, "after a great three days' revival," as "ten thousand," which number is twice repeated,

<sup>\*</sup> Shouting, Genuine and Spurious, in all Ages of the Church, from the Birth of Creation, when the Sons of God shouted for Joy, until the Shout of the Archangel: with numerous Extracts from the Works of Wesley, Evans, Edwards, Abbott, Cartwright, and Finley. Giving a History of the outward Demonstrations of the Spirit, such as Langhing, Screaming, Shouting, Leaping, Jerking, and Falling under the Power, &c. With extensive Comments, numerous Anecdotes, and Illustrations. By G. W. Henry. Published by the Author, Oneida, N. Y. 1859. 12mo. pp. 435.

or to represent the crowd as transported to that "camp-meeting" in "wheelbarrows" and "all sorts of vehicles," or to say that Peter's basket is filled first, and he "takes a good bite himself" before he gives any to the hungry crowd. It is not exact, either, to say of the river Nile, that "its crystal waters were agitated by its finny inhabitants," since its waters are muddy, and its fish are few and sluggish.

Mr. Henry's mind is sometimes unduly exercised by the impiety of Universalists and Unitarians: and it is a charitable spirit which leads

us to commend his book as amusing, if not sound.

JOHN CARSTEN HAUCH is a Danish scholar and poet, eminent in his own land in many walks, but little known either in England or France. He has been in turn Professor of Chemistry, Physics, and Zoölogy in the Academy of Soroe, of Scandinavian Literature in the University of Kiel, and of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen; and in all these departments has published works of standard excellence. Comedies, tragedies, epics, romances, as well as scientific essays without number, have proved the fertility of his indefatigable genius. His last important work is that which M. Soldi has just rendered into French, and which the title should make attractive to American readers.\* It is a romance founded on the efforts of Robert Fulton to perfect his strange imagination of propelling vessels in the waves without the aid of wind or sails; of the struggles, sacrifices, and noble perseverance of this first martyr and afterward hero of modern practical science. In executing this task, he is more faithful to art than to history. If he has drawn character well, he has indulged in anachronism somewhat more than we should allow to the historical novel. Fulton was certainly the pupil of West, and the friend of Barlow. But we are not aware that he was patronized by Franklin, and there are some events which M. Hauch adds to his life which embellish more than they explain his character.

As a work of art, however, the romance of Robert Fulton is very interesting. The portraits are powerfully drawn, and illustrate the various features of American character. The scenery of Pennsylvania is described here by one who never saw it, as accurately as by Campbell in his Gertrude of Wyoming. The passionate fondness and jealousy of the beautiful quadroon shows that the Danish Professor has read more than one American anti-slavery novel. The Quaker Milburn indicates an accurate study of the peculiarities of the broad-brimmed sect, as much as the sturdy democrat Baxter proves a sympathetic study of American institutions. Indeed, it is hard to believe that a novel so thoroughly American in spirit, in description, in minute knowledge of men and opinions on this side of the ocean, could have been written by one who has never visited these shores, and has been pressed by the duties of a busy professorship. Mary Howitt would do good service to our

<sup>\*</sup> Robert Fulton, Roman Historique, de C. Hauch. Traduit pour la Première Fois en Français, par D. Soldi. Avec une Notice historique, par Albert Le Roy. Paris: A. Taride. 1859. 12mo. pp. 402.

literature in adding to her translations of Miss Bremer's tales of domestic life, a translation of the novels of Hauch as spirited and faithful as this labor of M. Soldi. The romance of Robert Fulton may not be, as M. Foy calls it, "a hymn in prose," but it is certainly half a poem.

If there be one writer more than another in France who deserves the grateful recognition of an American Unitarian journal, it is that member of the French Institute who so perseveringly perils his reputation for orthodoxy and his standing with his brethren by his defence of Channing and his advocacy of liberal opinions. M. Laboulaye is nominally a Roman Catholic. Yet it is easy to see that his reason, his sympathies, and his resolution are all enlisted on the side of those opinions which our own body represents. He loses no occasion of setting forth our views in the most favorable light, and showing their foundation in common sense and conscience. Channing, indeed, he puts at the head of all writers of this century for insight of vital religion and for service to human thought, and says of him more even than our

own brethren would be willing to say.

M. Laboulaye is a careful and thoughtful, rather than rapid writer, and has published only a few volumes, and those upon questions of historical politics and jurisprudence. His last volume, entitled "Religious Liberty," \* is a collection of a dozen or more of articles which he has from time to time contributed to the leading reviews. All of these bear upon the question suggested by the title of the book, and several of them directly discuss that question. The temper and tone of all are homogeneous, though the aspects of the discussion are various. first article is an elaborate defence of the view of M. Jules Simon, advocating entire freedom of religious opinion in France, and justifying this historically as favorable to piety not less than progress. The second article, on "Stahl and Bunsen," is a plea for the separation of Church and State, for free investigation in Scripture and dogma, and for equal rights to all communions. The third article on, "The Immaculate Conception," is a careful and exhaustive proof that that doctrine is new, unfounded, needless, and pernicious, - that it has the leading Fathers against it, and no good argument in its favor. The fourth and fifth articles are devoted to Channing, who is the author's idol. In the sixth article, M. Laboulaye sets forth with a calm but genuine delight the contradictory opinions and uncertain position of the ancient Church, which are revealed in Bunsen's "Hippolytus and his Age." In the seventh article, on "M. Renau and the Semitic Languages," he opens the question of the unity of the race, and of the inspiration of the Scriptures, and hints some very heretical views. The eighth article, on "Creuzer," shows the resemblance of ancient Greek symbolism to that of modern Rome. Of the remaining articles, one shows the defects in Wiseman's Fabiola, another is directed against monastic institutions, another praises the heretic poet of Spain, Luis de Leon, another

<sup>\*</sup> La Liberté Religieuse. Par EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Paris: Charpentier. 1859. 12mo. pp. 464.

shows how near Buddhism is to Christianity, another treats the "Woman Question," and another shows that history is an argument for liberty. We have said enough to exhibit the rich variety of this remarkable volume.

EVERYBODY in Paris knows Madame Louise Colet, her smooth verses, her obstinate temper, her lawsuits, her liberalism, and her intense passion for notoriety. Few female writers have outraged good taste more abominably, both in poetry and in prose; yet the writings of Madame Colet, whether dramas, novels, lyrics, epics, or epistles, are always readable, always spicy. Her last production, which has at once all the graces and all the faults of her piquant style, is a description of Holland,\*- its life in village and city, its natural and social features, its treasures of industry and art. The pictures which she gives are as accurate as daguerreotypes, and as minutely finished as the works of the old Dutch school of painting. Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden, Harlem, Amsterdam, and Utrecht, that inevitable hexagon of Dutch towns, all pass in review before us, and rapidly show all that they have of quaint-Madame Colet's fancy will not rest with ness, worth, or wealth. merely reporting what she sees, with sketching costumes and criticising museums and churches. She is constrained to join pleasing fiction to her veracious narrative. Apropos of Rotterdam, she tells a story of two young maidens, who, after waiting and pining fifteen years for their respective lovers to return from India, found at the end of that period that their choice was mistaken, and adjusted it by changing lovers. Apropos of Leyden, we have the tragi-comical history of a scientific couple, — the husband a lover of shells, and the wife a devotee of insects, — their spoiled, heartless, and magnificent daughter, with her pair of desperate admirers, the best of whom goes to Japan to get for her father a famous shell, comes back, finds her false, and kills himself. while his rival marries her. These stories are wrought up with some skill, but have improbable features.

Some errors we have noticed, though fewer than we might expect from so dashing a writer. It is not correct to speak of "two Descents from the Cross" in the Antwerp Cathedral. One of the pictures is "The Elevation of the Cross." The Museum at Leyden is very grand and complete, but it is by no means "the finest in the world." It is far inferior to the British Museum, and is more than equalled in many departments by the museums of Berlin, Dresden, Turin, Naples, and Paris. The tower of Utrecht is set down as "969 metres" in height. So gross a blunder must belong to the printer. And the trees in the famous eight-rowed avenue, "oaks, pines, and plane-trees," as she calls them in her sentimental stanza, happen to be lime-trees. In her descriptions of dress and faces, Madame Colet is never at fault. One glance shows her every color and fold, every line and expression.

A rapid visit to the Prussian cities of Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle gracefully finishes an entertaining book.

<sup>\*</sup> Promenade en Hollande. Par Madame Louise Colet. Paris: Hachette. 1859. 12mo. pp. 274.

An eccentric friend of former days reappears to us under a new title and costume.\* To the last generation of newspaper readers the name of "Major Jack Downing" was at least as familiar as any other on the public stage. It is certainly a proof of real merit of some kind, that a series of papers like these, originally wholly local in their character, ridiculing the small quarrels of provincial politics, should have outlived their "thirty years," and find fresh readers now.

It was, perhaps, a hazardous experiment, but it was a successful one, to transfer the rustic Major from the field of state, to that of national politics, and make him the right-hand man of Old Hickory himself. Great liberties are no doubt taken in this part of the work with General Jackson's name, and he is often placed in a supremely ludicrous light. But after all, it may be questioned whether he is treated more unfairly in these good-humored caricatures than hundreds of the eminent men of history are in the so-called historical novels. Whether the author did wisely to enlarge his plan further, and continue his hero's activity through the times that followed, may admit of doubt.

UNDER a whimsical and rather questionable name,† we have a reprint — with omissions, alterations, and additions, to bring it up to the times, and adapt it to American readers — of a work as old as 1836. The quaint title indicates a quaint volume. And such it is; — a collection of scraps, a decantation of the multifarious contents of a common-place-book, to be glanced at and taken in homeopathic doses. It is instructive and suggestive, — well done, for a thing of its kind. It has wisdom, wittily worded; paradoxes, to breed thought; half-satirical assertions, and sharp antitheses, to provoke a smile, or to start reflection; together with the profound or humorous or imaginative sayings of noted authors, with running comments thereon. Taking no very high place in literature, even the soberest and solidest of readers may find it worth dipping into now and then. It is daintily printed, and arranged in a way to make it very easy reading, — a serviceable text-book for random conversation.

6.76.13

## JOURNALS AND REVIEWS.

THE promise of the first volume of the great French Review, which we noticed in our issue for May, is fully met by the ability and interest of the succeeding volumes. The volume for May and June, ‡ the last which has come to our hand at the time of writing this notice, has never, in our judgment, been surpassed for the variety and excellence of its contributions. Chief among these we place the article of M. Charles de Masade, on the Italian Question, which for good sense, accurate insight, and clear statement is superior to anything which has

<sup>\*</sup> My Thirty Years out of the United States Senate.

<sup>†</sup> The Tin Trumpet; or, Heads and Tales for the Wise and Waggish. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

<sup>†</sup> Revue des Deux Mondes. XXIX° Année, 2<sup>mo</sup> Periode. Tom. XXI. 4 Livraisons. Mai — Juin, 1859. Paris. 8vo. pp. 1008.

appeared in the English reviews. The sketch of Victor Amedée, which precedes the article, is an appropriate companion-piece. The summaries of M. Forcade, in the "fortnightly political chronicles," are admirable in their way, but rather more occupied with military details than we might wish. The courage of both these writers is as remark-

able as their force of thought.

Next to these political articles, we mention the papers of M. Alfred Maury on the "First Ages of our Planet." The first of these papers treats of the "formation of the nucleus" of the earth, the second of the origin of animal and organized life. The reasoning of these papers is acute, and their candor above all praise. M. Maury has as little patience with those who wrest the letter of Scripture into an agreement with geological facts, as with those who reject geology because it differs from Genesis. He discards the Scriptures wholly in the matter of scientific inquiry, accepting its word only as a moral and religious authority. He allows, too, that the human race may have sprung from many pairs, without impairing its essential unity. The fault of the articles is the lack of positive theory. They are critical rather than constructive. This fault may, perhaps, be remedied in some future issue.

M. Émile Montégut gives us, in the present volume, two more of his brilliant articles on English Literature, taking as a text for the first, Guy Livingstone, which he calls "un roman de la vie mondaine,"—and for the second, Adam Bede, "le roman réaliste." It is safe to say that no English reviewer of these books has given so exquisite an analysis of their spirit as M. Montégut. The one book is to him the product of the latent animal ferocity which survives in the English heart, even when most disciplined by birth and culture; the other book is the sign of the intensely practical and truthful sense of the English nation, even in its imagination and sentiment. The articles are full of shrewd aphorisms.

Two articles, by M. E. D. Forgues, reviewing the "Campaigns of Major Hodsdon," and "The Flight and Adventures of Judge Edwards," not only contain a spirited description of the exploits of those heroic men, but also an impartial estimate of the causes which led to the Indian mutiny. Their tone is candid and just, and free from that spite which vitiates French judgments of English military achievements. The same candor also appears in the Count de Jarnac's review of

Grace Dalrymple's "Recollections of the Revolution."

The historical articles in the present volume are a splendid monograph upon Odoacer, the Gothic ruler of Italy in the fifth century, by Amedée Thierry, and a paper by M. Cousin (the first of a series) on "The Fronde at Bourdeaux," as dignified, calm, and impartial as Cousin's statements always are. M. Albert de Broglie has a discriminating sketch of the political discussions before and after the Revolution of '48, especially as they were influenced by the writings of Armand Carrel, whom he praises as fully as prudence will permit. The views of the article upon universal suffrage are especially noteworthy. More free and enthusiastic is M. Louis de Loménie's tribute to Alexis de

Tocqueville, in which personal friendship is added to sympathy of opinion. Saint René Taillandier vindicates Kleist, that one of the modern German poets who has been most neglected and abused by the critics in his own country. His verdict is that which Tieck pronounced

after the suicide of the unfortunate poet.

Besides the solid articles about the Italian war, of which we have already spoken, there are several other Italian papers of a lighter kind in this volume. M. Brissot has a very instructive account of the "contemporary poetry" of Italy, in the "formist" and "colorist" schools, giving the names of some poets not generally known. The story of Pichichia, by M. Metz-Noblat, opens to us in an attractive manner the life of the poorer class in the neighborhood of Florence; and the Countess Belgiojoso has exposed, in the tale of "Rachel," the tyranny of Austrian rule in Lombardy, while she has exhibited in a masterly manner the characteristics of farming life in that province. M. Yemen, the Consul of France in Greece, has added to his former sketch of "Photos Tsavellas" an equally graphic sketch of "Marco Bozzaris," bringing before us, with a true artistic power, the whole scenery and story of that famous Suliote mountain fastness.

The article of the volume, however, which will have most interest to readers on this side of the ocean, is one by M. A. Langel, on "Education in America." Taking as his text the Catalogue of Harvard College, the Annual School Report of Boston, the United States Hydrographical Survey, and the publications of the Smithsonian Institution, he has condensed, on the whole, a correct statement of our educational system. He agrees to our own boast, that the common schools of Massachusetts, and especially of Boston, are the best in the world, and he shows the superiority of the Massachusetts system to that of New York. Harvard College is allowed the first rank among literary institutions in this The article is in three parts, the first treating of the system of Free Common Schools; the second, of Academies and Colleges; and the third, of Lyceums and Literary Societies. Some mistakes are made, of course, but much fewer than we might expect. It is not true that all native-born Americans know how to read, or that the American colleges take care of themselves, without any aid from the State, or that in most American churches slavery is advocated and defended from the pulpit. We shall hardly agree, either, that, while the "Theological School has only a very inferior place in Harvard University," "it holds the most important place in a great number of American universities." We believe that Harvard and Yale are the only "universities" that have a theological school. It is pleasant to learn from this writer, that the volumes of Longfellow, and the sermons of Theodore Parker, circulating by thousands, diffuse "among all classes of the nation a taste for what is high and noble."

We have the second number of Bentley's (London) Quarterly,—the number for July, which was in fact published so late as to include a postscript on the great battle of Solferino (June 24). This new Quarterly does not define its position in any special manifesto, but

courts, as far as appears, approval for its special freshness of topics, attempting to come nearer the contemporary line of the newspapers than the Quarterlies are apt to. Thus, we have had in each number political essays, quite up to the date of the last harlequin change of the select circle of gentlemen who govern England; - in each, a "contemporary" Fine-Art article, one of which describes pictures even yet on exhibition in London; — and in each, a geographical and strategetical view of the war in Italy. This freshness is a great merit. In this case, however, it has only been attained by such a sacrifice, we will not say simply of dignity, but even of the proprieties of language and of courtesy, which we hardly pardon in a Little Pedlington Gazette, and are not often asked to pardon in a Quarterly Review. There is an amusing article on popular preaching, discussing together Mr. Spurgeon and Messrs. Bellew and West of the Establishment, names which have not, to our knowledge, crossed the Atlantic before. The tone of the Review seems to be, what perhaps is the feeling in the majority of English Christendom, that all preaching "is a bore." It is curious to see our newly raised question of Ritual vs. Sermon discussed from this point of view. By some fatal law, every Quarterly Review has "to do Horace Walpole" once in five years, as a sort of "Andover test," — and German philosophy twice as often. The new journal does not escape, — but has done its devoir there as it received its knighthood, and so far has its docket cleared.

WHOEVER pretends to study the new Italian and Pontifical questions must read the article in the July Dublin Review, on the Government of the Papal States. Half the number — more space than we have at our disposal in any single issue — is devoted to the subject, which is treated from a high Romanist point of view. Almost every reader will be startled at the results. Considering what the Holy See has had to encounter, the wonder is that its temporal dominion should have endured a thousand years. We have seen, in our own day, how its soil has been occupied against its own will by the troops of powerful states, and how its subjects have been seduced by insidious intrigues. other government could have endured so much, and have ruled so wisely and so well. Its laws and institutions are in many respects vastly superior to our own; and to sum up, all the charges against Rome really render themselves into this, that it is the government of the Pope, and they all originate in hatred of the Papacy, as the head of the Catholic Church.

THE Methodist Quarterly wins respect, or commands it, by its manly breadth of tone, and its eagerness to look for good rather than suspect evil. Without so wide a range of topics as we aim at ourselves, it examines generously the topics to which it does attend,—and we do not catch that whine of intolerance, which seems inseparable from theologies narrower than that of the great Methodist communion. In the July number, an article on Mr. Ellis's History of Unitarianism, first published in these pages, shows that readiness to sympathize, that

frankness in conceding something in discussion, and that hopefulness for the future, which we ought to find always, and do find seldom, in a religious Review.

The July number of the National Review contains two theological articles conceived in the same liberal and hopeful spirit, and marked by the same philosophic tone and thorough acquaintance with the ground which have always distinguished the theological department of this journal. The first, entitled "The Apostolic Age," is a review of Ewald's Geschichte des Apostolischen Zeitalters, pointing out some of the inconsistencies, while heartily acknowledging the extraordinary merits, of that great theologian. The writer's own views of the early Church are interesting and striking, though sometimes questionable. We cannot agree with him in regarding the Ebionites as a product of Essenism. His parallel between Philo and St. Paul is admirable, and the influence of the faith of the first Christians in the living presence of Christ, as the chief agent in the moral revolution accomplished

by them, we have never seen so ably stated before.

The other article — "Revelation, what it is not and what it is "—is more subtile than satisfying, although we cordially agree in the conclusion, that the truth of Christianity to the Jew was the revelation of the Absolute Will in the perfect finite will, and its truth to the Greek the revelation of a perfect human nature. The best thing in it is the demonstration of the hollowness and futility of Mansel's Limits of Religious Thought, a work whose specious confessionalism but poorly disguises its latent atheism. The writer ascribes great merit to F. D. Maurice, whose recent publication (What is Revelation?) he reviews, but finds him deficient in Biblical criticism. And yet, "Mr. Maurice is as deeply persuaded as we are, that the fullest and freest criticism will work out the happiest issues. For ourselves, we feel little doubt that such criticism will show a large admixture of untrustworthy elements in the narrative of both Old and New Testaments; and that, if it prove so, the mere emancipation of the intellect from what seems a purely literary superstition as to the truth of the Bible narratives, will probably bring far more gain to the spiritual freedom of man, and do far more to direct attention to the spiritual evidences of all divine truth, than any other result could educe. We believe Bibliolatry has been, and is likely long to be, the bane of Protestant Christianity."

This same number has an excellent paper on Milton.

## PAMPHLETS.

OCCASIONAL sermons, whose opportuneness in the delivery elicits a request for publication, do not always justify in print the impression made on the hearers. Dr. Osgood's discourse \* on "The House of Many Mansions" presents a striking exception to this remark. It pos-

<sup>\*</sup> The House of Many Mansions. A Sermon preached on Sunday, June 5th, in the Church of the Messiah, by Samuel Osgood, D. D. Published by Vote of the Hearers. New York. 1859.

sesses a value beyond the occasional interest which suggested its composition, and beyond the momentary effect which suggested its publication. The sermon is an exposition of the author's views of the life to come. As a theory of that life it is wise and humane, and combines in a remarkable degree philosophic insight with Christian feeling. it breathes the evangelical spirit which usually characterizes Dr. Osgood's writings, it is untrammelled, liberal, and hopeful. There are passages in it of great beauty, and the whole is pervaded by a tenderness and pathos which explains the charm it seems to have exercised on the congregation who listened to it.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

#### THEOLOGY.

Theodore Parker's Experience as a Minister, with some Account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Members of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society of Boston.

Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr. 8vo. pp. 182. (See p. 282.)

Ishmael; or, A Natural History of Islamism, and its Relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. Muehleisen Arnold. London: Rivingtons. 8vo.

pp. 524. (To be noticed.)

The Immortality of the Soul and the Final Condition of the Wicked carefully considered. By Robert W. Landis. New York: Carlton & Porter. pp. 518.

The Sheepfold and the Common; or, Within and Without. London and New York: Blackie & Son. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 592, 583. (Consisting of Narratives and Conversations, in Illustration of Evangelical Views of Religion.)

Here and Beyond; or, The New Man the True Man. By Hugh Smith Carpenter. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 345. (A volume of some merit in rhetoric and fancy, and one which will be attractive and valuable to the younger class of serious readers. Its religious spirit seems wholly earnest and practical.)

A Commentary, Explanatory, Doctrinal, and Practical, on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By R. E. Pattison, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo.

pp. 244.

### ESSAYS, ETC.

Observations on the Growth of the Mind. By Sampson Reed. Fifth Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 16mo. pp. 99. (To be reviewed.)
The Roman Question. By E. About. Translated from the French by
H. C. Coape. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 219.

Lectures for the People. By the Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. First Series, with a Biographical Introduction, by Dr. Shelton Macken-

zie. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. 12mo. pp. 414.

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The China Mission; embracing a History of the various Missions of all Denominations among the Chinese; with Biographical Sketches of Deceased Missionaries. By William Dean, D.D. (Twenty Years a Missionary to China). New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 396.

Lives of the Queens of Scotland and English Princesses connected with

the Regal Succession of Great Britain. By Agnes Strickland. Vol. VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 379.

The French Revolution of 1789, as viewed in the Light of Republican Institutions. By John S. C. Abbott. With One Hundred Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 439.

Shelley Memorials: from Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley.

To which is added an Essay on Christianity, by Percy Bysshe Shelley: now first printed. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 18mo. pp. 308. (See p. 289.)

The Ancient History of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Assyrians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Macedonians and Grecians. By Charles Rollin. Abridged by Wm. H. Wyckoff, LL.D. 1 vol. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo. pp. 550.

The Life of Jabez Bunting, D.D. With Notices of Contemporary Persons and Events. By his Son, Thomas Percival Bunting. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 389. (A detailed Biography of an eminent English Methodist preacher. A portrait is promised with the second volume.)

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called

Methodism, considered in its different Denominational Forms, and its Relations to British and American Protestantism. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. Vol. II. From the Death of Whitefield to the Death of Wesley. New York: Carleton & Porter. 8vo. pp. 520.

### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Tent and Harem: Notes of an Oriental Trip. By Caroline Paine. New

York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 800. Life and Liberty in America: or, Sketches of a Tour in the United States and Canada in 1857-8. By Charles Mackay. With Ten Illustrations.

New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 413.

Notes of a Clerical Furlough spent chiefly in the Holy Land. With a Sketch of the Voyage out in the Yacht "St. Ursula." By Robert Buchanan, D.D. London and New York: Blackie & Son. 12mo. pp. 437.

### POETRY AND FICTION.

Kendridge Hall and other Poems. By Leander Clark. Washington: Franklin Philp. 12mo. pp. 118.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., &c. Boston: Ticknor

& Fields. 12mo. pp. 227. (To be noticed.)

The Three Eras of Woman's Life. A Novel. By Elizabeth Elton Smith.

Boston: T. & H. P. Burnham. 12mo. pp. 322.

Anne of Geierstein; The Betrothed; Count Robert of Paris; Fair Maid of Perth; St. Ronan's Well; The Talisman; Peveril of the Peak; The Black Dwarf. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. (Paper; "cheap edition.")
Walter Thornley; or, A Peep at the Past. By the Author of "Allen Pres-

cott," &c. 12mo. pp. 486.

Ettore Fieramosca; or, The Challenge of Barletta. The Struggles of an Italian against Foreign Invaders and Foreign Protectors. By Massimo D'Azeglio. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 356. (See p. 300.)

Gerald Fitzgerald, the Chevalier. By Charles Lever. New York: Har-

per & Brothers. pp. 150. (Paper.)

A Life for a Life. By the Author of "John Halifax," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 147. (Paper.)

### JUVENILE.

The Percy Family. A Visit to Ireland. By Daniel C. Eddy. Boston: Andrew F. Graves. 18mo. pp. 255.

Little Annie's Ladder to Learning; or, Steps in Infantine Knowledge. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 64.

### EDUCATION.

M. T. Ciceronis de Officiis Libri Tres. With Marginal Analysis and an English Commentary. Edited by Rev. H. A. Holden. First American Edition, corrected and enlarged by Charles Anthon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 815.

Roman Orthoepy: a Plea for the Restoration of the True System of Latin Pronunciation. By John F. Richardson. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo.

pp. 114.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Napoleon III. the Man of Prophecy; or, The Revival of the French Emperorship anticipated from the Necessity of Prophecy. By G. S. Faber, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 102.

Report exhibiting the Experience of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, for Fifteen Years ending February 1, 1858. New York.

4to. pp. 34.

Chambers's Encyclopædia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People, on the Basis of the latest Edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

Milch Cows and Dairy Farming. By Charles L. Flint. Liberally illus-

trated. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 416.

#### PAMPHLETS.

Report of the Woman's Rights Meeting at Mercantile Hall, May 27, 1859. Boston: S. Urbino. pp. 32.

Eighth Annual Report of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union. April

13, 1859. Boston. pp. 23.

Luxury of the Fine Arts, in some of their Moral and Historical Relations. An Address delivered in Aid of the Fund for Ball's Equestrian Statue of Washington, 13 May, 1859. By Robert C. Winthrop. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 60.

Brown, & Co. pp. 60.

A Sabbath Discourse on the Death of Hon. Rufus Choate, together with the Address at his Funeral. By Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Boston: J. E. Tilton

& Co. pp. 64.

Debates in the Unitarian Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, respecting the Election of a Committee and Office-Bearers for the Year 1859 - 60. Belfast (Ireland). pp. 107.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

In Art. IV. the oversight is committed of speaking of Dr. Leonard's predecessor as an unmarried man, — inaccurately so stated. — Again, Dr. Lamson's close relation to the Dublin case, and the importance of his testimony, is less precisely described in the text than it would be by designating him as an expert on the whole subject of ecclesiastical history.

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### THE

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<sup>&</sup>quot; Porre si saplantia Deus sat, . . . . verus philosophus ast amator Dei." - Sr. Arguszusu.

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### EDITORS.

REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D., BROOKLINE, MASS. REV. E. E. HALE, BOSTON.

### -

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### CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

E. P. Pealery . (4)

### ART. L - KINDERGÄRTEN OF GERMANY.

- 1. Les Jardins d'Enfants, Nouvelle Méthode d'Education et d'Instruction de Frederic Froebel. Par la Baronne de Marenholtz. Bruxelles et Ostend. 1858.
- 2. Woman's Educational Mission. By MADAME DE MARENHOLTZ. London: Danton & Co.
- 3. A Practical Guide to the English Kindergarten, being an Exposition of Froebel's System of Infant Training. Accompanied by a great Variety of Instructive and Amusing Games, and Industrial and Gymnastic Exercises; also numerous Songs, set to Music and arranged to the Exercises. By Joh. and Bertha Ronge. London: J. S. Hodson. 1855.

While the hopes of political freedom for Germany have again and again been blighted, its intellectual life has gone on developing in every form of science and art. To the German mind we owe the vast flood of light which has been thrown on Biblical interpretation and theologic science. Every department of natural history has been filled with students of deep insight and laborious research. History and Belles lettres have put on new charms, and Art counts her votaries by thousands. Amid all this intellectual life, the subject of education has received the attention of both government and people, and the public-school systems of Prussia and Saxony surpass all others in thoroughness, extent, and efficiency. No wonder that in this country of intellectual activity and vigorous thought has appeared the new system which aims to begin edu-

cation at the very threshold of life, and to conduct the child by progressive steps from its first instinctive yearnings after knowlledge up to its highest development. The Kindergarten must pave the way for the Gymnasium and the University. A full knowledge of this new system in its details may be gathered from the works named at the head of our article. We shall preface a slight account of its leading aims and methods by a notice of the life of its founder, Friedrich Froebel, condensed from the pages of Madame Marenholtz.

Friedrich Froebel was born in 1782, at Oberweissbach, in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt. His father, a humble country curate, brought him up in the principles of the Christian religion, and in the daily practice of piety and charity. Friedrich lost his mother early; and in his deep sense of the deprivation of her tender, intelligent, and unwearying affection, may be found the source of his devotion to the cause of maternal education.

The visits which he made with his father to the cottages of his parish, the sufferings and domestic troubles which he witnessed, developed in the soul of the young man the love of humanity, and the desire to remedy the evils which had come He was an ardent lover of nature, under his observation. and an earnest student of the natural sciences, mathematics, and agriculture. After passing some years in Switzerland. under the direction of Pestalozzi, he took part in the war for German independence, in the regiment of Lützow, whose daring exploits are commemorated in "Lützow's Wild Chase." He was afterward inspector of the Mineralogical Museum at Berlin, but abandoned this lucrative position, preferring, even at the expense of hard privations, to consecrate his whole time to the realization of the idea which possessed him, - the improvement of early education.

He founded his first establishment at Keilhau, a small village of Thuringia, where his school, supported by the people of the neighboring villages, is still in existence. His farm-house being too small to contain his pupils, while additional rooms were building poor Froebel was obliged to lodge in the henhouse. He scarcely allowed himself the necessaries of life; often, in his journeys, passing the night in the open air, to save

the expense of an inn, that he might employ the penny saved in the education of some poor child. His wife shared his labors and his sacrifices.

His experience taught him the necessity of applying his system to children younger than those with whom he commenced at Keilhau; and after lecturing upon the Kindergärten which are really schools for mothers and nurses as well as infants - in various places, he founded gardens in several towns of Germany, - Hamburg, Dresden, Leipsic, Gotha, - and in Switzerland. He continued his work of beneficence and devotion until his death, in 1852, at Marienthal, where he had founded an establishment for the training of young instructresses. The Duchess Ida of Weimar, sister to Queen Adelaide of England, was one of the best friends of his old age; so also was the Duke of Meiningen, at whose country-seat he died. Froebel had great difficulties to overcome; but he had the rare success of seeing his system recognized and accepted to a great extent, more than fifty Kindergärten having been established in Germany.

Simple in heart, manners, and character, humble as a child, and retaining under the white hairs of an old man the pure and innocent expression of childhood, he was, at the same time, intrepid and firm as a hero or a martyr in the presence of obstacles and sufferings; always misunderstood, as so often happens to genius, but always triumphing in his unshaken confidence in God; devoted to his mission, even to forgetting for it not only glory, but science, which was dearer to him, especially the study of nature, to whose mysteries and secrets few had so deeply penetrated. Solely occupied with his undertaking, he sought not honors and celebrity; but his works will one day. speak for him, and it will be acknowledged that he has established on a truer basis the education of human beings; and women, through his methods, will become what he has called them, "Gardeners of Infancy," cultivators of the human plant, - warming it into life with the sun of their love, and guiding it to unfold like a flower, true to its own germ, in obedience to the laws of nature and the will of God.

The works of Froebel have never been given into the hands of a publisher. They can only be obtained of his widow, who

still presides over the Kindergarten at Hamburg. A digest of his principal work, *Menschenerziehung*,—"The Education of Man,"—which goes deeply into principles, and is a valuable contribution to mental science, is now in preparation at Brussels. The French translation of his "Causeries de la Mère" makes more accessible that most valuable and suggestive little book to mothers. He has rendered an equal service to mothers and children by his collection of the nursery-songs of all lands, which he has had set to music.

"Les Jardins d'Enfants" of Baroness Marenholtz is a lively and interesting account of a visit to a Kindergarten, in which she sees children of various ages engaged in different exercises, games, and employments; whilst the more methodical work of M. and Madame Ronge gives a practical guide, drawn from their long experience, to the best methods of applying Froebel's system to use.

The leading idea of Froebel is, that education should develop the individual according to the peculiar tendencies of his nature, not according to any arbitrary standard, and that those tendencies are manifested at a very early age. The maternal instinct readily appreciates these differences, and it is to this instinct, enlightened by knowledge and aided by systematic discipline, that Froebel trusts the destiny of the future man.

"The child, by the impulse of his nature, wants to create; and as he finds no material to represent his own ideas, he exercises his energy in destroying his playthings, often that he may reconstruct them.

"The children of the richer classes are frequently more limited in their occupations than those of peasants and workmen, who find materials by which they can exercise their creative power. This is one great reason why we find comparatively more inventive genius among the lower classes. The original bent is much more likely to be preserved where there is freedom of action in childhood. How much genius was developed in the plays of the Greeks, and how great was their progress in the fine arts!

"It is in the child's play, an instinctive and spontaneous act, suggested by nature for its physical and intellectual development, that the natural character is revealed, and rendered capable of being acted upon. That this play may attain its end, it should develop the limbs and the senses, and become an instrument fitted to awaken the faculties of the soul, and afford it its first nourishment. Froebel attains these

results by teaching the mothers (or instructresses who supply their place) by an easy method to play and talk with their children, and to carry them through a series of gymnastic exercises, accompanied by explanatory songs."

"We hear frequently the inquiry, 'Will not the mother's love find out the means to develop the child better than any system?' Maternal love cannot be overrated; but love must be guided by a knowledge of the child's being, and must be combined with respect to the divine laws inherent in his nature. Love without intelligence is not sufficient for the education of children. The number of those who recognize the importance of a true maternal education is happily daily increasing."

This education necessarily begins in the family and under the eye of the mother, or of an instructress in whom love is united with discipline to fit her for the care of a young child. The co-operation between mother and teacher must be close and entire.

"No educator, up to the present time, has been more successful in reforming family education and the nursery than Froebel in his Kindergarten system, which is a result of the progress of education and culture in general, and of the recognized needs of the rising generation. Its fundamental principle, which Pestalozzi has carried out so ably, must become the groundwork of education by all nations.

"The games are so organized that all faculties are harmoniously developed, and play becomes not a mere external amusement, but a means of culture, and a useful labor for the child."

This system differs in principle and practice from the infant schools now known,—especially in this, that it is a system, carefully elaborated through long years devoted to observation, study, and experiment.

"The infant schools contain a great variety of pictures and playthings, which are finished materials, intended to be looked at or to be used in a given form in imitation of others. Thus the young minds of the children are repressed, hindered in independent activity, and distracted in their attention."

Froebel supplied the children with material, with which, as will be seen from the description of the various "Gifts," the children can produce an unlimited number of forms.

The first of these six gifts of Froebel—the soft ball and 27.

string — belongs to the nursery. As the child is not only a filial, but also a social being, he needs a little world in which the social tendency may be developed, and where he may find at once stimulant and corrective in the companionship of those of his own age. The Kindergarten, which is a medium between home and school, supplies this need, and brings both motives into co-operation.

"It is then a little world apart which the Kindergarten would present to its guests, to prepare them for the life of the real world, and at the same time for school or abstract study, and also to fill the place of home or family life.

"In it will be found the application of the idea which inspired the author of Robinson Crusoe, when he shows children the development of the human mind in the history of a man, who, deprived of all means except those furnished him by nature, reduced in one word to his own powers, discovers, invents, labors, obtains all that is necessary to his life, but proves that man has need of his fellows to be truly happy.

"This idea is very nearly realized in the Kindergarten, which is intended to show the commencement and progress of humanity. The necessities of life first present themselves, and it is only by degrees that we attain to the comforts and luxuries of civilization; passing thus from physical labor, which is the simple development of strength, to the expression of the beautiful in art and science.

"The child should have his heart and character formed by the will put in action, and acquire a little practicality, before being delivered up to books and abstract study, for which he should be gradually prepared.

"The genius of Pestalozzi has furnished the methods of educating by objects; but Pestalozzi himself said, in one of his last discourses, 'I give you the a b c for the development of the intelligence; it is necessary now to discover the a b c for art, action, and practicality.'

"It is this that Froebel has discovered. In his education by and for labor, he applies himself to develop the powers, the taste, and the wish to be useful. To induce the fulfilment of duty at the earliest possible age, and to make that fulfilment a pleasure, through love for others, is the moral principle which Froebel has put in practice."

Froebel aims, therefore, to bring the child into intimate relations with things before he knows much about books; the concrete must precede the abstract,—the special be in advance of the general. But soon the child is dissatisfied with mere activity, and asks for an aim and a result. Here is the

special merit of Froebel's system. By means of simple graduated employments, important enough to interest, but not laborious enough to exhaust the pupil, he gratifies the love of construction and the ambition for service. "Our Charley" quickly destroys all the costly playthings provided for him, because that is the only scope afforded to his energy. Wearied of drawing his gayly-painted horse and carriage, he knocks that in pieces, and rushes out to put four rough boards together, and call it a house or a cart. To obviate this destructive tendency, Froebel gives the child materials from which to construct his own playthings. At the same time, in order to correct the tendency of youth to dissipate its powers, and to teach the habits of concentration and thoroughness, only a few simple, primitive objects are given, and the pupil is required to confine himself to them for some time.

To carry out these ideas, a garden is a favorable locality; and Froebel accepts the name Kindergarten as allegorically expressive of the free culture of children according to the laws of nature. Every child has his own plot of ground, which he cultivates according to his fancy, though under diffections which lead him to careful and patient execution of his plans.

In order to realize fully Froebel's idea of a Kindergarten, the school-rooms should be spacious, healthy, well arranged, and in direct connection with a garden large enough to allow ample play-ground for all, with a little private garden-plot for each. Here should be congregated children of all ages, from the infant of two months to the child of fourteen years; for, enlarging his original plan, which regarded children of from two to six years only, Froebel saw the importance, on the one hand, of connecting these departments with crêches, or schools for infants and their nurses; and, on the other, the necessity for continuing the instruction till pupils were prepared for the Gymnasium or University. The most successful teachers are cultivated and talented young women, who can enter with vivacity into the games, and win the affections of the children by their hearty sympathy and co-operation; whilst they at the same time realize the sacredness of their office, - which is, in fact, that of spiritual maternity, - and watch with delight

and reverent interest the unfolding of the human souls, which, through their skill and fidelity, shall be aided to bloom into a rich maturity. Froebel, both for the credit of his system and the welfare of the children, laid great stress upon the general culture and careful training of the teachers, both of which would unavoidably suffer in incompetent hands. He always taught his teachers in the country, seeking to inspire them with a love of nature, and to make them in all things simple and spontaneous. Twenty-five pupils are the utmost to whom one teacher can do justice. But the elder children render much service as assistants. They enter with great ardor into the plays; they counsel the little ones in their gardens and games, and in their turn demand such services as the youngest are delighted to render, in waiting upon them in the care of the birds, animals, &c., &c. The spirit of mutual helpfulness, courtesy, and love, tender care for the younger, respect for the older, pervades the Kindergarten. Quarrels sometimes arise, but generally quickly yield to the prevailing spirit. The principal punishment is exclusion from the game which may have been disturbed, or exclusion from the garden for a day or more, according to the gravity of the offence; and this proves very effectual. No corporeal punishment is allowed.

"To form the character, to develop the individuality, of these young plants, it is important to leave to the child his liberty of action. There are no prohibitions in the garden, but the habit is taken of following a law, of being orderly, and of submission to an authority that is loved. In living with others, self-control is learned, and at the same time the necessity of making one's place respected. The child should learn at an early age that there can be no true liberty without law. That which satisfies him truly is organized play, and not anarchy. He demands for his happiness, without being aware of it, that he should be developed, as well as amused. It is the aim of the Kindergarten, while giving to the plays a direction, to leave a free flight to the tastes and individuality of each child, and to procure for the youngest, as well as for those who go to school, a field where they can freely and methodically develop their powers, and bring into play all the faculties of the soul."

The children pass from three to five hours a day at the Kindergarten, and they carry their plays home with them to

occupy and amuse them there. Froebel seeks the co-operation of the mother in every stage of the child's progress.

The first exercises are generally in the garden, where all unite in singing, - then scatter to their various classes and plays, or to cultivate their gardens. Here a group is engaged in one of the series of gymnastic plays for the development of the muscles, marching and striking the foot to the time of a song which indicates the movement of the pestles of an oilmill, or exercising the arms and fingers in imitating the flight of pigeons in the favorite play of the pigeon-house, acquiring, meanwhile, by active imitation of all that strikes them, habits of nice observation and of thought. The gardens are an ever new delight to the little ones. They watch the seed from its first unfolding, feeling that it is in some manner their own work, and yet that there is another Power present, to whom they are taught to look in reverence and love. Another class of older children are receiving a practical lesson in botany, learning from the flowers they have just gathered the habits and names of the various plants, as well as the analysis of the forms of vegetation, from the simplest to the most complicated. The younger members, meanwhile, arrange the leaves and flowers according to their forms and colors, of which they learn the names.

A most interesting feature of the Kindergarten is the class of infants from two months upward, with their nurses, &c.

We quote again from Madame Marenholtz's lively description of a visit to a Kindergarten, in Hamburg we believe:—

"Traversing the garden in another direction, we find a dozen infants from two months to two years, guarded by two mothers who accompany them, by an experienced nurse, and many young persons, from fourteen to sixteen years of age, who are passing through their novitiate, and learning to take care of and *find occupation* for the very young children.

"Is it not, in fact, of the greatest importance to found establishments for those who are to have charge of infants, so often confided to the most unskilful hands,—to women without experience, and even of depraved hearts? For this reason, it is indeed urgent to make real the idea of Froebel, and give to women of all classes the necessary knowledge how to bring up a child from its birth, and especially to exercise them before marriage in the practice of education.

"The employment of these apprenticed nurses and young instructresses in the Crêches and Kindergärten is a great economy. They are not paid, and under one directress they could take charge of many children, partaking of their amusements and directing their occupations with ardor, ease, and success."

Connected with the garden, there should be two or more spacious, well-arranged, and well-ventilated rooms; the outer one devoted to the exercises, and the inner one to the games. The latter room is furnished with tables and forms adapted to the children, the tables accommodating from six to twelve. A sufficient space to allow freedom of motion is allotted to each person. Every child has his own number, which is marked on his boxes, slate, needle, pencil, modelling-knife, drawing-book, plaiting-mat, &c.; and he is held responsible for the care of his own playthings. The beauty and necessity of order are strictly inculcated. The walls are surrounded by large glass cases, containing the boxes of "the six Gifts of Froebel," works made by the children, material for their use, collections of minerals, plants, dried mosses, insects, birds, and stuffed animals. Beside these are the numbered cupboards for the safe-keeping of their implements. Modelling is found to be almost universally attractive to children. "The substance used in modelling is soft clay, which is kept from soiling the table by a piece of oil-cloth. The clay is delivered in a round ball, and a wooden knife is given with which to form it. The knife, to prevent it from adhering to the clay, is dipped in water." The children enjoy the satisfaction of successful work, when any forms made from any of their materials - clay, blocks, sticks, paper, &c. - are considered worthy of preservation. The halls and gardens are often ornamented with the devices of these youthful brains, wrought out by their tiny hands.

The outer room is especially for the exercises. It need not have any furniture, except a piano. The walls are ornamented with figures representing agricultural and gardening labors, those of the household, and different trades, and pictures speaking to the heart and conscience through beautiful forms. This is the play-ground in bad weather, or during the heat of the day.

Though, to carry out Froebel's system fully, a garden in the

country is required, yet it is capable of infinite adaptations, and in the hands of a living teacher in the close limits of a city even, it will be found a most valuable improvement upon all past methods of instruction. Indeed, the principles of Froebel, and as far as possible his methods, should be introduced into every family, and "every lady's seminary should make the children's garden a branch of education, that all mothers might thus acquire the power to instruct their children."

To establish these institutions for children of the poor, or to introduce this system as far as possible into existing infant-schools, would be a noble Christian charity.

"Drawing," "singing" (the primitive language of man), "natural mathematics,"—such, according to Froebel, are the plays which satisfy the first demands of the child's intellect. Drawing furnishes to the soul visible signs by which to reproduce its impressions; singing gives life to the sentiments; mathematics satisfy the intelligence in demonstrating the fundamental laws of nature.

"Such is the true basis of all that children subsequently learn at school, giving artistic activity and inspiring the love of the beautiful. In exercising the organs of form, color, time, and tune, in awakening the idea of comparison, the ideality of their nature is appealed to and developed, before the material instincts become dominant in the soul."

"Most of the Kindergärten in Germany and Belgium are for the children of the richer or middle classes, and the parents pay the Directress, — generally some young person, instructed by Froebel in the theory and practice of his method."

But they are also peculiarly adapted to the children of the working classes and to the poor, preparing them for their life of labor by inculcating habits of industry and dexterity, and of working intelligently to an end from their early years. What a valuable introduction and accompaniment would this system form for our public schools! How many a teacher would find her energies restored, and her courage sustained, by leaving the school-room to direct and share Froebel's games in the exhilarating fresh air! Changes will be needed to adapt the system to our climate, language, and mode of life; but nowhere is the necessity for a full and generous culture of all the powers in childhood greater than in our busy country and trying climate.

To put in practice his leading ideas, Froebel invented and arranged a series of plays and exercises calculated to call into action all the varied powers of the child. The arrangement of the garden, though in miniature, calls to mind Goethe's famous scheme of education as developed in Wilhelm Meister; for here also each kind of labor and sport has its peculiar province, and is accompanied with appropriate songs. By the assistance of Madame Marenholtz and Madame Ronge, we may study these methods in detail.

The most important of Froebel's inventions are his Six Gifts:—

"The First Gift is composed of six balls, which present the colors of the prism, red, blue, and yellow, green, violet, and orange. Froebel makes use of this from an early period of infancy, as soon as the child wishes to seize whatever comes within its reach, or when it begins to be active and fix its eyes upon objects.

"The first task of the infant in making acquaintance with this world is, to distinguish the different *qualities* of objects: form, color, sound, movement, and afterward size, number, &c.

"The quantity and the variety of objects which surround the newlyborn child render this task very fatiguing to its senses, which have scarcely yet begun to awaken.

"The fatigue which is experienced in discerning the qualities of everything in the chaos that surrounds it, at last obliges the child to abstract its attention. It is wearied; for at this age the child knows weariness, the pain of not being comprehended, because no one understands how to satisfy the requirements of its nature.

"We must then come to its relief and aid in its development. We must present objects to it, one after the other, the most simple at first, — make it comprehend primitive forms before passing to complicated ones.

"For this end, Froebel suspends before the eyes of the child a ball held by a cord; this ball takes successively the three elementary colors, and afterward the three secondary. The infant receives thus the impression of the primitive form, the sphere, — of the primary colors, red, blue, and yellow.

"The ball is made to swing horizontally; then it is raised vertically, and finally is made to turn in a circle, the song indicating these directions: 'Here and there, up and down, backwards and forwards, or round and round.'

" Here, then, are form, color, sound, and movement, indicated at the

same time, and in a manner so simple as to be comprehended by the infant.

"These games respond perfectly to the child's needed development and amusement, as the radiant faces of the little ones testify, as well as the constant demand for the renewal of the game.

"The ball is thrown to the child, who sends it back, the instructress singing, 'The ball goes to thee, it comes to me,' &c. This play gives the child an idea of its individuality, of which it has full consciousness only towards its second year; until then, it feels instinctively united to all; it has not said me, but designates itself by the name it has heard others apply to it.\*

"Diverse movements are given to the ball, indicated by singing. 'The ball jumps, balances, dances, flies, rolls,' &c. 'It jumps like a squirrel, flies like a bird,' &c.

"All these little plays, insignificant in themselves, are here very important, aiding the development of the intelligence through the senses.

"The ball has always been a favorite plaything, and Froebel as much as possible applied his method to familiar games, all of which find their place in the garden. He has composed a hundred little songs, indicating as many different plays with balls; for it is his principle not to give a child a variety of objects, but to show him a variety of relations with one object. Many of these games are given with rhymes and illustrations in the 'Practical Guide;' an invaluable book to mothers who look intelligently and reverently upon the unfolding life of their little ones,—invaluable too to the elder children, preparing them unconsciously for their future duties as parents and guardians of the young.

"The second series of implements are solids,—the cube, the cylinder, and the wooden ball, and also a stick and string. The games of this gift are so simple that the weakest child can find delight in them, so instructive that the most scientific mind can derive information from them, and they are capable of a surprising variety.

"Froebel's system is not to be taught mechanically. To be a successful teacher of childhood, one must come to the work with a heart full of love, and a mind with all its creative power in full activity. To such this system will yield great delight, developing teachers as they train the pupils, who are unconsciously drinking in great principles and facts of science, and strengthening the body whilst seemingly engaged in play.

"To facilitate comparison between objects, the only means of comprehending them, Froebel always gives two opposites, two contrasts:

<sup>\*</sup> Compare our own remarks in the first article of the Examiner for September. VOL. LXVII. — 5TH S. VOL. V. NO. III. 28

in this case, the cube and the ball. The first represents variety, — surfaces, sides, angles, and inertia, — as it does not roll; the second, unity, — it being the same throughout, — and movement.

"If between these two objects the intermediate object is placed, the child will perceive that in this form are united some of the properties at the two others, the cylinder having two flat sides like the cube, and of the same time being round like the ball.

"The rod is passed at first over the surfaces of the *cube*, then over the angles and edges; and afterwards the cube is made to turn on itself. The child thus sees the cylinder, the circle, and the double cone,—the three fundamental forms of mechanics and crystallization. The cylinder will appear as the corners and edges disappear. All the laws of mechanics are found in nature.

"The cube is not only the fundamental form of crystallization, but it is also the primary regular form recognized by mankind. The three Graces of the ancient Egyptians were three cubes, supporting one another, — a proof that no form appeared to them more beautiful. The cube is truly the starting-point for form.

"The cylinder, in turning on itself, reproduces the ball and other solids, showing, like the cube, that a primary always includes its secondaries.

"The singing explains the qualities of these forms to the child. For example, the cube says, 'With a stick through my centre, I can turn round, And look like a roller that rolls on the ground.' And the ball says, 'A ball I am wherever I go; Wherever I turn, myself I show.' And the cylinder, 'With a string through my centre I rapidly run; My edges and corners delight in the fun. To you they are lost, though there they remain, And when I stand still, you will see them again.' And so on, with the forms singly or in combination, almost ad infinitum, the child learning unconsciously the laws of statics and dynamics without any infringement of its enjoyment; in fact, with far less fatigue and ennui than result from plays without object with numerous complicated toys which he cannot comprehend, whilst he is forbidden to gratify the instinctive desire to know their construction.

"To play with objects in a rational manner, and with an aim, is the true method of a child's education. If mothers realized how much these little beings can suffer from ennui and want of aid to develop themselves, if they knew that a well-directed play would have the effect on them of the sun and fresh air on plants, they would profit by the counsels of Froebel. In giving the child a progressive series of forms, colors, sounds, movement, sizes, &c., he receives the impression of general development according to a fixed and logical law, which links

together and unites all the objects of creation. The mind will become so formed that he will readily perceive the connection between cause and effect, and he will in after life trace the law in everything, from the creation of a world to the opening of a rose-bud, from the historical development of nations to that of individuals. Trained to habits of industry,—to working with an aim, for use or beauty,—to concentrating his thought on central facts and their relations, the child comes to the duties of youth and manhood with full possession of his powers, free from that idle and dissipated habit of thought and life which is the truest hindrance to all success in action or character,—the readiest loophole for every form of vice."

All parents will testify to the value of the Third Gift of Froebel, a cube cut once in every direction, or into eight similar cubes.

"The instinct of construction with children has long induced the use of boxes of blocks, as the most admirable of playthings; but a good method to show all the profit that can be drawn from them intellectually and artistically has not until now been obtained."

"The Second Gift has already made the child comprehend perfectly the cube as a solid; it serves now as a thing known by which to arrive at the unknown. The importance of this principle is universally recognized, but rarely applied in schools.

"The child is taught to invert the box, after drawing out a small part of the lid; then to draw out the lid entirely and lift the box. He finds the cube complete, and is allowed to pursue the dictates of his own powers. He may divide it into two, four, or eight equal parts; place them upon each other, or side by side; count them, or arrange them in a thousand different ways, to suit his inclination. Then he will examine them more carefully, — observe their faces, edges, corners, form, size, number, position, arrangement, &c.

"According to his development he will vary his forms. His feelings will be gratified by the forms of beauty, his power of representation will be exercised by the various forms of life, and his faculties of perception will be cultivated by the forms of recognition; at one time the cubes will become to him a shepherd and his flock, at another a garden with trees and seats, or whatever may be most attractive to him at the time."

"The office of the teacher is to aid the child in expressing his own ideas, both in form and in words descriptive of his thought. She can give a living interest to his play by interweaving little stories. 'Let us make a chair for papa, another for mamma, and a nice sofa for grandmamma,' &c., &c. . . . . .

"The teacher presents the entire cube and sings, 'A whole,' giving to the notes the duration of a semibreve; then divides the cube horizontally into halves, and then makes the two vertical divisions of each section, that the child may see that the divisions in three ways make the eight cubes, marking the time of the song, according to the subdivisions of the whole cube, into halves, quarters, and eighths.

"In this manner the children learn easily the double lesson in music and geometry, so difficult of comprehension in the common methods of instruction. The alphabet and numbers are easily taught by these cubes.

"To transform matter, to study and comprehend it, is the task of man in his material life; he bears in him the germ of it from his birth. It is in recomposing the objects that surround him that he learns truly to comprehend them. The materials given by Froebel oblige the child to concentrate his attention to gain an end, to find and construct something, whatever it may be.

"Many pages of the Practical Guide are devoted to explanations and illustrations of the varied activities and delights which children may derive from this simple gift. Froebel divides the results into 'Forms of Use' and 'Forms of Beauty.' More than three hundred of the latter—forms giving pleasure, yet not referring to any single object—have been invented by the children; regular figures developing themselves from one fundamental form. It is a reward to the child who has arranged a beautiful figure to have it preserved."

From this gift an endless variety of delightful exercises may be given, and a vast amount of useful instruction acquired.

"In all cases, induce the child to construct from the centre, that as he advances he may always perceive that the ground form was the first step to all variety, and naturally refer to it as the basis of all future experiments. By this he will be taught that there is union in all things, and be led to trace all beauty to the great Source of all good, beauty, and harmony. The first lessons in artistic skill are taught by this gift; the eye becomes accustomed to harmonious arrangement, the hand trained to move objects with delicacy and arrange them with a view to symmetry,—a habit essential in domestic life,—to make home attractive rather by the careful disposition of what in themselves are of little value, than by the accumulation of costly ornaments."

The delight of the children, familiar with the cubes, in passing to "the Fourth Gift, a cube divided into eight equal planes," is a proof of its power to aid in their pro-

gressive development. Each child is taught to examine the new gift, and detect the points of resemblance and difference between this and the third, which are quite marked in themselves, and in the numerous purposes to which they may be applied. The children then are left to their own devices, and only when they have exhausted their inventive powers do the teachers come to their help, with lithographs of the designs of other children to stimulate their fancy, or with suggestions of what might be done intermingled into little stories and songs, in which many valuable facts may be taught in a manner not to be forgotten.

To cultivate the social nature, the children unite all round the table, and build in union,—some building a railway arch, and some the train to pass through,—or a church, a market-place, a village, a monument, a well, a mine; the skilful teacher leading on their thoughts, giving lessons in natural science, geography, or history, as the case may be. But it is necessary to see the application of these means so ingeniously invented, in order to realize all the results which can be derived from them. The elements of geometry, the simple rules of arithmetic, fractions, proportions, square and cube root, all the fundamental principles of mathematics, may be taught before the mind is prepared to understand abstract rules.

"While individual action educes their creative powers, develops their faculties, and gives them confidence and self-reliance, united action develops their characters as social beings, — as collective individuals, who have enjoyments and interests in common with each other and all mankind. A desire for knowledge is aroused, through which the work of the teacher becomes pleasant."

The demand upon the teacher of this system is quite different from that in our common schools. She must come to her work with the creative power which a loving heart, a quick imagination, and a richly-stored mind would give; and whilst she must be always on the alert to guard and guide and follow the leadings of the little ones, she in her turn will be enriched and fed by the suggestions of their young imaginations, catching quickly the true relations of things which older minds might be slow to perceive.

The Fifth and Sixth Gifts are specially adapted to older children, though they abound with attractions for the youngest.

"The Fifth Gift is an extension of the Third. The cube is divided into twenty-seven equal cubes; three of these are again divided obliquely into halves, and three into quarters." Here the triangle is met with for the first time. "By the increased number of parts, more extended operations can be carried on. Besides the necessary elements to construct numerous figures, a method which renders all the fundamental rules of geometry evident is given, permitting more advanced exercises in number and form, and also lessons in perspective. When the children come to the more serious duties of school, as principles are unfolded to them, they often exclaim, 'I know that very well; I have played it in the Kindergarten.'

"On long boards of blue pasteboard," says this lady, describing a visit, "were pasted an immense variety of arabesques, mouldings, patterns for inlaid work, which had been composed by the children by means of the Ffth Gift. Also lithographs were shown us of architectural forms, of the finest monuments, handsome furniture, &c., invented by the children in the use of the Sixth Gift.

"The Sixth Gift bears the same relation to the Fourth as the Fifth to the Third. The cube is divided into twenty-seven planes, of which six again are divided, three in height, three in breadth, giving thus columns and squares. 'The children are now required to build from dictation, after studying out the likenesses and dissimilarities of the new gift. The pieces are named A, B, C, for convenience.

- "'With one B and one C erect a column two inches high, upon a base one inch square and half an inch thick.'
- "'With eight of A, six of B, and eight of C, build the front of a hall, with porch and balcony, with an entrance, three windows, &c.'
- "An endless variety of dictation lessons may be given, according to the genius of the teacher and the capacities of the children.
- "That exercises in the previous lessons may be given, as occasion requires, each child is supplied with a Seventh Gift, containing all the variety of forms of the four previous gifts.
- "The inventive and artistic powers of the children being thus far developed and exercised, their minds being stored with important facts, and their bodies being duly exercised, as well as their mental and moral faculties, they will be prepared to enter the school where a complete course of instruction is given, and find only pleasant exercise in what to those differently trained appear almost insurmountable difficulties."

When the child has been thoroughly exercised with solids, the surface of the cube is given him,—a box containing pieces of board or pasteboard, in quadrangles, triangles, semicircles. With these an infinite variety of figures may be formed. The children receive their first lessons in spelling, imitating the forms of capital letters drawn by the teacher on the blackboard, and giving the sound in unison. By being occupied manually, the child's attention is fixed, which is the great point to be gained.

"Each child is required to form the letter e. When formed each is required to place b before it, and to pronounce the word in unison; the b is removed, and h, m, w, placed in turn before, and the different sounds given, &c., &c.; and so on with various terminations.

"Movable lines, 'the surface of a cube cut into straight lines,' is the next exercise for the children. It requires a higher degree of mental power to use these little bundles of sticks, a greater cultivation of the eye and hand to find the proportion of the distances, and to express ideas in beautiful forms, than with the cube which filled the space now to be measured by the eye. They too are more effectually used in the arithmetical operations than the rolling counters of Pestalozzi, as the children manage them themselves."

But we must refer again to the "Practical Guide" of Madam Ronge, with its numerous exercises and illustrations, for the fuller unfolding of the progressive method of Froebel. The children pass from laying sticks to "combining sticks,"—a process calling into activity a far higher degree of inventive and constructive power. This is done by means of sharp sticks and softened peas, and requires much manual dexterity. Plaiting sticks and plaiting paper, forming separate parts into one whole, folding, cutting, pricking, and braiding white and colored paper, are favorite exercises. Some of the designs formed have been beautiful, and put in use for embroidery, crochet, lace-work, carpeting, calico-printing, &c.

"We were shown a large collection of tissues woven by the children with bands of paper of different colors, with straw, leather, ribbon, &c., forming mats, cases, portfolios, baskets, &c. Children of three years weave readily, and it is a favorite occupation. These little works are used as gifts to friends, or are sold to furnish a Christmastree with gifts for the poor. This rouses the children to great enthusiasm.

"The industrial aim is not the most important, although it has many advantages for children, who can thus already earn something. It is desired above all to develop in children the sentiment of the beautiful, that their spiritual aspirations may be satisfied; and to give some practicality, in order that they may be able to represent and realize their ideas, and become truly producers; giving, in one word, freedom to their natural powers.

"This is not attained in making children perform merely useful things; it is abusing their powers to occupy them only mechanically. The principle of Froebel is always to unite intellectual and manual exercises, and to organize labor in such a manner that its results may develop the sentiment of the beautiful and the true."

Drawing exercises are commenced very early. Slates furrowed in squares are used; the pencil, falling into the furrows, forces the children to make straight strokes, and gives great firmness to the hand. Afterward paper is used, ruled in the same way, but in pale blue lines, not to injure the effect of the drawing. The children are taught to invent freely before copying.

Froebel calls his method "drawing in the net," and affirms that it is in strict accordance with the nature of man, or the law of his inward life. "The head and breast line," says he, "are practically our measures and standards as we conceive forms. As we perceive the representations of external forms in a right angle, drawing in a square space is a natural operation."

It is impossible to explain the whole method so clearly that it can be practised without patterns and a certain amount of training.

Children almost universally delight in color. In the Kindergarten, the balls, colored papers, &c. somewhat educate the eye, but more specific lessons are given when they are allowed to use colors. They begin by painting "in the net," with the pure primary colors. They are carefully taught the harmony of colors, and their relations to each other, by learning to compound them. The earliest lessons are in painting leaves of trees, and they learn to imitate the various shades and forms very accurately, and then proceed to flowers, wings of insects, birds, and other natural objects.

Modelling is one of the most important occupations in the Kindergarten, and affords such an extensive ground of operation, that children of all ages can exercise themselves with advantage. This becomes very absorbing to them. It opens so varied a field of employment, with a material so pliant, that in some sort they can realize their crude ideas. Some of the children attain to great success.

"In making the tour of the tables, we remark some works modelled in clay. A little girl of six years old is working at a charming basket filled with fruit; a temple surrounded with elegant columns, a horse at full gallop, are the works of a child of seven years; the truth of form and boldness of execution are remarkable. We are told that this child was for a long time the despair of his parents, on account of his ungovernable and obstinate temper. He broke all he could lay hands on, abused the servants, and gave way to extraordinary fits of passion. Endowed with great intelligence and energy, he did not know how to control his undirected and unemployed powers.

"His character changed immediately after his entrance into the Kindergarten, and he shows already a decided talent for sculpture. This gifted boy used his powers for evil, because he had not been taught how to make them useful in developing his talent for construction."

The Kindergarten, with its innumerable exercises, presents varied and attractive employment to all tastes and tenden-"The supervision and discipline prevent the abuse of liberty, and inspire a principle of order in the hours of recreation, which regulates the conduct of the children, whether in the presence of their teachers or by themselves, either in or out of the garden. This principle of order, far from constraining them, pleases them, because they have a natural love of harmony." Whilst losing nothing of the natural buoyancy and spontaneousness of childhood, -in fact, retaining unusually its freshness and sweetness, free from the fretting of idleness and unused life, - the progress of the little ones is remarkable. The first years of life are always spent in making acquaintance with this outward world. Froebel does not burden the mind of children; he helps them in their allotted work by meeting the wants of that nature to whose study he devoted his lifetime, and which he so tenderly respected, so clearly understood.

His methods of initiating the study of geography and history were peculiar to himself. Froebel sought to teach mathematics as the foundation of all knowledge; but living mathematics of some sort, the actual preceding the dry formula which follows as the expression of the universal law.

"This idea should be studied thus in Froebel's Menschenerziehung. It will be seen from these simple indications, that he gives in this manner a logical basis to the young intelligence, founded on the analogy of the laws of human thought with mathematics, the absolute ignorance of which too often produces disorder in ideas, or the adoption of false ones.

"Froebel has provided for children, from the first, a series of gymnastic exercises or little plays which amuse and instruct them, exercising the different muscles, loosening the fingers, and giving the hands an astonishing dexterity. They are indicated in his 'Talks and Songs of Mothers.'

"To render these exercises truly beneficial, the conditions of their healthful action must be taken into account; they must not be entered into at improper times, as immediately before or after a meal, nor continued so as to produce weariness, nor in the closely-confined rooms, or in an impure atmosphere. Having these conditions in view, the movement-plays of the Kindergarten have been arranged. To prevent deformities of the spine, no child is allowed to remain too long in one position.

"To secure the co-operation of mental, nervous, and muscular action, all movements are accompanied by songs, which enlist the sympathies, excite the imagination, and cause the children 'to suit the action to the word.'

"These plays are plays of union and order. Every motion is according to rhythm; and there is not a muscle in the body nor an organ of the mind, requiring exercise, that does not receive its necessary stimulus through them. The plays are adapted to very young children. Many of them have been invented by children, and collected and set to music, with appropriate words, by practical educators, who have acquired the power to teach by observation."

These songs are of various character; some of them of a tender and affectionate tone, cultivating the family affections, love, consideration for others, and gentle and courteous demeanor to playmates. They are introduced often by some little story, when the children are playing with the gifts of

Froebel, into which they are incorporated. These are called "Songs of Harmony," such as "The Song of Greeting," "The Pleasant Sight," "The Happy Family."

Another series of songs refer to various artificial and natural movements, — the motions of birds, fishes, animals, windmills, water-wheels, pendulums, &c. being imitated in the accompanying plays.

"A favorite game is called the Pigeon-House. Three fourths of the children join hands and form a closed circle, representing a pigeonhouse; the remainder stand close together inside the circle, to represent the pigeons in the house.

'We open the pigeon-house again,
And set the pigeons free.

They fly in the fields and over the plain,
Delighted with liberty;
And when they return from their merry flight,
We shut up the house and bid them good night.'

"When the song begins, 'We open the pigeon-house,' those forming the circle raise their hands and arms, and make the circle as large as possible. Those inside, 'the pigeons,' run out, moving their little hands and arms like the wings of a bird; they continue to run about, until they hear, 'And when they return,' when they make their way home quickly as possible.

"This song may be repeated as often as is wanted, the inner and outer circle changing places, if desired.

"The game is intended to extend the arms and exercise the wrists in particular, and all the muscles employed in the action of 'the pigeons.' This exercise of the wrist is an excellent preparation for employments requiring dexterity and lightness of touch. The faculty of time is also excited, and feelings of sympathy with the subjects of the game unconsciously aroused."

The children are familiarized with the motions of the planets, whilst gaining health and dexterity, by another ingenious game, called "The Solar System." The tallest child stands in the centre of the room, holding in his hand as many ribbons as there are planets, each longer than the other. The smallest child represents Mercury, and, taking hold of the shortest ribbon, moves round "the Sun," to represent his annual motion, and turning round upon his heels during this circuit, extend-

ing the hand that holds the ribbon over his head, to imitate the diurnal motion. Meanwhile all sing:

"O how steadily, O how orderly,
Mercury moves round the orb of day!
Never drearily, never wearily,
Never tired of his active play,—
Always wandering round the brilliant sun,
Never wearying as he journeys on.
O how orderly the planets wander,
Yet cling to their centre, the bright orb of day!"

The games and songs in "imitation of human labor" awaken a love for usefulness, and have a great attraction for children, who, indeed, are always drawn to anything which simulates a use. They are full of practical instruction.

The song of "The Peasant," sowing, reaping, thrashing, sifting his wheat, resting and playing when his work is done, "The Cooper," "The Sawyer," &c., are admirable exercises for mind and body.

Froebel's advice to mothers, in his Menschenerziehung, in the religious development of their children, is worthy most serious thought: "All education must be unfruitful which is not based on the Christian religion." He wished that the whole life and education of the child "should be related to the religious idea," and sought for him a complete development in harmony with this. He relied on sacred music to quicken the religious sentiment, feeling the divine truths of the Gospel must reach the intellect through the heart. Believing prayer to be innate in children, he yet felt the need of some transition from play to devotion. children are led to note some phenomenon of nature, - the setting sun, the organization of plants, the music of birds, &c., - and their thoughts are guided by earnest words, which touch their tender hearts with love and reverence and confidence in God. Or some incident in the life of the infant Jesus is recalled to them; for all the principal events of sacred history have been taught them, in a simple manner, in the Kindergarten.

"To attain a high moral and religious development in the child, it is necessary at first to sanctify the senses by a superior physical de-

velopment, which makes them truly the instruments of the soul. Guided by the study of Nature to a knowledge of the Creator, he attains to an understanding of revealed truth, which can only thus be received and comprehended, and never by merely learning moral maxims by rote."

There are two points in which the influence of the Kindergarten is of especial value. The children learn practically that their own freedom and individual well-being are always in harmony with the general good. Love reigns in these little communities, and through love obedience is gained, and willing submission to authority, to established order, - to law. The union of intellectual and manual labor in these early years is the guaranty of their union in after life, whatever path may be pursued; and it will also prove the preventive of the weariness of school life devoted exclusively to intellectual development, and of the frequent unfitness of those thus trained for actual duties. The method of Froebel may lead to the establishment of schools for labor in connection with those for intellectual education, which are so much needed for the well-being of society and its members. Scholars' Gardens are workshops of various kinds. "Agriculture takes in turn the place of gardening, and real gymnastics the place of gymnastic exercises."

The external appliances of life, its facilities, luxuries, comforts, knowledges, have indeed wonderfully increased; but they fail to enshrine the truly noble human being, Son of Man and Son of God. May not this simple method of Froebel—to unfold from within all the powers of the child in harmonious activity, and in loving co-operation with a cheerful obedience to those around him—be a corner-stone of a new social temple, the parts of which, all "fitly compacted," shall make a living whole, in which shall abide the spirit of peace and good-will to man, God's highest glory on earth,—which is the visible coming of His kingdom, the realization of the Christian idea in humanity?

It remains only to give an account of the progress of Froebel's system in popular favor. It has borne the test of four-teen years' practical experience, and is extending throughout Germany and Belgium, and is introduced into France and YOL, LXVII. — 5TH S. YOL, Y. NO. III. 29

England. Already during Froebel's lifetime was his system recognized, and he had the gratification of witnessing the establishment of fifty Kindergärten in Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland. The most advanced institution at present is that of Doctor and Madame Marquhart, at Dresden.

The Baroness Marenholtz, whose devotion to the cause is entire, has obtained the favor of the Belgian government for her plans, and its beautiful capital is now the centre of the movement. A new manual has just been published at Brussels, which is much fuller and more complete than the English one.

During the last winter, Madame Marenholtz was in Paris, engaged in the dissemination of her views. She has gained the attention of the Empress, who has submitted the exposé of the system to the Minister of Public Instruction, and a trial is to be made of it in the "Cours Pratique" of the Infant Schools. Whether the youthful Napoleon has commenced his exercises with the ball and string, we have been unable to learn. Several private institutions have also engaged pupils of Froebel in their establishments, and it is proposed that instructresses should superintend the games of children during the hours of their promenade in the gardens of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysees. The Catholic clergy object to Froebel's system, that it does not maintain the doctrine of original sin! This is certainly true. However, a society has been established in Paris entitled "The Society for the Propagation of Froebel's System for the Education of Children," of which one President is a Catholic priest, the other a lady. society meets once a month to discuss the principles of Froebel, to teach each other his methods, and to concert measures for the propagation of his ideas. An American lady of superior talent is a member of this society, and is engaged in instructing the children of some of our fellow-citizens now resident in Paris, according to this delightful method. We wish that some of her young countrywomen might be incited to go abroad and unite with her in gaining a full knowledge of the system, in order to introduce it in America.

The widow of Froebel, who sympathized with his hopes and aided his plans throughout his life, is still engaged in carry-

ing on a Kindergarten at Hamburg. She retains the right in his books, which she alone sells. His Gifts also may be procured from her. Other establishments are in operation at Leipsic, Weimar, in Thuringia, Hanover, &c.

Dr. and Madame Ronge have established a school in London, which has met with much success, and won the favorable notice of Mr. Mitchell, the royal Inspector of Schools.

To American mothers, whose maternal affection is so intimately blended with intellectual ambition, this system offers many attractions, while it will also be far less subversive of physical health than the common methods. We hope they will give it earnest attention, and prove themselves faithful to Froebel's favorite motto, "Let us live for our children."

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### ART. II. - RECENT ASPECTS OF ATHEISM IN ENGLAND.

- 1. The Life and Character of Richard Carlile. By George Jacob Holyoake. 1849.
- The Last Trial-by-Jury for Atheism in England; a Fragment of Autobiography. By George Jacob Holyoake. 1851.
- 3. The Case of Thomas Pooley. By G. J. HOLYOAKE. 1857.
- 4. The Trial of Theism. By G. J. HOLYOAKE. 1858.
- 5. Shadows of the Past. By LIONEL H. HOLDRETH. 1856.
- 6. The Affirmations of Secularism; in Seven Letters to G. J. Holyoaks.

  By L. H. Holdreth. Published in the Reasoner for 1857.
- 7. Conscience and Consequence. A Tale for the Times. By LIONEL H. HOLDRETH. Published in the Reasoner for 1858. London: Holyoake & Co.

Among the many signs of the times which demand the study of religious thinkers, few are so little known in proportion to their importance as the recent developments which Atheism has assumed among the working-classes of England. These developments are in many respects so unique and interesting, that a brief glance at them may perhaps prove not unacceptable to American readers. There is no less a chasm between

the Deism of Thomas Paine and the "Natural Religion" of Theodore Parker, than between the crude "infidelity" of Richard Carlile and the devout Stoicism of Lionel Holdreth. We do not thoroughly appreciate any form of religion till we know what are the classes of minds that reject it, and what sort of principles they accept in preference. And when the rejection of religion is itself tinged with a religious spirit, we may safely predict, not only that the current creed is too narrow for the age, but that a wider and deeper faith is already striking its roots in the hearts of men.

The popularization of Atheism in the working-class mind of England owes its first impulse to the labors of Richard Carlile, the editor of "The Republican." Untutored, antagonistic, and coarse, but brave, devoted, and sincere, he initiated and sustained a twenty years' struggle for the free publication of the extremest heresies in politics and religion, at the expense of nine years' imprisonment (at different times, ranging from 1817 to 1835) to himself, and frequent incarcerations of his wife, sister, and shopmen. This movement, though vigorous to the point of fanaticism, was not widely supported, and it virtually died out, as a sort of drawn game between the government and the heretics. A somewhat milder revival of it took place in 1840-1843, when "The Oracle of Reason" was set on foot by a few energetic young Atheists, and several prosecutions took place. It was this movement which first introduced to the public the name of George Jacob Holyoake, who, having served his apprenticeship to propagandism by a six months' imprisonment, rose in a few years to be the acknowledged leader of the sect. Under his influence, it has not only increased immensely in numbers, but has passed into a far higher stage of character, both moral and intellectual. is strikingly illustrated in the case of Thomas Pooley, a poor, half-crazed Cornish laborer, who was in 1857 sentenced to a long imprisonment for "blasphemy." Fifteen years previously, Mr. Holyoake's own imprisonment excited but little notice beyond a small circle, and not one petition was presented to Parliament for his release. But by the time that Pooley's case occurred, the Free-thinking movement was strong enough to reach the sympathies of liberal men in all sects, and thus to effect the reversal of an iniquitous sentence.\* This event also illustrates the progress of Free-thought in another direction. The coarse language for which the poor laborer was indicted—language only too frequent in the pre-Holyoake era—found no defenders among the Secularists who petitioned for his release, but was unanimously objected to, as degrading to Free-thought. And this double change, bringing both parties one step nearer to each other, is, there can be no doubt, mainly owing to the good sense, rectitude, and devotedness of George Jacob Holyoake.

But Mr. Holyoake's influence is not the only one observable in the Atheist party. Like many others, that party now possesses its right, left, and centre. For the improvement which took its rise from the establishment of "The Reasoner," in 1846, has gradually come to tell upon the mixed elements of the Free-thinking party; and in 1855 a sort of reactionary "split" took place, and the ultra-Atheistic Secularists set up a rival journal, "The Investigator," for the avowed purpose of returning to the old traditions of hatred and ridicule, in opposition to Mr. Holyoake's more catholic and fraternal policy. The utterly shameless spirit in which the Investigator habitually treats of the human side of religion is quite sufficient to stamp its incapacity for touching what pertains to the Divine; and its malignant and calumnious enmity towards Mr. Holyoake is a sufficient indication of the divergence between his advocacy and that of "Old Infidelity," as it is expressively termed. Counting this reactionary party as the lowest development of English Atheism, we next come to the party of the centre, namely, that party which is represented by Mr. Holyoake. This is much the largest of the three. Its idea may be stated in Mr. Holyoake's words, - "that the light of duty may be seen, that a life of usefulness may be led, and the highest desert may be won, though the origin of all things be hidden from us, and the revelations of every religious sect be rejected;" †

<sup>\*</sup> Pooley was sentenced to twenty-one months' imprisonment. He was pardoned at the end of five months, most of which was spent in the county lunatic asylum, to which it soon became necessary to remove him. He was so judiciously treated there, however, that on the receipt of his pardon he was restored to his family.

<sup>†</sup> Cowper-Street Discussion, p. 221.

in short, that Life, Nature, and Morals are self-sufficient, and independent of religion. Beyond this aspect of Atheism is yet another, numbering at present no definitely attached adherents besides its enthusiastic propounder, but evidently received with pleasure by many listeners during the last three years. This new Gospel owns to the paradoxical title of Religious Atheism, and is put forth by Mr. Lionel Holdreth, the most cultivated and coherent thinker of whom the Atheist party can boast. He does not, in fact, belong to the working-classes either by birth or education, although his sympathies with them are of the warmest. A little volume of poems, entitled "Shadows of the Past," is the only separate volume he has published; and all his other communications to the Free-thinking public have been made through the columns of the Reasoner. The reactionary "infidels" hate religion: Mr. Holyoake wishes to be neutral to it: Mr. Holdreth desires to reincarnate it in another form. Such are the three phases of the organized Atheistic party in England, - the central body shading off into the two others at either extremity. Passing by the first section, as presenting mere hollow word-controversy, untinged by any real passion for Truth, we propose to examine the second and third sections at some length.

The disintegrated state of Theology in the present day has given rise to the necessity for preaching the Gospel of Free Utterance, wholly distinct from any decision as to what is to be uttered. To preach this Gospel has been, in the main, Mr. Holvoake's vocation. But now that the right to speak has been so largely won, the question arises, "What have you to say?" and the metaphysical and spiritual bearings of the subject come into prominence. To this question Mr. Holyoake has endeavored to give some coherent reply in his recent work, "The Trial of Theism," in which he has reprinted and revised the chief papers on theological subjects which he had written during the previous ten years, with other matter here first published. It is a singular book; utterly destitute of anything like systematic thought, and scarcely less deficient in any arrangement of its materials; painfully unequal, both in substance and tone. Frequently we come upon noble, earnest, manly writing, which indicates real intellectual power, and

fine perception; then comes some passage so puerile, so weak, so indiscriminating, as to cause quite a revulsion of feeling in the reader's mind. What makes this frequently-recurring contrast more singular is, that those chapters which are reprints of former papers are mostly revised with minute care, the alterations often indicating delicate discrimination and real expansion of mind. (Chap. 27, which is a reprint of "The Logic of Death," is an instance of this.) Yet the entirely new matter is often of quite inferior quality, both in thought and ex-It would seem inexplicable how a writer who could give us the better portions of this book could endure to put forth some other parts of it, were not this inequality a phenomenon of such frequent recurrence in literature as to be one of its standing anomalies. Intellectual harmony is almost as rare as moral consistency, and men of even the finest genius too often cultivate one side of their nature to the positive neglect of others. The prominent side of Mr. Holyoake's nature is the moral and practical. He belongs to the concrete world of men, rather than to the abstract world of ideas. best parts of his book are the delineations of character, some of which are very felicitous. Chapter 14, on Mr. Francis Newman, and Chapter 29, on "Unitarian Theism," give the highwater mark of his religious character-sketches. A man who could thus appreciate the leading ideas of his opponents might (one would think) do great things in theological reform. note the limiting condition of his power! - he can appreciate these ideas when incarnated in another human mind, but it is mainly through his human sympathies that he does so. Neither the religious instincts nor the speculative intuitions are sufficiently magnetic and passionate in his own nature to force their way to an independent creative existence. Whenever he turns to the region of abstract thought, his power seems to depart from him. And this book, which deals almost exclusively with speculative themes, is a marked illustration of it. manifests all the weaknesses, and but very little of the best strength, of his mind. Thus it affords no clew to the real benefits which, in spite of grave errors, his movement has produced for many among the working-classes; while it shows plainly the barriers which must ever limit any movement, however sincere, which excludes religion from the field of human life.

We ought not, however, to quit this point without quoting the author's apology for some of the imperfections of his work.

"If anything written on the following pages give any Theist the impression that his views, devoutly held, are treated with dogmatism or contempt, the writer retracts the offending phrases. Theological opinion is now so diversified, that he has long insisted on the propriety of classifying, in controversy, the schools of thought, and identifying the particular type of each person, so that any remarks applied to him alone shall not be found 'at large' reflecting upon those to whom they were never intended to apply. If just cause of offence is found in this book, it will be through some inadvertent neglect of this rule.

"The doctrine is quite just, that crude or incomplete works ought to be withheld from publication; and the author reluctantly prints so much as is here presented. If this book be regarded, as it might with some truth, as a species of despatch from the field of battle, the reader will tolerate the absence of art and arrangement in it. The plan contemplated—that of taking the authors on the side of Theism who represented chronological phases of thought—required more time than the writer could command. From these pages, as they stand, some unfamiliar with the present state of Theistical discussion may obtain partial direction in untrodden paths. Hope of leisure in which to complete anything systematic has long delayed the appearance of this book, after the writer had seen that many might be served even by so slender a performance. At length he confesses, in a literary sense (if he may so use words which bear a spiritual meaning),—

Time was he shrank from what was right, From fear of what was wrong: He would not brave the sacred fight, Because the foe was strong.

'But now he casts that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at Heaven was pride.'—Lyra Apostolica."\*

In seeking for the central pivot of the movement which Mr. Holyoake represents, we find it in the Independence and Self-sufficiency of Ethics,—their independence of Theology, their

<sup>\*</sup> Preface to "The Trial of Theism."

sufficiency in themselves to the needs of man. This doctrine is a compound of several elements, some of which are doubtless valuable truths, while others are serious errors. To disentangle these from each other is now our task. The following passages sufficiently sketch Mr. Holyoake's position. The first is from an early number of the Reasoner, the second will be found in the Trial of Theism.

"Anti-religious controversy, which was originally, and ever should be, but a *means* of rescuing morality from the dominion of future-world speculation, became an end, — noisy, wordy, vexed, capricious, angry, imputative, recriminative, and interminable.

"To reduce this chaos of aims to some plan, to discriminate objects, to proportion attention to them, to make controversy just as well as earnest, and, above all, to rescue morality from the ruins of theological arguments, were the intentions of the Reasoner. It began by announcing itself 'Utilitarian in Morals,' and resting upon utility as a basis. In all reforms it took unequivocal interest, and only assailed Theology when Theology assailed Utility. The Reasoner aimed not so much to create a party, as to establish a purpose. It threw aside the name of 'Infidel,' because it was chiefly borne by men who were disbelievers in secret, but who had seldom the honor to avow it openly. It threw aside the term 'Sceptic' as a noun, as the name of a party, because it wished to put an end to a vain and cavilling race, who had made the negation of Theology a profession, and took advantage of their disbelief in the Church to disbelieve in honor and truth." \*

"Let any one look below the mere surface of pulpit declamation, and ask himself two questions: What has even Atheism, on the whole, meant? What has it, on the whole, sought, even in its negative and least favorable aspect? It has, in modern times, disbelieved all accounts of the origin of nature by an act of creation, and of the government of nature by a Supreme Being distinct from nature. It has felt these accounts to be unintelligible and misleading, and has suggested that human dependence and morals, in their widest sense, should be founded on a basis independent of Scriptural authority; and it has done this under the conviction, expressed or unexpressed, that greater simplicity, unanimity, and earnestness of moral effort would be the result. This is what it has meant, and this is what it has sought. The main popular force of speculative argument has been to show that morals ought to stand on ground independent of the uncertain and ever-contested dogmas of the churches." †

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 57.

Now this desire to sever life and ethics from "the dominion of future-world speculation," is not without its true side. When the great synthetic conceptions of life which arose out of deep religious impulses are breaking up through the imperfections of the doctrinal forms in which they are incarnated, it is necessary to deal with each element separately, before the general mind can reach the point at which it becomes possible to recast the whole. And in these periods of transition, we often see special teachers whose vocation seems to be the preaching of those supplementary truths which are needed to bridge the chasms, — to detach moral realities from the crude doctrinal form in which they were no longer credible, and so to prepare us for a completer view, in which they shall hold a truer position. The connection of morals with theology has hitherto been frequently taught on an incomplete basis, namely, that the ground of duty was only to be found in God's command. Thus whatever was held to be God's command was exacted from men as duty; and any criticism of the supposed command, as violating conscience or reason, was at once condemned as rebellion, - God's will being represented as the only criterion of right. In early and unreflective stages of development, the errors of this doctrine were mostly latent; but when the moral and intellectual elements in spiritual life arrive at a distinct and separate existence, a fuller and more discriminating estimate of the truth becomes imperative. That Moral Obligation is inherently sacred, and that the sense of this obligation does not necessarily imply belief in a Person who claims our obedience, is true; and it is a truth which needs to be clearly recognized, and which is recognized by many of the most religious thinkers of the day. It is also true that a common possession of Moral Truth forms a positive ground of union for its votaries; and this, too, is important in an age when so much difference exists between good men on religious subjects. So far as Mr. Holyoake has preached the independent foundation and positive nature of Ethics, he has been working on solid ground, and his work has been productive of useful results, which may long outlive their polemic But when he proceeds to erect these doctrines environment. into a basis of neutrality to religion, he enters new ground.

He does not actually say that Ethical Truth is the only supersensible reality attainable by man; but he implies that it is so to himself, and he evidently believes it to be so for an increasing majority of mankind. That his Atheism is suspensive rather than dogmatic, is indubitable from many touching passages scattered throughout his writings; \* but the fact remains, that he deems this suspensive position capable of being incorporated as a permanent element in the philosophy of life, not only for himself, but for human creatures in general, - that he studiously cultivates neutrality to religion as a principle of action. Baffled by the difficulties which obstruct his intellectual comprehension of the universe, he has no spiritual apprehension of its fundamental realities sufficiently vivid to fall back upon: and although "in hours of meditation he confronts with awe the great Mystery," his "baffled speculation returns again to the Secular sphere," † and he deems it possible and desirable to divide the secular from the spiritual with a sharpness that can entitle the former to support a whole philosophy of life. Now such a philosophy is quite conceivable on the supposition that the spiritual does not and cannot exist; and for thoroughly materialized Atheists such a philosophy is consistent and right. This is the ground taken by the reactionary "infidels." But Mr. Holyoake evidently means something

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;I see the influence men can exert on society, and that life is a calculable process. But why is it so? There my curiosity is baffled, and my knowledge ends. In vain I look back, hoping to unravel that mysterious destiny with which we are all so darkly bound. That is the channel through which all my consciousness seems to pass out into a sea of wonder; and if ever the orient light of Deity breaks in on me, it will, I think, come in that direction. The presence of law in mind is to me the greatest fact in nature." — Trial of Theism, p. 69.

<sup>&</sup>quot;When pure Theists, as Mazzini and Professor Newman, explain their fine conception of God as the Deity of duty, or of moral aspiration, the imagination, borne on the golden wings of a reverence untinged by terror, soars into the radiant light of a possible God. But the Possible is not the Actual. Hope is not proof. . . . .

<sup>&</sup>quot;Had I been taught to conceive of Deity as either of the writers just named conceive of Him, I think it likely that I should never have ceased to hold Theism as true; and if it were not misleading to one's self to covet opinion, I could even wish to be able to share their convictions. But having once well parted from my early belief, I am free to inquire and resolute to know, and I seek for evidence which will not only satisfy my present judgment, but evidence with which I can defy the judgment of others. He who can supply me with this can command me."—Ibid., pp. 115, 113.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid., p. 115.

different from this: he means that a man may pass through life as satisfactorily as man can, without being thoroughly convinced of the truth of either Theism or Atheism; that the chief part of human life is independent of religion; that to the Secularist's aspirations "the idea of God is not essential, nor the denial of the idea necessary." \* "What help has the Theist which the Atheist has not also?" † he asks, evidently unaware how the perception of religious reality modifies the whole of life, altering its proportions, and often even reversing its purposes. Take, for instance, the subject of death. How widely different are the feelings with which we must regard the vicissitudes and problems of life, on the supposition that our career is not ended by death, from those feelings which are forced upon us by the supposition that it is so terminated! This is a case in which the reality must lie either with the one alternative or the other: either we shall, or we shall not, survive our present existence; and except in those cases where excessive misery or mental torpor has produced a state of abnormal indifference to life altogether, a neutral feeling on the subject is scarcely possible. Our affections, hopes, pursuits - the whole conduct and tone of our lives - must inevitably be influenced to an incalculable extent by the conclusion which we adopt. It is quite true that Duty is equally binding on us, whether our term of life be mortal or immortal. But the absence of a futurity must alter the line of our duty in an infinity of directions, and it is unavoidable that we act from one hypothesis or the other. Even suspensive Atheism, though not shutting out the chance of a futurity, is obliged to act on the other theory. Mr. Holyoake, though far more open to spiritual influences than his party generally, is obliged to base his world on the Secular alone. His superiority on these points is purely individual, and is constantly overborne in party and polemic life by the inevitable tendency of his principles. There is an instinctive feeling in men's minds that religion is either a great reality or a great mistake, but that it cannot be a matter of indifference. And this perception is beginning show itself in the Secularist party.

<sup>\*</sup> Trial of Theism, p. 175.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid., p. 121.

are dividing more and more visibly into positive and negative sections,—the one repudiating religion, the other reapproaching it, more or less distinctly. For human nature is so constituted that men cannot forever rest at the parting of the ways. Individuals there have always been, to whom a peculiar combination of temperament and culture renders a decision on the great problems of life less easy to the intellect, and perhaps less imperative to the character, than to the generality of mankind; but, whatever other services to human welfare such minds may render, they cannot aid in the development of those primary spiritual intuitions which have formed the deepest basis of human life in all ages.

But Mr. Holyoake may plead that it is quite legitimate to prefer one of two influences without absolutely pronouncing against the other, if the one be certain and the other uncertain,—the one close at hand and the other afar off. And this is his view of the Secular as contrasted with the Spiritual. He does not presume to say that God does not exist; but he holds that, whether God is or is not, the course of human affairs is left to humanity alone,—that human effort is the only practical agency which it is of any use to invoke. Take the following passages; for instance, from "The Two Providences."

"It is said we are without God in the world; but remember, if it be so, that it is not our fault. We would rather that the old theories were true, and that light could be had in darkness, and help in the hour of danger. It better comports with human feebleness and harsh destiny that it should be so. But if the doctrine be not true, surely it is better that we know it. Could the doctrine of Divine aid be reduced to intelligible conditions, religion would be reinstated in its ancient influence. For a reasonable certainty and an unfailing trust, men would fulfil any conditions possible to humanity. Faith no longer supplies implicit confidence, and the practical tone of our day is impatient of that teaching which keeps the word of promise to the ear, and breaks it to the hope.

"Could we keep before us the first sad view of life which breaks in upon the workingman, whether he be a white slave or a black one, we should be able to see self-trust from a more advantageous point. We should learn at once sternness and moderation. Do we not find our-

<sup>\* &</sup>quot;Does the most absolute Atheism do more than declare the secret of Nature to be unrevealed?" — Trial of Theism, p. 148.

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selves at once in an armed world where Might is God and Poverty is fettered? Every stick and stone, every blade of grass, every bird and flower, every penniless man, woman, and child, has an owner in this England of ours no less than in New Orleans. The bayonet or baton bristles round every altar, at the corner of every lane and every street. Effort, in its moral and energetic sense, is the only study worth a moment's attention by the workman or the slave. . . . . .

"Now it is not needful to contend that prayer never had any efficacy, -it may have been the source of material advantage once; but the question is, Will it bring material aid now? It is in vain that the miner descends into the earth with a prayer on his lips, unless he carries a Davy lamp in his hand. A ship-load of clergymen would be in danger of perishing, if you suffer the Amazon once to take fire. ing the prevalence of a pestilence an hospital is of more value than a college of theologians. When the cholera visitation is near, the physician, and not the priest, is our best dependence, and those whom medical aid cannot save must inevitably die. Is it not, therefore, merciful to say that science is the Providence of life? . . . . Science represents the available source of help to man, ever augmenting in proportion to his perspicacity, study, courage, and industry. We do not confound science with nature. Nature is the storehouse of riches, but when its spontaneous treasures are exhausted, science enables us to renew them and to augment them. It is the well-devised method of using nature. It is in this sense that Science is the Providence of Man. It is not pretended that Science is a perfect dependence; on the contrary, it is admitted to be narrow, and but partially developed; but though it should be represented as a limited dependence, we must not overlook the fact that it is the only special dependence that man has; and however infantine now, it is an ever-growing power." \*

But in what respect is it needful that the study of Nature, and the methodizing of its agencies for the material benefit of man, should be regarded as invalidating the existence of a Divine Purpose in Nature? Surely nothing can be more congruous with Theism than that Nature and Man should be found in harmony with each other. In exploring our relation to the home in which we are placed, and in utilizing every material within our reach, we are in no sense turning away from the Author and Animator of Nature, but rather acquainting ourselves with his infinite resources of power and

<sup>\*</sup> Trial of Theism, Chap. XX.

beauty. The real question between the Theist and the Atheist lies far deeper down; it is, whether we have any means of reaching the Power displayed in the Universe beyond that which we gain from the study of Nature, - whether that power is a Conscious Soul, with which we can commune, and whence we can derive help and guidance when the visible world ceases to afford us aid, - whether, when "Nature" is dumb, He will speak, - whether, when all "material advantage" shall have been reaped by material science, the affections and the conscience must yet be left entirely to themselves, possessing no power of contact with any Personal Reality beyond that of erring fellow-mortals. Yet, if such contact be possible, it must affect our moral life to an incalculable extent; and the moral life of those who do not cherish any relation to that Personal Reality must miss one of its most important elements. In contrast, therefore, to the Secularist theory, on the one hand, which holds that Ethics as a whole, both in theory and practice, is attainable without Religion, and to the Orthodox theory, on the other hand, which maintains that the unassisted human mind can neither know nor do anything in Morals without the conscious recognition of Religion, - we hold that Conscience and Faith are, each of them, primary sentiments in man; that each may arise independently of the other, and may grow up separately, to a certain point of development, - a point varying relatively to the temperament and culture of each individual, - but that beyond that point each tends to call forth a need of the other, and deteriorates if that need be not supplied. He in whose glowing heart spiritual love precedes the strong sense of duty becomes a bigot or a dreamer, if his idea of God long fails to suggest a free and reasonable standard of conscience. he who finds his purely human conscience really all-sufficient to his needs, can scarcely have much fulness of moral life requiring to be guided. And here it is to the point to remark, that the absence of any reliance on such higher Personality has a visibly cramping effect on the minds of Ethical Atheists. There are innumerable cases in life where human sympathy and reciprocation must fail; nay, where the very fact of virtue implies the renunciation of sympathy. In such cases it may

too often be seen that the Atheist is thrown back upon himself, in a way which tempts him either to yield the point for the sake of sympathy, or to hold by the point in a way which is apt to overstrain his sense of duty done. In Atheistic defences we frequently see a recapitulation of facts brought forward to demonstrate the rectitude of the party, or of its champions, which even generous minds cannot save from a tone of "self-righteousness," while to commonplace speakers the danger is not perceptible. It is fatal to the healthiness of virtue to look back in this way at its own achievements. The love of Goodness is kept safe and sound by being constantly directed to that which is before, and not behind it. Otherwise, it is apt to sink into self-complacency with having been virtuous, and rather to test its aspirations by its performances, than to feel that the only good of its performances is derived from the aspirations which they but imperfectly realize. Broadly speaking, there is a certain climate of tendency observable in different communions, - a gravitation of influences towards certain levels. - which determines the tone of average minds, and which the higher thinkers only escape by lying open to other inlets of thought and feeling. The Secularistic idealization of human duty as the only source of moral life, must ever give rise to the tendency to glory in "merits." It is inevitable that this temptation should come to minds vividly conscious of honest and faithful purpose, and anxious to defend that purpose against coarse and base aspersions, but not conscious of receiving, from an Infinite Source above them, far more than the most devoted of human lives can ever reexpress.

A strain on the nobler faculties results from the absence of Divine sympathy, which varies greatly, according to the need of sympathy, in different minds. Many upright, unimpulsive men, in whom conscience scarcely rises into affection, do not feel it at all. Others, of generous and affectionate natures, are yet so far free from the disturbing influences of passion as to be able to live habitually from a sense of duty alone. To observers at a little distance, the benumbing effect of a merely Secular faith may be visible in such natures, confirming their constitutional defects, and cutting them off from

rousing influences; yet the Secularist's own mind may not be distinctly conscious of the want. But now and then comes a passionate soul, that feels the need of the Divine with a keenness that cannot be suppressed. The mind may be entirely persuaded of the untenability of Theism; but the intellectual conviction in such cases is at war with the whole bent of the soul. To such a nature, the needs of the affections must be recognized distinctly, whether for satisfaction or abnegation: they are primary realities which cannot be passed by in any accepted theory of human life. And here does Ethical Atheism culminate in the religious sentiment, not only virtually, but avowedly, as we shall find by passing on to the latest development of Atheism, as propounded by Mr. Lionel Holdreth.

With Mr. Holdreth the relation of Ethics to Theology takes an altogether different aspect from that which it assumes in Mr. Holyoake's system. Mr. Holdreth utterly eschews all neutrality; his Atheism is far more decisive than that of his friend. His Secularism is confessedly based on the rejection of Spiritualism, and he is fully aware of their essential incompatibility. But, on the other hand, his natural feelings toward religion are of a very different nature from those manifested by Mr. Holyoake. The latter can respect \* the religious sentiment, but he does not appear to have ever been deeply conscious of it in himself, since the unreflecting period of his boyhood; all the realities of life which take hold of him most strongly, bring no irrepressible longing for anything beyond humanity. But with Mr. Holdreth the religious sentiment is woven into his very nature, and the intensity of his Atheism makes this only the more apparent. The first specimens we shall present of his writings are two passages which, taken together, strike the key-note of his whole conception of life and faith.

"In advocating the claim of Secularism to rank among religions, and in asserting its inherent superiority to all other forms of religion in point of truth, purity, and directness, I had in view, not merely the as-

<sup>\*</sup> He calls Mr. Newman's work on *The Soul* "a book conceived in the highest genius of proselytism, which must command respect for the religious sentiment wherever it is read." — *Trial of Theism*, p. 60.

sertion of a fact, but the attainment for Secularism of a position, without which I do not conceive it possible that it can maintain its ground. I wish to render it stable by defining and consolidating its principles; I wish to weaken the enemy by depriving them of the monopoly of that principle — the religious — which always must exercise a paramount influence over the minds of men. Human nature is not a mere bundle of faculties, under the direction of a supreme and infallible intellect; if it were, then we might rely solely upon the intellect, not merely to teach men what is right, but to compel them to follow its teaching. But as things are constituted, it is only the first of these points which the intellect can achieve; we have to look for some other motive influence which shall induce men to do what they know to be right. This can only be found in their emotions or affections. It is on these that the religious sentiment has its hold, and therefore, apart from the religious sentiment, you can rarely hope to find steady and thoroughgoing virtue in any life; never, except in minds peculiarly well balanced by nature, and well disciplined by the education of life and action, of teachers and of circumstances. Here and there, it is true, you may find a man or woman who does right by habit or by impulse; but these are motives which can hardly be relied upon to resist the pressure of strong temptation. For the strength here needed we must look to a principle which can exercise complete control over the affections, and wield their whole power in such a struggle; a commanderin-chief of the faculties of our moral nature. Such a principle is that of Religion, and such is no other. This principle is embodied in the faith of the Christian and the Deist, of Socrates and of Paul, of Isaiah and of Mazzini, of Plato, ay, and of Paine. None of these were or are Atheists; they write and speak of a God in tones of reverence and adoration; and it is in this religious sentiment which is embodied in their creed that they find consolation in sorrow, and strength in the hour of conflict. Such a strength and such a consolation must be found in any faith which is ever to attain an empire over the hearts of men; such a principle of power must there be in a creed, call it philosophical or religious, on which our morality is to be based, and by which our life is to be directed, or we shall be sure to find it fail us in our hour of And I maintain that, as a fact, Secularism, as taught by Mr. Holyoake, and as accepted by myself, does contain such a principle, in its religious sense of duty; a duty derived from natural principles, and referable to natural laws; a duty binding on men as fractions of mankind, and on mankind as a portion of the cosmic whole."\*

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 600.

"I believe in no true, honorable, virtuous life but in this religion; and in proportion as the supernatural creeds have contained this essential religious element, have they been useful and saving faiths. Christianity had far more of it than Paganism, Theism than Christianity; but pure Secularism is the pure religion,—faith in a grand principle its sole guide of life, its sole source of strength, unalloyed by timid dependence on a Father's arm, unpolluted by selfish thoughts of a reward hereafter. To this Religion of Duty—the ONE TRUE FAITH, the one true principle giving life and spirit to the bodies of false doctrine wherein it hath been incorporated—do I look for all strength for each of us, all guidance for all men, all progress for mankind."\*

In this remarkable declaration there are three main propositions:—

First. That "any faith which is to attain an empire over the hearts of men" must contain "a principle which can exercise complete control over the affections, and wield their whole strength in the struggle." No truer ideal of faith could be laid down than this.

Second. "That Secularism does contain such a principle in its religious sense of duty."

Third. That Secularism is "superior to all other forms of religion in truth, purity, and directness," because it holds this sense of duty unalloyed by any dependence on a Father, or any hope of a hereafter.

Now that "Secularism, as taught by Mr. Holyoake, and accepted by Mr. Holdreth, does contain a religious sense of duty," may be readily granted. Mr. Holdreth elsewhere says, that "Sacrifice for the sake of others, not in the hope of future reward, is a principle which, though glimpses of it were occasionally visible through the mists of the future to Prophets and Apostles, waited for its full recognition until a faith arose which knew nothing of an eternal retribution." † And there is a truth in this which should not be forgotten. The absence of any settled hope of futurity does throw into keener relief the absolute disinterestedness of virtue; and although there have been Theists, as well as Atheists, who leave the question of immortality as an insoluble problem, yet it is the noblest characteristic of Ethical Atheism to have preached, deliberately

and fearlessly, that virtue is a present rectitude, utterly irrespective of pleasant "consequences," whether in this world or in any other. This is one of the most valuable contributions that Secularism has made to the moral education of Free Thought. But it is one thing to assert that Moral Obligation is a primary element of our nature, in itself implying nothing beyond ourselves and our work; and it is quite another thing to maintain that no extra-human Personality exists, to whom we may stand in moral and spiritual relations. It is one thing to assert that the idea of virtue excludes, per se, the very notion of reward; and it is quite another thing to maintain that our sentient existence cannot extend beyond our life in this visible planet. The connection between ethical truth and cosmical fact is one that cannot be thus assumed a priori. Moreover, although the ethical truth on which Mr. Holdreth bases his whole system is one which can scarcely be overestimated in its own place, it is clearly incapable of fulfilling all the requirements of the ideal which he previously sketched as essential to a complete Faith. Is Duty, as a matter of fact, "a principle that can exercise complete control over the affections, and wield their whole strength in the struggle"? We apprehend that no mortal soul, however saintly, could answer, "Yes." It is true that almost any amount of self-sacrificing heroism may be gradually attained by a dutiful nature, even to a degree that would at first appear incalculably beyond the power of human nature to support. Let the capacity for "service and endurance" be granted to the full, untainted by any notion of "reward," either in earth or heaven. But the province of effort, which is active and voluntary, is distinct from the province of affection, which is receptive and involun-Duty may, indeed, be taught to exercise control over the affections, in the sense of coercing them; but that is clearly not the sort of control of which Mr. Holdreth is here speaking. The controlling principle that he desiderates is one that shall "wield the whole strength of the affections in the struggle." It must therefore respond to their fullest longings, and dominate them by an Objective Reality that can rightly But how is this possible if the object loved command them. be an unconscious one? Only a person (in the sense of a conscious mind) can wield the whole strength of the affections, for only a person can reciprocate them, - and what affection ever comes to its full maturity until it is reciprocated? what person can wield that complete control over our highest and purest affections which is here sought, but One who shall be above us all, — the realization of Infinite Perfection? The admission of the affections into the "religious sense of duty" naturally implies the idea of an Object on which to repose them; and the absence of any such object in Mr. Holdreth's theory is an incongruity somewhat like that exhibited by Tycho Brahe, who admitted that the planets revolved round the sun, but maintained that the sun and the planets together revolved round the earth. In the same way, Mr. Holdreth holds that all our faculties should be under the complete control of religion, but that religion itself is only dependent upon man, - that is, upon the very being who needs the control. Perhaps he would reply with the heroic but most melancholy saving of Spinoza. "He who loves God aright must not expect that God should love him in return;" an idea which implies that the power of loving has been, in some mysterious way, monopolized by mortals, and is the only quality for which the Great Cosmos has no capacity. Now if the affection we receive from our fellow-creatures were in itself perfectly satisfying, and always at our command when deserved, there would be much plausibility in the theory that we have no concern with any other affection. But that such is not the case in human life, it would be superfluous to prove. Moreover, if there be one feature of Mr. Holdreth's writings more characteristic than the rest, it is the keenness and distinctness of his desire after an Infinite Object of affection.\* It is therefore to the point to discover the estimate he himself takes of this desire. The fullest notice he has taken of it, as an argument for Theism, is as follows: -

<sup>\*</sup> Many critics of his poems were misled by this characteristic to under-estimate the reality of his Atheism, — a very easy mistake to arise in the minds of those who see the religious instinct, and who do not see the complicated intellectual difficulties which may coexist with it. We have frequently heard the remark, "Mr. Holdreth will not long remain an Atheist." But the question remains, Why is he an Atheist now?

"Some have urged that, since in Nature is found no want without a satisfaction, no appetite but for a purpose, it were contrary to nature to suppose man's natural instinct of worship and - so to speak - desire of Deity implanted only to be balked. But to this it may be replied, that for artificial desires Nature provides not always gratifications; nor for all natural needs, except to those who have the capacity to seek their satisfaction aright. Accordingly, it is nowise to be accounted an anomaly in Nature, if she provide not a personal object of worship, such as shall satisfy the artificially excited imaginations and feelings of men and women, educated from youth to worship; or if she yield no gratification to those whose neglected intellect and uncultivated conscience can reverence naught that is not personal, and love only where they expect reward for loving. But for so much of this devotion as is natural in minds sound and healthily trained, there is a sufficient object in the Order, the Truth, the Beauty of Nature herself, - in the Duty which springs from Law, and in the authority which belongs to Conscience." \*

Such is Mr. Holdreth's theoretical conviction. But what are the utterances of his natural feeling? Scrupulously passing by all such passages as he might possibly reject or modify now, we will illustrate this point by a few quotations. The first is from the opening of a lecture delivered in 1856, entitled "Theism the Religion of Sentiment."

"Stern indeed and strong must that heart be—if indeed it be not utterly callous and insensible—that has not at times, at many times, sighed after such a comfort. The strongest spirit has its hours of weakness, the most hopeful and elastic nature its moments of deep and hopeless depression. What comfort is theirs who in these moments can cast themselves on the ever-present arm of an Eternal Father, in calm reliance on his unfailing power and inexhaustible kindness! In the hours of loneliness and melancholy, when the heart feels itself as it were alone amid a deserted universe, how enviable is their state who feel that they are not alone,—that with them and around them is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother,—a very present help in time of trouble! To the laborer whose twelve hours' toil can barely suffice to earn bread for his suffering wife and his sickly children; to the slave who sees before him no rest, no mercy, no escape but in the grave; to the lonely student on his solitary couch of sickness; to

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 630.

the starving and sorely tempted seamstress in her fireless and foodless garret; to the martyr of conscience in his dismal prison, or yet more dismal liberty; to the patriot exile, inclined almost to despair of the cause for which he has given all that was dear in life, — what happiness to turn from the harshness and the misery of earth to the Father which is in heaven!

"And, on the other hand, how hard seems their fate who have no such hope and no such comfort, — who must endure through life the hardships of poverty, the sorrows of obscurity, the misery of unbefriended loneliness, and must at last pass to their graves with the bitter thought, that they have lived in vain for others, and worse than in vain for themselves! Truly, it is no light, no easy matter to be, much more to become, an Atheist."

(How much, by the way, is implied in that parenthesis,—"much more to become an Atheist"!) The next passage we quote appeared considerably later, and occurred in a review of the Eclipse of Faith. After quoting the only passage in that book which can be said to contain "any indication of an insight into the real feelings and position of a true Sceptic," Mr. Holdreth remarks on it thus:—

"I presume that there is no thoughtful mind, which has ever been truthful and honest enough to enter earnestly upon the quest of truth, that has not very early in its career passed through the Slough of Despond that is here described. But this is assuredly not the language of a matured and deliberate scepticism; it is that of a mind which has floundered about in the quicksands into which it first plunged on quitting the barren rocks of Christianity, and which has never succeeded in reaching the shore beyond. Those who have gone through this state do not speak in this tone. They are satisfied either that there is no God, or that there is, or that we cannot tell whether there be or no. At any rate, they remain satisfied: if there be no God, the crying after him is childish and unmanly; if we cannot know him, it is futile and absurd; in either case experience soon teaches us that what we cannot in course of nature expect to have can be naturally dispensed with. It is only during the first stage of mental progress, while still enfeebled by the habit of dependence, still unaccustomed to love Truth as Truth, to pursue Duty as Duty, to repose confidence in Law as Law, independently of a God and a Lawgiver, that we hear these echoes of the bitter cry, 'My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?'" †

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 535.

Thus it is evidently felt by the writer, that the crying after God would not necessarily be childish and unmanly if He did exist; and that it is only because we cannot have Divine sympathy, that we must learn to do without it. Still further, our Atheist acknowledges that it is only after a painful process that the heart weans itself from this affection, and learns to cease "sighing after such a comfort." This is resignation, but not satisfaction; it is the manly endurance of a harsh necessity, but it is not a faith "which can exercise complete control over the affections, and wield their whole strength in the struggle."

How such a theory as Mr. Holdreth's would work in actual life, is a question which naturally suggests itself; and towards this we have a partial approximation in his novelette of "Conscience and Consequence," designedly written to show what life would be to a genuine Atheist. Our author has here endeavored to realize his faith in duty and his disbelief in God, side by side, in all their bearings, and the result is so unique as to demand special analysis.

The plot of the story is a bold interpolation into the history of religious opinion in England. The hero, Ernest Clifford, is expelled from Cambridge for Atheism; his father disinherits him in consequence, and he joins an Atheist propaganda in London, the leader of which, Francis Sterne, is the model Atheist of the tale, and the life and soul of a movement which would certainly have not been forgotten if it had ever existed. The date of the story is about the period of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill (1829). At that time the Carlile agitation was going on, and it certainly contained many such adherents as the Hatherley and Carter whose coarse but genuine earnestness Mr. Holdreth has depicted; but the Freethinking newspapers of that day could boast of no such editor as "Arthur Clayton, the Melancthon of Atheism," nor did they possess among their contributors any such men as Francis Sterne or Ernest Clifford. The whole tale is an arabesque, in which all the combinations of circumstance are nearly impossible. As the author must be perfectly aware of this, we attribute to him the intention of aiming at coherence merely in ideal respects. Conceding to him this liberty, however, we

see, by the elements of which he builds his world, which are the points in the relation of theology to life that have most importance for him, either in feeling or observation.

In the first place, it should be remarked that, although the romance has great faults as a work of art, it displays one characteristic which many works of greater finish do not possess. It is a genuine attempt to paint from life, rather than to construct from mere fancy or theory. Although the dialogue is very defective in easy, natural flow, the conception and description of character indicate close observation and delicate perception. Especially does the writer's attention seem to have been given to the varying styles of character among Freethinkers. Nearly all the dramatis personæ are Atheists, yet all differ from each other as people do in real life; they are not sketched from their creed, inwards, but from their character, outwards. Perhaps Sterne is an exception to this rule; but Ernest, Clayton, Seaton, Louis, Arnots, and the rest, are clearly drawn from observation, and not from theory, - and this is no small merit in a tale written to exemplify a theory. a merit, too, in a deeper sense than at first appears. For this endeavor to paint men as they are, under the creed of Atheism, has thrown a light upon the effects of that creed which no Atheist ever gave us before. The author has laid bare the weak points of his own faith with the candor of one who has no purpose to serve but the perfect truth. We have not space to illustrate this as fully as we could wish, and must confine ourselves to the more salient points alone.

The first "consequence" which the "conscience" of the Atheist entails upon him is, of course, the external loss of friends and position; but this is plainly subordinate in the author's view to the internal consequences resulting from the change. It is not only the human affections that Ernest is called upon to renounce,—he has to part with hopes that had outsoared death, and to forsake the peace with which

"the heavenly house he trod, And lay upon the breast of God."

"He regretted keenly the old hymns of the Church, in which he could never join again, as formerly, with simple, heart-felt faith. He regretted the Incarnate God, dear for his human love, and still dearer for

his human sorrow, who had gradually dwindled before his eyes into a man, of the common stature of men, or at least less than the greatest. He regretted the Bible he had trusted so implicitly, but could never take up now without lighting on some page defiled by blood or blotted with error and ignorance. He regretted the atoning martyr, whose dying pardon to his enemies, and dying promise to the penitent thief, had been the delight of his early meditations. He regretted the heaven which his friend had resolved into its cloud-elements; that beautiful Fata Morgana of Christianity, - or more truly of Spiritualism, where it is promised us that we shall meet hereafter the loved and lost on earth. Above all, he regretted the God who was vanishing into thin air before the opened eyes of his reason; God, the avenger of human suffering, the Redresser of human wrong, the Consoler of human sorrow; God, whose wisdom can never err, and whose love shall never fail. . . . . . . We must not blame Ernest Clifford too severely, therefore, if, in the first bitterness of this disappointment, when finding the most cherished visions of his heart fade from the clear light of reason. he was hardly conscious that there was aught left behind to make life worth living." \*

Nor does the author give us to understand that this grief was merely the dark transition period leading to a happier, fuller, and richer faith. The only growth of character which he depicts as resulting from Atheism is a development of the power of endurance. In his view, the allegiance to Truth not only entails many painful consequences in its progress to a nobler life, but it is the inlet to a whole world of suffering, unrelieved by any gleams of sunlight; it excites the active impulses, but tortures the receptive side of our nature with cruel starvation.† We must give some illustration of this from Ernest's history. Expelled from his home, he is forced to part from his sister, without any hope of a future meeting.

"A heavy weight lay on Ernest's heart, which all the courage given

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 632. The italics here and elsewhere are our own.

<sup>†</sup> Those who know Keats's Life and Letters may be here reminded of his beautiful parable of human life (Vol. I. p. 140), where the keen vision of the world's misery first assails the young soul,—"whereby this Chamber of Maiden-Thought becomes gradually darkened, and at the same time on all sides of it many doors are set open,—but all dark,—all leading to dark passages. We see not the balance of good and evil; we are in a mist, we are in that state, we feel the 'Burden of the Mystery.' . . . Now if we live, and go on thinking, we too shall explore these dark passages."

by a clear conscience, all the resolution of martyrdom, all the strength of despair, barely sufficed to endure. He could say but little to his darling sister; but the child knew the mood, and was content to lie on his arms, dreaming not of the most terrible trouble she had known, which was to come from those lips that had never breathed anything but tenderness and peace to her.....' And now, dear Alice, farewell. May you be happy, my darling, my treasure, my first and last hope in life!'

"How one misses, on such an occasion, the old Saxon 'God bless you!' which consigns the loved one to a higher and stronger care, yet one as tender as our own! He strained the child to his breast for one long embrace. Then he unclasped her little arms from his neck, kissed her once more, and was gone. . . . . 'Farewell!' he repeated, bitterly. 'And all this misery comes of doing my duty. Certainly, then, there is no God!'"\*

"But if Duty lead to destruction, what matters it? Soldiers sworn into allegiance to that sacred name, whither she commands, thither are we bound to march; ay, to Hell, if need should be.

'Ours not to make reply; Ours not to reason why; Ours but to do or die.'

There is more of martyrdom still in this world than the world dreams Every step in advance that mankind makes, is made not only over the bodies of fallen defenders of the ancient Evil. The road is paved with the noblest, the truest, the bravest hearts that have struggled or suffered in the good cause; and it is by trampling on our wounded brethren that we advance to victory. It is the law; who shall gainsay it? Ask of the Almighty God, if there be one, why he constructed the world so clumsily. Remember that Nature, working ever by fixed rules, and with imperfect instruments, can only attain the final happiness of the Many by constant sacrifices of the Few. And will the Few complain of this sacrifice? If they do, it will be neither wisely nor Pre-eminent sorrow is the price of pre-eminence; . . . the finest, noblest, loftiest minds of every age have it as their assigned destiny — as the finest bull or ram was slain before the gods of olden time — to be sacrificed at the altar of Progress. The hemlock of Socrates, the cross of Jesus, the scaffold of More, are not strange and unnatural accidents in the career of benefactors of mankind, but only extreme and marked examples of the natural fate of those whose moral and intellectual pre-eminence renders them prominent marks for the hostility of the 'powers of darkness.' 'Serve and enjoy,' is Nature's commandment to mankind; those whom she deigns to honor with a special mandate are charged to serve and endure."

This is the first mention in Mr. Holdreth's writings of "the powers of darkness," — but it is not the last. In the following chapter of "Conscience and Consequence," we hear that Superstition is "the worst and most terrible of all the emanations of the Evil Principle; the spirit on whom alone no holy name seems to have power, whom no exorcism can cast out, and with whom no spiritual strength can grapple." † And at length we come to the following plain statement of the terrible alternative. Ernest is speaking to a Sicilian patriot, who has been expressing his fervent faith in God.

"But may we not ask, Signor, if there be a God, why are you here, and Francis the poltroon on the throne of the Two Sicilies? Is this God's world, or the Devil's? Must we not rather say, — when we look to the men who fill the thrones of Europe on the one side, and to those who crowd her dungeons on the other, — when we think of the darkness that broods over the souls and minds of her millions of inhabitants, and remember that here we have the best and highest forms of human life, — whether or no there be a Devil, assuredly there is no God!" †

Thus our author's keen sense of Moral Evil leads him to regard its wide-spread existence as invalidating the reality of a Divine Purpose in the world. That this bitter "fountain of tears" is the central source of his Atheism, is evident from the whole tenor of his writings. It will, however, be useful here to quote the exact form in which he has summed up his view of the subject as a whole. We quote from a letter of Sterne to Ernest.

"Let me point out to you our arguments as against God's existence.

"First: evil exists. God, being omnipotent, could crush evil without diminishing good, — that is, without causing any moral deterioration on

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 637.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid., No. 639. This is saids not by any person in the story, but by the narrator himself. We have carefully avoided quoting any passages as illustrative of the author's views, which are not clearly meant to be so understood.

<sup>‡</sup> Ibid., No. 648.

our part for want of something to contend against, or the like. God, being utterly good, would do so. But it is not done: evil is allowed to exist: therefore God either does not exist, or is deficient either in power or goodness. If in the former, we cannot trust him, since we know not the limits of his power; and if in the latter, we decline to worship an imperfect Being.

"Second: God's foreknowledge, being absolute, is incompatible with Man's free will.

"But the Atheist's grand argument is that the Theist has none. There is no credible evidence whatsoever that God exists, and the burden of proof rests with those who affirm that he does."\*

Every phase of disbelief must be viewed in relation to that belief which it negatives. We see here what is the sort of Theism to which Mr. Holdreth enters so decided an opposition. It is the faith in an Autocratic Power, who is capable of creating good and evil by an arbitrary fiat of volition, - a Power whose absolute and all-pervading personality excludes all free and self-modifying existence in all his creatures. No wonder that such a faith should strain and break down under the pressure of life's realities. This sort of Theism is a compound of two elements, - the Despot-God of Calvinistic Orthodoxy. and the Law-God of physical science. The essentially immoral and unphilosophical nature of the former conception renders superfluous any argument against it on our part; but the latter idea contains a partial truth. Inorganic nature indubitably bears the impress of Cosmic Law. The stars in their orbits, the plants in their growth, express rather than obey the changeless rules of Nature, without pain, without rebellion. Their beautiful life is the incarnation of an Orderly Force. whose movements we can (within small, but yet widening limits) calculate beforehand. Fascinated by this great and apparently benevolent Power, philosophers have worshipped the God of Nature as the Supreme. But when this conception of Deity is carried into the regions of the human will, it is utterly inadequate to interpret the most important of phenomena; it is dumb concerning all those moral problems which are specially characteristic of human life, and distinguish it

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 627.

from the inorganic or irrational departments of nature. Some thinkers, like Mr. Buckle, fall back on the notion that the fluctuations of good and evil in the history of individual man are of small importance, and that the only permanent interests of humanity consist in what can be generalized and classified. Not so Mr. Holdreth: he stands fast by the moral realities of individual life, as being far more important to us than mere general laws, and he has the courage to maintain, that, although, to him, all sight of a Divine Purpose has vanished from the world, — though the Ordinances of Nature ruthlessly crush the weak, and wrong the innocent, — yet still virtue and sin in man are now, as ever, infinitely opposed; and that, even under the half-diabolic Shadow which saddens an imperfect Universe, we should fight to the death for the sacredness of Good.\*

But now, starting from the point of Man's Free Will, in which Mr. Holdreth vehemently believes,† why should this exclude the possible existence of a God? Is no other conception of him possible than the mere Law-God of Science, or the Arbitrary Despot of Orthodoxy? To merely speculative intellects, who care only to hold "views" of theology, no satisfying insight into the truth is attainable. But to those in whose minds, as in Mr. Holdreth's, moral action forms an essential part of that life of which speculative thought is but the exponent, there is a vision possible, which we will attempt (however imperfectly) to indicate.

1. We believe that God, by giving us Free Will to use or misuse our faculties, has put into our hands a large amount of independent power, which precludes his possession of that absolute foreknowledge of our individual course which many

<sup>\*</sup> Nor is it only an external warfare that he urges; he speaks of moral conflict as one who knows the meaning of temptation, and who has recognized the need felt by every sensitive conscience of coercing internal as well as external foes. And it is from this point that his ideal of a faith is conceived, as may be seen in the first extract we have given from his writings.

<sup>† &</sup>quot;The doctrine of Necessity is contradictory to instinct, to reason, to experience. It is a renunciation of morality, a blasphemy against duty, an Atheism to Nature..... My instinct revolts against such degradation. I feel that I am free, as I feel that I think, that I move, that I exist," etc. — Theism the Religion of Sentiment, Reasoner, No. 537.

popular theories attribute to him. But by confining our capacities to a certain range in relation to the other forces of the universe, he has insured that our individual aberrations shall never pass beyond a preordained limit, after which the compensations of nature restore the general equilibrium. With respect to our capacity, therefore, we are governed by the necessity of God's ordinances; with respect to the use we make of our capacity, he leaves our individuality in our own hands. What he seeks from us, then, is not the mechanical acquiescence of a plant or a bird, that must obey the laws of its nature; but the free service of the Eternal Right, the unconstrained love of the Infinite Goodness. Now such freedom cannot be given without the power to choose wrongly. What is virtue? Not the mere absence of Evil, but the preference of Good, — the devotion to Good as Good. Were there no distinctive differences between right actions and wrong ones, no perception of excellence could exist. Were there not in man a capacity for choosing and following evil, no struggle of the will could arise at all: the very existence of the idea of Duty—the Ought—implies that there is a course which we ought not to follow. Some thinkers maintain that this doctrine implies the subjection of God to an extraneous Fate; but surely such thinkers overlook the true state of the case. we conceive of God as creating a square circle, or as causing rain to fall and not to fall at the same time and place? are self-contradictory, requirements in physics, and the inability to combine them does not imply any want of power. And is it not our greater inexperience in Morals which alone renders it possible to us to conceive of them as not amenable to fixed consistencies, and capable of being moulded at pleasure by the caprice of an arbitrary Will? "If Wisdom and Holiness are historical births from his volition, they are not inherent attributes of his being."\* To resolve the conception of God into the single attribute of volition, is to lose the substance of Deity for an impossible phase of Omnipotence. For if we imagine him to be without a consistent manner of

<sup>\*</sup> Prospective Review, November, 1845. Review of Whewell's "Elements of Morality."

existence, we lose all that makes him the Object of our reverence and trust. "Let him precede good and ill, and his Eternal Spirit is exempt alike from the one and from the other, and recedes from our aspirations into perfect moral indifference."

2. God has established a limit to the "powers of darkness." . Beyond a certain point, crime leads to the destruction of its agents; the contact with nature and reality is fatal to evil in the long run. Death and Birth perpetually tend to restore the balance of things, by removing the incurably corrupt, and filling the world with new life, capable of healthier development. Thus much God grants to us as "general law;" more complete salvation we cannot have without our own individual exertions. Now, that mankind have in many directions gone very near the limit of human capacity to do evil, there can be no doubt. The state of the Roman Empire for several centuries, the horrors of religious persecution in all ages, the present state of American slavery, are all testimonies to the awful capacity in man for deliberate and consummate wickedness. But however wide may be the shadow which human guilt can cast, it can never exceed the measure of those faculties which occasion it, and consequently it must always be POSSIBLE for the right exercise of those faculties to attain an equally wide development. It may be replied, that to do wrong is easier than to do right; or, in other terms, that our powers of action and enjoyment tend to an over-selfish degree of gratification. That they have such a tendency is most true; but we have another tendency, of an opposite "It is not more true that the flesh lusteth against the spirit, than that the spirit lusteth against the flesh." † And it is this power of choice between the lower and the higher tendency, that makes us moral beings. The perennial alternative is, whether we will cultivate our faculties for the sake of self alone, or whether we will train them to be ministers in the service of that Pure Goodness which can alone set our hearts free. And that there is an impulse in man which seeks

<sup>\*</sup> Prospective Review, ut supra.

<sup>†</sup> Francis W. Newman, The Soul, Chap. III. "The Sense of Sin."

the pure, unselfish service of Goodness and Right, and that this impulse ought to be the 'ruling authority of man's heart, is no secret to the best Atheists; indeed, it forms the acknowledged groundwork of Mr. Holdreth's faith. What is required for the salvation of mankind is this, - that the souls of men should love the Right above all else, and promote it personally and publicly, with all their strength and mind and heart. individual heroism and holiness the experience of the race already affords many bright examples; but these qualities have yet to be developed in social forms. Something of this has been approached when a great moral enthusiasm has communicated itself to a large body of men, animating them with one common sentiment, burning up their littlenesses, and developing them into a new life. Partial and incomplete as such results have been, they have sufficiently manifested the fact that mankind are capable of a social conscience, in the development of which individual excellence may attain its ripest And "if" (as Mr. Holdreth says) "we were all now to begin to do our duty," - if every single individual who is troubled by the shadow of moral evil were to exert himself to the utmost to assail it, - the combined efforts of so many workers would assuredly, before the lapse of many generations, visibly diminish the extent of that shadow. It is Action that we want, - moral devotedness to realize what moral and intellectual study have shown to be the true needs of man.

3. Now comes the question, What light would such combined social action throw upon the problem of the Universe? We believe it would reveal much. For, although discouragements abound, from the stubbornness of sin and the waywardness of passion, yet there is an under-current of hope which persistent and faithful souls can scarcely miss. There is, underneath the accumulated refuse of past errors, a real thirst in human nature for right and truth and goodness, which gradually becomes visible to genuine explorers, and which is capable of infinite expansion. For we are so constituted that, however long we may wander in darkness and falsehood, we can only thrive in light and reality. The world is based on truth. Good and Evil are not coequal powers, but Goodness, because it is Goodness, is the mightier of the two when once

fairly fledged. Evil may indefinitely delay the advent of Good in the rebellious human heart; but directly we turn to clasp and serve the Good in real earnest, we gain some of its own power in addition to our own,—a power which, if we are faithful, will increase in us ever more and more, freeing us from the bondage of selfish desires, and inspiring us with strength, peace, and blessedness.

4. But, asks Mr. Holdreth, why should the consequences of guilt be allowed to fall upon the guiltless?

"We that have sinned may justly rue, Sin grows to pain in order due,— Why do the sinless suffer too?"\*

Without assuming to fathom the whole depth of the difficulty, we would reply, that there is one obvious reason for this ordi-The tie of a common sensibility is the necessary posnance. tulate of social life, which could not even exist, if the pains and pleasures of separate individuals did not extend beyond themselves. If our actions affected ourselves alone, what would become of all the relations of family, friendship, coun try, and race? We might as well be dwelling in solitary and separate worlds. And it is not, in the nature of things, possible that we should receive joy from our human sympathies, without being also capable of receiving sorrow from them. The same constitution which makes us open to improvement from the influences of virtue, renders us liable to contagion from the contact with vice. Is this an immoral doctrine? Far from By testifying to the greatness of social influences, it indirectly suggests how widely they may minister to human improvement. Like all other extensions of our sensibility and capacity, its consequences for good only demand our co-operation to outweigh infinitely its consequences for evil. the first incitements that can move a sympathetic nature to self-discipline, is the perception that his failures in virtue cannot injure himself alone, but must inevitably bring mischief and misery upon others also. To see the untamed evil in their own hearts reflected back upon them in the marred lives of the innocents whom they love, is a punishment which may

<sup>\*</sup> Shadows of the Past, p. 36.

recall many self-willed natures, who, in the recklessness of passion, care but little for such consequences as only affect themselves. Even the best of us continually need to see the right and wrong of our actions illuminated by the well-being or injury of the human creatures around us, in order to realize the full responsibility imposed by that just and awful law, "Whatsoever thou sowest, that also shalt thou reap."

And when guilt seems to have passed beyond the human chances of redemption, when long courses of evil-doing have hardened vice and crime into "established institutions," then is it not our pity for the victims that moves us to seek redress? Probably the tyrants of power, in all cases, are more fearfully injured by sin, than their victims by suffering. Yet, clearly as we may perceive the degradation caused by slavery and tyranny to the oppressing races or rulers, human nature is not so constituted that this perception can act as a sufficient motive-power on the general heart of man to induce the reformation of the offenders. It is our pity for the innocent that moves us to overthrow the oppressor. True, the arresting his career is the best service we can do for him; but it is not for his sake that we do it. He has, by wilful persistence in evil. put himself beyond the pale of direct human service; it is only indirectly that we can benefit him, by destroying his power to do evil. That indirect service, however, shows that the tie of human brotherhood still remains, and the blow which breaks the chain of the sufferer restores the balance of the world, and gives another chance even to the oppressor. The "Innocents" were said to be the earliest of Christian martyrs, and their place is yet sacred in the roll of the world's benefactors.

When, therefore, we see that the power to distinguish and choose between Good and Evil is essential to the perception and service of Good, both in the life of individuals and in the wider sensibilities of social existence; when we see that, however terribly our choice of Evil may injure ourselves and others, we have, all of us, chance upon chance of redemption offered, and natural limits placed to our capacity for evildoing; when we see that the service of Good is capable of being made as wide as the service of Evil has too often been,

and moreover that the inherent vitality of Good excels that of Evil, in being capable of an infinite expansion and development in harmony with Nature, instead of in discord with it,—surely, however much is still hidden from us on this subject, we see enough to reassure us that the Great Mystery is not a maleficent one.\*

Here it is necessary to take up Mr. Holdreth's conception of "Nature" from another point, and to examine his reason for maintaining that cosmical harmony does not imply a Personal Unity. Mr. Holdreth adopts Mr. Holyoake's doctrine on this point, which he thus briefly re-states:—

"The Atheist looks to the universe, under the guidance of the divine; and the divine points to the traces of law, and cries, 'There you behold the finger of God.' The pupil asks why this is known to be a finger-mark of Deity; and the reply is, when reduced to a logical form, 'Fitness proves design, design an intelligent author, — and this author we name God.' Objects his auditor, 'Then the fitness of God proves an author of God?' 'Not so.' 'Then how came you to say that the universe must have an author?' 'How else comes it to exist?' says the theologian. 'How comes God to exist?' is the natural retort. 'An eternal universe is as easy of conception as an eternal God.'"

In this argument there is a mixture of truth and error which requires to be carefully disentangled. The Theist does not, or at any rate should not, affirm that the mere fitness or perfection of any object indicates its design from another hand. What he maintains is this: that when we see the exercise of Force in the direction of a Purpose, we, by an inevitable inference, attribute the phenomenon to some conscious agent. You may call this an assumption, if you will, but it is the necessary postulate of all our conceptions of consciousness. What other test of consciousness can we imagine but this? And how can we dissever the perception from the inference?

<sup>\*</sup> Probably it requires Infinite Perfection to formulate the whole truth concerning Good and Evil. The humblest efforts of conscience enable us to see clearer in morals than the most acute intellect can ever penetrate without them; and it may well be, that, as moral insight increases with moral worth, it can only be complete when Goodness and Intellect are both entire and coequal, in the mind of the Only Perfect One.

<sup>†</sup> Reasoner, No. 628.

Now when the purpose attained by any existence is clearly not resultant from forces consciously exerted by it,—as in the motions of the stars, the growth of plants from their seeds, the propagation and support of animal life from the exercise of blind instincts, &c.,—we say that such results must have been intended by some Intelligence extraneous to the objects themselves. And when we see such exercise of purposeful force pervading the Universe with a coherent harmony which implies an unmistakable. Cosmical unity, we cannot but attribute to that force a consciousness of the results which it produces. In spite of their rejection of this inference, Atheists perpetually speak of "Nature" as a causal source both of force and order. Mr. Holdreth does this most markedly, as may be seen in the following passages from his "Affirmations of Secularism":—

"To be saved from perdition, moral and material, we must have faith in the laws by which Nature has provided for our deliverance, and upon that faith we must act. . . . Nature demands from us that we should believe in her, obey her; and she will not fail to enforce belief by moral penalties, and to punish disobedience by material sufferings. . . . . Nature's government is a despotism, with the eternal accident heureux of a beneficent ruler. And I, for one, am glad that it is so. I, for one, have more faith in the order and harmony of Nature than in the justice or wisdom of men, and am rejoiced that it is not left to the latter to arrange the politics of the ethical world at their will."\*

Mr. Holdreth is, however, far from being consistent on this point. The foregoing passage implies the attribution of a higher and firmer morality to Nature than is to be found in man; but elsewhere our author maintains that "the one appalling fact stands every day more and more clearly visible before the eyes of every thoughtful inquirer, that Nature is not governed on principles of moral equity; that good is only attained through evil, and that the justice which is exacted from just men is not dealt to them; in a word, that the Author of Nature, if there be one, is not a Moral Governor, but a stern and ruthless Machinist." †

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 583.

<sup>†</sup> Ibid., No. 594.

Being pressed with this discrepancy by a Theistic correspondent of the Reasoner, Mr. Holdreth gave the following explanation:—

"The Cosmist sees in Nature a machine, which works according to definite laws which it did not create, and which were not created, but which it cannot violate. . . . If the machine crushes his child or maims himself, he blames but his own folly, or pities his own misfortune, but still recognizes the value and beneficence of the mechanism. The Theist, believing Nature an instrument in the hands of a conscious Being, must see in his workings the designed operations of that Being, and the evidence of his character. And since those workings often operate injustice and cruelty in individual cases, he ought to suppose that Being careless of justice and benevolence, or unable to execute his own will. Seeing a disregard of morality (which the Cosmist considers the consequence, not the cause of natural law) in Nature's operations, he is bound to believe the operator devoid of moral character."\*

Thus, then, we come to this point. The general laws of Nature are "ever active and ever beneficent;" but, as we see the welfare of individuals perpetually sacrificed to that of the whole, we must "believe the operator devoid of moral character," unless we resort to the darker theory that the individual injustice was itself planned by a Designing Devil, - an idea which certainly seems to present itself occasionally to Mr. Holdreth's mind, though it would scarcely appear that he actually believes it. In contrast to these theories, we have endeavored to show that the capacity for individual sin and suffering is the indispensable postulate of all our virtue and happiness, - the material out of which all sensitive and active life is moulded, and through which alone we can attain the truest good of which our nature is capable. Moreover, we believe that there are phenomena of our individual moral life which nothing can explain but the existence of an Infinite Moral Being, who is seeking our perfection, and pleading with us for the free devotion of our hearts to his service. Among the earliest tokens of this reality are the longings after an inexhaustible Source of love and truth, who shall guide and respond to us where man's help must stop short. There are

<sup>\*</sup> Reasoner, No. 607.

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some striking illustrations of this tendency in Mr. Holdreth's novelette. One of the most prominent is the depiction of the way in which the hero partially fills up the void in his heart caused by the loss of his religion, with an intense devotion to his "Master," Sterne, who does, in fact, take the place of a God to him. He accepts the whole responsibility of Ernest's life. for which Ernest gives, in return, an almost childlike obedience. Thus, such comfort as he does find is gained by reposing on a higher and stronger will than his own. Any such need in Sterne's own character is obviated by the coldly-calm temperament ascribed to him. "Having no passionate love for any other object than his sister, having no cause to serve in whose success his soul was absorbed, and serving the cause of Atheism simply from a quiet, unimpassioned conviction of its truth and necessity, he felt no need of any assistance or protection from without. He was sufficient to himself, and his conscience was sufficient to him."

Yet, with a perceptiveness which singularly contrasts with the author's admiration for his ideal Atheist, he has painted Sterne's inability to train his wayward sister Annie, with a verisimilitude that is only too painfully real. The need of influences beyond humanity to solve such problems of character as hers is so clearly manifested in this little episode of Atheist life, that we must extract enough to show its main features. Sterne is the guardian of his two orphan sisters. A scene of contention with the elder child has just taken place, in which Sterne has tried in vain to bring her to reason.

"The child understood; that much, at least, was clear. But she would not seem to feel. And Sterne bit his lip, and turned away sadly to take the hand of his favorite, as she danced into the room.

... Annie sat by the window, where she could see them depart, and notice her brother's tenderness towards the tiny creature who, in the midst of her laughter, was even then murmuring a word of pity for 'poor Annie,'—more needed than Emily could know. The sullen girl bowed her head on her hands, and gave way to a passionate burst of grief and vexation. 'How he loves her! and I—no one loves me! Well, I won't care; I hate them;'—but the word was sobbed forth with an intensity of rage which belied it; and it was long are Annie could resume her usual quiet and sullen behavior. Pity that her brother had not seen those tears, and heard that bitter cry of

desolation, 'No one loves me.' He who knows no Father in heaven is doubly bound to be tender toward the fatherless on earth. Sterne knew and felt this. He had done his duty by his sisters nobly and kindly; and Annie would have had no reason to complain, were it possible for Duty to command love, despite all the faults and unloveliness of its object. Sterne did his duty; and here his task ended. He could not love one so thoroughly unamiable."— Chap. VI.

"She returned to her seat, (after doing a kindness to Emily,) not unnoticed by her brother, whose conscientious vigilance seldom missed a single trait of character in either of his wards. 'Thank you, Annie,' he said, in a tone of more gentleness, and even tenderness, than it was his wont to use towards the wayward and vexatious child. What a pity that the shadow of the fireplace screened the light of the candle from Annie's face, and forbade her brother to notice the glow of momentary pleasure which illumined it! It was but for a moment; then came the thought, 'If it had been his favorite, he would have said, Thank you, darling,' and all the sullenness returned to her face and her demeanor, as she resumed her old attitude and her solitary musings. It is a fearful power that the words and tones of one human being exercise over the mind of another; a power so inevitable and yet so incalculable that it is hard for him or her who wields it to have the slightest clew to its Indeed, it is perhaps as well that we have in general so little ability to direct our use of this influence; for one who could calculate beforehand the effect his every word and gesture would produce might be a despot of no common kind. Yet it is grievous to think that an accidental variation of phrase or tone, which we could not possibly remember or foresee, should affect so fatally the peace or the character of another. A single word of affection then spoken might have saved years of discomfort, sorrow, and self-reproach; yet could Sterne have known that it was wanted, or would be felt, it had certainly not been withheld." — Chap. VIII.

It would be impossible to depict more clearly the inadequacy of the bare sense of Duty to compass all the work which is given us to do. What Sterne needed was to break up the ice round his sister's heart, by penetrating to the human feeling underneath her pride and waywardness. And what could have enabled him to do this so well as a faith in an Infinite Causal Love beyond, within, and around them both? Failing this, all the most delicate and tender growths of affection are (as our author sees) at the mercy of the slightest physical ac-

cident, and continually liable to waste away in aimless wanderings, or to fester in morbid pride. Yet in one of the few cases where the novelist has allowed an Atheist to love happily, we see that even when affection is mutual and satisfying, it can never be relied upon by an Atheist as a permanent and integral part of his being. In the touching chapter entitled "The Valley of the Shadow," narrating the death of Emily Sterne, we see the point from which the author endeavors to deal with this poignant grief of eternal separation, from the principle supplied by "the Religion of Duty."

"Ernest could not leave his friend in this great sorrow, and his presence was evidently a diversion to Sterne's melancholy, and a pleasure to the dying child. For dying she certainly was, - fading away from life like a gathered rose-bud, but slowly and quietly, herself half conscious but fearless, sorrowful only for the misery which all her adored brother's self-command could not conceal from her loving eyes. And she would make him sit close beside her, and clasp her little hand in his, while his thoughts were darkened by the shadow of the coming day, when he should never clasp that loving little hand again. Few of us know what is the anguish of the meaning he had uttered in those bitter words, 'my all in life.' She - this beautiful and innocent little one — was the object of all his care, all his labor, all his hope. When she should be gone from him, what would he have left but a dreary, dark, cheerless path to a goal of utter nothingness? In those hours of torture, few could have seen further than this, even of men less capable of passionate love, filling the inmost recesses of existence; but Sterne was of a few. Men of his mould are not to be found in the every-day walks of life, though one or two such there are on earth, perhaps, if we but knew where to seek them when we want heroes to lead us and martyrs to die for us. Dark and waste and dreary indeed his after-life must be, but it might be trodden boldly and faithfully; for the darkness was not all. Even amid that long and cruel agony he remembered the work that lay before him; and knew that he would not do it the less bravely and constantly, because he had no other love on earth, no other hope on earth or in heaven. For him Duty was God and Nature was His prophet; and though the God's mandates were hard, and the prophet prophesied no smooth things, Sterne was not one to lose hold of his faith because of tribulation, nor to fling it aside in madly clasping at a staff which, in the utmost need of those who lean thereon, cannot but prove a broken reed. . . . . .

"'What advantageth it us, if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

"Sterne sat by the side of his sleeping sister, who, lulled to rest for a short time by heavy opiates, was not to be roused by their low-toned conversation. He was bending over her, and his face was hidden. But as his proselyte spoke these bitter words, he looked up; and the first harsh sentence Ernest had ever heard him speak was his reply.

"'Ernest Clifford, look at your own life, and at mine; look here, where all I have to love or hope in the Universe is passing away from me; and remember that I, in this utter desolation, have never forgotten that I have no right to die with my work undone. It may be, when you have known what such wretchedness as this is, that you will learn a better faith than that borrowed Epicureanism of Paul, and bethink you that those who have so much to do before they die tomorrow have need to make the utmost use of to-day.'

"Ernest was somewhat abashed, yet could not but recognize the justice of the rebuke. If this man did not sink into utter despair, what right had he to murmur?"

Thus, one by one, fade the stars of love and hope from the Atheist's sight, and he is left alone, with nothing but the work which Duty prescribes. "He would not do it the less bravely and constantly, because he had no other love on earth, no other hope on earth or in heaven." But if it be possible for all love and hope on earth or in heaven to be thus destroyed, what work remains possible, and what objects remain to be worked for? What is then the value of life, - not merely its relative value to this or that sufferer, but its absolute value to man as man? How can such a mutilated and benumbing conception of Duty "exercise complete control over the affections, and wield their whole strength in the struggle"? "Nature" must be not only "devoid of moral character." she must be absolutely diabolical, if she condemns her truest children to this terrible crushing of their noblest yearnings. The universal heart of man refuses to believe in such an anomalous dissonance, and, springing to the embrace of the Infinite Goodness, echoes the cry of St. Augustine, - "Thou hast made us for thyself, and our heart is restless till it resteth in thee!"

Here we must close our remarks, although we have but

touched the mere outline of the subject. Our aim has not been to furnish a short and easy guide to the mysteries of this infinite Universe, but simply to indicate a few of the clews to the great underlying Reality, which no worshipper can ever wholly comprehend, but which unfolds itself ever more and more to wise and patient hearts. That Reality must be sought by each soul singly and alone. That such a mind as Mr. Holdreth's cannot seek it in vain, we feel assured. may be nearly impossible for any one to help such seekers in solving a problem which so largely depends on the individual experience of life. But our task will not have been valueless if we have succeeded in showing that there is, in these recent professions of Atheism, a faith in truth and in virtue which contradicts their import, which commands the sympathy of religious thinkers, and which is in itself a hopeful sign of the "When people assume that an Atheist must live without God in the world," says an able and generous writer, "they assume what is fatal to their own Theism." And those who recognize in all human goodness the sustaining hand of the Creator, will hold fast to the faith that no genuine truthseeker can ever be forsaken by the tender care of Him of whom it is said that the pure in heart shall see God.

## ART. III. - POLITICS OF EARLY ROME.

Römische Geschichte. Von Theodor Mommsen. Erster Band, bis zur Schlacht von Pydna. Zweiter Band, bis auf Sullas Tod. Dritter Band, bis zur Schlacht von Thapsus. Zweite Auflage. Berlin: Weidmannsche Buchhandlung. 1856-57. 8vo. pp. 924, 463, 609.

ALTHOUGH a considerable interval has passed since the publication of the second edition of Mommsen's Roman History, still the importance of the work itself, as well as the changes made in this second edition, warrants us in laying before the public a brief summary of its most characteristic features. The changes in the new edition consist partly in a better paper

and the addition of a marginal index, in which the dates before Christ are placed by the side of those of the city; also in the incorporation of the results of "a series of recent investigations, for example, with respect to the political position of the subjects of Rome, and the development of the arts." "Further, in the third book, the internal relations of the Roman community, during the Carthaginian wars, are not merely sketched, as in the first edition, but treated with the fulness demanded as well by the importance as the difficulty of the subject."

If we were to attempt to point out the one feature which distinguishes Mommsen's History of Rome from those of all other writers, it would probably be this, that an intimate knowledge of the coins, inscriptions, and various languages of ancient Italy, to which he devoted years of study, has enabled him to make use of materials to which no former historian has had access. These studies have led him to explore every corner of the peninsula, to examine the relation of the different dialects - and so of the different races - to each other, to detect national and provincial usages which had until then lain hidden, and, most of all, to appreciate and bring clearly to light the grand fact of the unity of the Italian race, as distinguished from the various intruders, - Greek, Japygian, Gallic, Etruscan, or Ligurian. "It is the history of Italy, not the history of the city of Rome, which is to be told here," is the foundation on which he has built. The great Italian race - brother to the Greek and cousin to the Celtic and Slavonian — was divided into two great branches, the Latin and the Sabellian; this latter again comprised the Umbrians, Samnites, Sabines, Oscans, &c. The first two books, bis zur Einigung Italiens (" to the Union of Italy" — thus through the war with Pyrrhus) form of themselves a noble epic, telling how Rome, originally a simple Latin town, won first the leadership, then the rule of the Latin race; how then the mighty struggle followed between the two branches of the Italian race, headed respectively by Rome and Samnium, in which of course the centralized power of Rome prevailed at last over the brave and free but disunited Samnites; and how the Italian nation, now united and powerful, easily subdued the Greeks, Etruscans,

and Gauls who had ventured on their soil. It is on philological grounds that this ethnological theory is built; Prof. Mommsen having proved, in his earlier works, (Die Unteritalischen Dialekte, and others,) the essential identity in race of these Italian nations.

No less striking than the general point of view thus gained is the manner in which he traces the steady and pitiless determination by which Rome extended her sway, one slow step at a time, always binding her new possessions at once as with bars and chains, and never advancing a second step until the former one was made sure. The maxim of her rule was to push forward her military posts (or Latin colonies) to the very farthest point of the conquests, and bind them to the mother city by military roads, - the Appian and Latin ways to the south, the Valerian to the east, the Flaminian and Cassian to the north. Norba and Signia separated the Equians and Volscians, and threatened both; Nepe and Sutrium were a guard on the side of Etruria; Cales overawed on the one hand the newly-acquired Capua, on the other the Samnite Teanum; Fregellæ, and afterwards Sora and Alba Fucensio, were thorns in the sides of the Pentrian Samnites; Luceria and Venusia were boldly planted in the rear of the hostile Samnites, to give heart to the Apulian allies; Narnia commanded the Flaminian way; Ilatria and Sena Gallica ruled the Adriatic coast; Saticula guarded the most important pass between Samnium and Campania. These and others, at first equal members of the Latin confederacy, but, as Rome grew, her subject allies, were like so many iron locks, and the splendid roads which connected them like heavy chains, firmly riveted over the conquered country, and fastening it indissolubly to Rome.

It is natural that so stout a defender of Italian nationality should hold that the Etruscan influence on Rome was much less than it has been represented, and indeed that the Etruscan civilization has been much overrated. In Southern Etruria, indeed, where there was active commerce, and constant intercourse with the Greeks, we find a considerable degree of artistic culture, and a school of native art not much superior to the Chinese; but in the purely Etruscan cities of the North, and particularly Volaterræ, the most secluded and unmixed of

them all, we meet with hardly any traces of art. The nations of Italian race, and even the Romans, stern and practical as they were, followed more freely and successfully the impulse of Greek art than their rudely luxurious neighbors. influence of the Greeks over the Romans he places very early and very high, tracing it in the institutions of Servius Tullius, in the games of the Ludi Romani (almost identical with those of Olympia), in the very early supplanting of the Roman flute by the Greek lyre, in the forms of building in stone, in the alphabet, and in the correspondence of Greek with Roman measures, — amphora, modius (from uédeuvos), congius (from γοεύς), hemina, cyathus, &c. So far from the Romans having borrowed the alphabet from the Etruscans, they did not even use the same modification of the original Greek alphabet; the Romans having received theirs, as he learns by internal evidence, from Sicily, and having even introduced, from time to time, the changes it underwent in Sicily, while the Etruscans used an older and very different form, obtained, it is likely, from Athens.

Inductions like the above, derived from comparison of alphabets, etymology, weights and measures, coins, &c., are frequently introduced, and are always curious as well as valu-Thus in the fact that the oldest Greek colonies in Italy used the coins and weights of Asia Minor, rather than of Greece, he finds a corroboration of the tradition that it was the Phocæans who first of the Greeks penetrated the Western seas. Again, he proves that the list of the Latin cities given by Dionysius was not a contemporary one, from the fact that Gabii stands in the alphabetical order of G, while the letter G did not come into use until long after this period; it would therefore have stood among the C's, had it been the original list. perhaps the most valuable of this class of results are found in those pages in which he investigates the height of civilization reached by the Greek and Italian races, first at their separation from the Indo-Germanic stock, and again when they separated from each other. By a few simple comparisons of words in the different languages, he shows that at this earlier period the various families were living a pastoral life; agriculture probably not having been yet introduced. But before the second division of

races — that of the Italians from the Greeks — took place, the agricultural must have taken the place of the pastoral mode of life, because, while pastoral terms, as well as those expressing domestic relations and other very primitive ideas, agree in the three languages, agricultural terms agree in the Greek and Latin languages, but differ from those in the Sanscrit. Thus the Sanscrit gaus is Latin bos, Greek Boûs; Sanscrit avis, Latin ovis, Greek οις; Sanscrit açvas, Latin equus, Greek ίππος; while the Sanscrit aritram does not correspond in meaning to the Latin aratrum, but means an oar, in which signification we trace its root in έρετμός, remus, and the English rudder. example shows that, although the plough had not been invented at the dispersion of the races, water-travel was known, the word originally signifying our having been afterwards applied by the Græco-Latin races to the instrument which turns up the land, as that does the water, thus reversing our modern metaphor of ploughing the waters. But he shows further that, although the boat was known, - Sanscrit naus, Latin navis, Greek vaûs - and the oar in use, the advance to sail-navigation was made by the Greeks and Romans independently, velum being a wholly distinct word from ioriov. It would be easy to cite illustrations of this process of comparative philology, which is susceptible of very wide application, but we will only adduce one, taken from another part of the work. He shows in the chapter on Metrology (Mass und Schrift) that the primitive mode of reckoning time among all nations was by months, and that a considerable time elapsed before the important step was taken of combining these into years. "For this reason," he continues, "the names of the years are among the Indo-Germanic peoples as recent and various as the name of the month is primitive and identical (uralt und gleichartig)." (p. 193.)

With regard to the vexed questions of the Roman Constitution, there is perhaps less room for originality; but the reader is struck with the freshness given a hackneyed subject by a writer of genius, who is able to bring to it all the erudition of his own nation, illuminated by a common sense equal to the English,—of the institutions of which nation he is an evident admirer and careful student. According to his view, the family, with its absolute head, the pater-familias, is the type of Roman

institutions; "the form of the political community (Staatsgemeinschaft) is in particulars as well as in general copied from the family." (p. 59.) "As the head of the family is in the house, not the most powerful, but the only powerful, so is the. king, not the first, but the only possessor of power in the state." (p. 60.) "The king is thus only a common citizen, whom merit or fortune, but, above all, the necessity that there must be one master in every house, has placed over his equals, the peasant over peasants, the warrior over warriors." (p. 62.) As the power of the pater-familias is limited by the family council, that of the chief magistrate is by the senate, - neither having power to command, but only to advise. And as the family relation involved the existence of a dependent, protected class, by the side of the free members, so the state consisted of the free citizens (patricians), and the residents (Insassen). From these "there grew up by the side of the citizens (Bürgerschaft) a second Roman community; out of the clients was developed the Plebs." "In point of law there is no difference between the client and the plebeian, the dependant and the man of the people; but in point of fact a very important one, inasmuch as the one title gives prominence to the relation of dependence on some one of the citizens, with full political rights, while the other merely indicates the want of such rights." (p. 80.) This ingenious decision of a question which has been disputed ever since the time of Niebuhr, would reconcile many difficulties if admitted.

In the reform of Servius Tullius he sees only a contrivance for shifting upon the plebeians their share of the burdens of the state, which had hitherto rested exclusively on the full citizens. But although the object was certainly not political equality, this was as certainly—once the first step taken—inevitable as a result. The institutions of Servius Tullius, purely military in their origin, were soon extended to civil matters, and it was not long before the equality enjoyed in one field was demanded in another. "He who is forced to become a soldier must have it in his power also to become an officer, so long as the state retains its vigor; in Rome, doubtless, plebeians could now be appointed centurions and military tribunes, and with this even the entrance into the Senate, to

which before there was no legal obstacle, was now probably thrown open in fact also, which, of course, did not by any means imply admittance into the body of citizens (Bürgerschaft)." (p. 85.) Thus grew up a division among the plebeians themselves, the rich and noble of them being satisfied to be shut out for a while from the offices of state, in consideration of the more substantial advantages they enjoyed in their senatorial capacity, forming, as they did, a sort of lower order of nobility, and siding rather with their fellow-rulers, the patricians, than with the plebeians from whom they had sprung. We have in consequence three distinct movements of political reform going on side by side: first, the limitation of the power of the magistrates by substituting consuls for kings; secondly, the resistance of the poor to the unjust social laws and the oppressions of the rich; thirdly, the struggles of the plebeians to obtain an equal share of the honors and privileges of the state. These three movements, totally distinct intheir actors and their aim, have been confounded by most writers, who have wasted a deal of ingenuity in trying to show how it came that the plebeians, as such, were solely affected by the laws of debt and the system of occupying the land. Mommsen, who devotes a chapter to each, belongs the merit of having clearly pointed out their distinct natures. The first and third of these we need not now touch upon, but will devote a short space to the second, the most important and least understood.

There were, in general, two ways of disposing of the land acquired by the Roman community in war: first, by assignation, which consisted in the division as property among a number of the poorer citizens of a portion of the conquered land; secondly, by occupation, according to which, following probably some practical regulations of which we know nothing, the possession and usufruct were left, for a small rent or none at all, to the rich Senators, who thus came to hold immense tracts of public land, and to treat it as their own, even buying and selling it. As the Senate had the entire disposal of the public lands, the laws were not enforced too strictly towards its own members, and in time this "destructive system of occupation" completely supplanted that of assignation, except at the plant-

ing of colonies, when each colonist received a lot of land, commonly seven jugera. The agrarian dissensions, which Livy deplores, all had their root in this state of things. The poor farmer, forced by the laws of Servius to fight in the army, must leave his land untilled and exposed. If the war was unsuccessful, he returned to find his house in ashes, his farm laid waste, and his wife and children swept into slavery. If successful, he had the poor satisfaction of feeling that he had toiled to win glory for his patrician commander, and new lands for the greedy Senate to monopolize. His crops failing by neglect, or cut up by the Volscians, he must borrow money to live; and when, the next year, like causes prevented him from paying the exorbitant interest, - ten per cent was a low rate, - the harsh laws adjudged his person to his creditor, to chain, or scourge, or use as a slave, until the debt was satisfied.\* When the people, driven to desperation, refused to serve any longer in wars from which they reaped no benefit, and the Consul had no power to coerce them, a new means was contrived. The regal authority was renewed in the person of a dictator, who had power of life and death, and against whom there was no appeal; so they were driven like gangs of slaves to the battle, where they fought sullenly and without spirit, willing to be beaten that they might disgrace their generals. And when Spurius Cassius, the wisest and most distinguished patrician of the day, saw and strove to heal a disease that then could have been healed, by a law taking the management of the public lands out of the hands of the Senate, he lost caste at once. Patricians and rich plebeians united against this daring disturber of vested rights. Even those whom he sought to protect failed to do him justice; he was charged with aiming at kingly power, tried, condemned, and executed.

And now no alternative was left to the people but absolute slavery or revolution. They chose the latter, took up their position on the Sacred Mount, and threatened to build themselves a new city, since their rights were denied them in the old. This left the patricians in an awkward position; the experi-

<sup>\*</sup> That the addictus did become really a slave, is shown by the fact that, when freed, he did not come into the class of libertini, but resumed his old rank in the state.

ment was about to be tried, which could best afford to lose the other, the rulers or the ruled, the officers or the soldiers. That would never do. The plebeians must be brought back, on any terms, rather than be allowed to prove that they could govern themselves. It is to be lamented that we have almost no account of the negotiations that ensued. The terms demanded must have been high, - nothing less than the entire remodelling of the laws of debt, and the overthrow of the system of occupying the land, could satisfy desperate men, fully aware that these were the causes of their sufferings. But the power and prestige of the Senate, the magic name of Rome, the specious rhetoric of Menenius, and the honest promises of Valerius, prevailed. A compromise was made; tribunes were given them, inviolable in person, and with powers to protect against injustice and punish wrong-doers; and the people returned to the city, exulting, no doubt, in the victory — trifling as it was which they had won, glad perhaps not to be exposed to the perils and privations of founding a new city, with some hope that their condition would be easier in future, but, we may be sure, with a sad consciousness that their work was, after all, but half For what did it benefit them that individuals were protected from single acts of violence when the tribune happened to be at hand, so long as the lawful power of the oppressor remained undiminished? What could the tribune effect, so long as the bad laws remained in force? But the tribuneship, thus established by "a bad compromise," was destined to a long life and a striking history. At first a clumsy contrivance for special cases of wrong, it was soon used by the rich plebeians (against whom in part it was first established) to aid in extorting political equality for their order; then the Senate found it its most useful tool in helping govern the State; afterwards it became a fearful engine of destruction in the hands of demagogues, and had no small share in the overthrow of the republic; and at last, when all offices of the republic had become mere forms, this name continued to the last days of the empire, an empty title of honor, eagerly sought by aspiring politicians.

Another attempt was made, and this time the reform attempted was more sweeping. Decemvirs were appointed, whose object was probably threefold: to establish a new chief-

magistracy in place of the consulate; to unite the orders by admitting plebeians to the highest office of state (four of the second set of Decemvirs were plebeians); and to limit the powers of the magistrates by codifying the laws, instead of leaving them to exercise justice at their discretion, as heretofore. The last of these succeeded; the others failed. And they could not but fail; because, while all the old officers, patrician and plebeian, - thus including the tribunes, - had made way for these new magistrates, and the poorer citizens were left without any protection, the old bad laws remained in force, - moderated somewhat in severity, to be sure, but in the main the same, - and the people were no better off than before the tribunes were first granted. Gross acts of tyranny convinced them of this, and the old form of government was restored, with little opposition. So a second noble opportunity was thrown away, and the vigor of a revolutionary spirit wasted in struggles about the form, while the substance remained untouched.

It was the great misfortune of Rome that no statesman was found to do for her what Solon did for Athens, who by one act placed the relation of debtor and creditor, the tenure and alienation of land, and the coinage of the country, on so just and satisfactory a footing, that never thereafter was the state disturbed by dissensions from this source. The history of Rome shows us, on the other hand, only a succession of compromises and half-way measures, concessions as late and grudgingly yielded as possible, temporary expedients resorted to which seemed to grant while they really withheld, and never the principle which lay at the foundation of the abuses touched boldly and in a sincere spirit of reform. Never was the cancer which at last destroyed the state really healed. Only for a time, during the period of the real greatness of Rome, while the lustre of her conquests obscured the dark spots which had yet begun to spread, while the rulers of the state were as a whole really noble and wise and the people contented and prosperous, and while, above all, the numerous colonies, which served somewhat the purpose that "at the present day a comprehensive and carefully managed system of emigration would do," provided from time to time for what would otherwise have

been a suffering and dangerous proletariate, the causes of evil were inoperative, although lying ready for a change of circumstances to bring them into action. So, although we commonly consider the Licinian laws as the era of the consolidation of the Roman state, they formed in reality but one - the most important — of the various steps by which political equality was at last gained, while the efforts for social reform must be said, on the whole, to have failed. It was only, indeed, by making this a sort of "omnibus bill" that the social questions were touched at all. The noble plebeians — the Licinii, Sextii, Marcii, Popillii, Plautii, etc. - were no longer satisfied with their senatorial rank and the powers and emoluments this gave them, and, in order to attain the curule offices, entered into a severe and protracted contest with their old associates, the patricians. To accomplish this, they must, like Clisthenes, "take the people into partnership," and incorporate social reforms, for which they personally cared nothing, with the political reforms with which the mass of the people had little The coalition succeeded after a struggle of ten years, and from its success we may date the real greatness and prosperity of the republic. The curule offices and the three important religious corporations (the pontifices, augurs, and decemviri sacris faciundis) were by this and later enactments thrown open to the plebeians; the law of debt and credit was in time modified to a reasonable degree of mildness; the rate of interest was lowered; the amount of public land to be occupied by each citizen was restricted to five hundred jugera, - a regulation which soon fell into disuse; and by a special and beneficent provision of the Licinian law, the sum already paid as interest was deducted from the principal. But more than this was demanded, and was not given. cumstances so clearly demanded the division of the domainland then occupied, partly among the possessors up to a reasonable maximum amount, partly among the destitute (eigenthumlosen) plebeians, but in either case as full property, the abolition in the future of the system of occupation, and the establishment of a magistracy (Behörde) for the purpose of the immediate division of future acquisitions of domain, that the fault was certainly not in the judgment if these sweeping measures were not carried through. We cannot help remembering that it was the plebeian aristocracy — that is to say, itself a part of the class actually privileged with respect to the use of the domain — which proposed the new regulations, and that one of their originators himself, Caius Licinius Stolo, was found among those first condemned for exceeding the maximum of land; and we cannot help proposing the question whether the lawgivers acted quite honorably, and did not rather designedly avoid such a settlement of the troublesome question of the public lands as should be beneficial to all." (p. 274.) However this may be, the coalition lasted no longer than was necessary to secure the desired results; the old patrician and plebeian aristocracy soon united again, and, as nobles or optimates, ruled the republic until its downfall.

We have thus given an imperfect view of some of the most striking portions of Prof. Mommsen's History, and have been led, by the importance of the subject and the generally erroneous ideas which prevail upon it, to enter more fully into the subject of the social questions which agitated the Roman republic in its early years than we at first intended. It is not too much to say that every chapter shows the same rich scholarship, and clear and masterly tracing of cause and effect, with those we have examined; he touches nothing on which he does not throw some new light. If his style were as simple and clear as his ideas are at once deep and brilliant, we do not know what quality of an historian he could be said to lack.

## ART. IV. - LITERATURE OF THE LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR.

- 1. La Mort d'Arthure. The History of King Arthur and of the Knights of the Round Table. Compiled by Sir Thomas Malory, Knt. Edited from the Text of the Edition of 1634, by Thomas Wright, Esq., M. A., F. S. A., etc. London: John Russell Smith. 1858.
- 2. The Age of Chivalry. Part I. King Arthur and his Knights. Part II. The Mabinogeon. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1859.
- 3. King Arthur. By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Philadelphia: Hogan and Thompson. 1851.
- 4. Idyls of the King. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.

MR. SHARON TURNER, in his admirable History of the Anglo-Saxons, gives, with the conscientious care which distinguishes his research, all that can be authentically settled about King Arthur. It seems that he lived in the first half of the sixth century, a prince of the south of Britain, and head of a confederation of British kings. His claim to distinction is that he fought against invading Saxons, and was successful in staying for a while, though he could not prevent, their advance. He was a patriot and a brave warrior in his own little region, and has a place in its local history. He was mortally wounded. A. D. 542, in a battle with his nephew Medrawd, who had seduced from him the affections of his wife, Gwenhyfar; and he died in Glastonbury, whither his friends had carried him from the field of Camlan to be healed of his hurt. There, six centuries later, by command of Henry II., they searched in the cemetery of the monastery, and found his bones, enclosed in hollowed oak, under a leaden cross which bore the inscription. "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus, in insula Avallonia." The skull showed how good a fighter he had been, for it bore the marks of nine closed wounds, beside the open cleft which had let in death. In the same grave were the bones of his wife, with her yellow hair perfect in form and color to the sight, but falling into dust in the hands of the monk who laid hold of it. This petty sovereign of South Wales was the actual Arthur.

The spurious Arthur is the work of Jeffry of Monmouth, in his lying chronicle, where, under the pretext of historical fact, the prince of a small district and barbarous tribe of South Britain is made the king of the whole land, conqueror of the Saxons, invader of Europe, and adversary of Rome. He drives foreign enemies from the island and makes them tributary, adds to his kingdom Ireland, Iceland, and the Orkneys, subdues Norway and Gaul, takes Paris, and is crossing the Alps, on his way to the Imperial City, when the news of his nephew's revolt reaches him, and he returns home to be killed in Cornwall and buried in Avalon.

But the real Arthur is the Arthur of romance. More real he than the actual historic king. For what the mind imagines has often more reality for it than what it believes. What it forms in itself is apt to be more to it than what is proved from outside. It holds closer intimacy and nearer relation with its own creations than with the supplies of the senses or the guests of the understanding. It draws a magic circle, where the finer intellect realizes things which the grosser part may not apprehend. In this charmed region Fancy revels in those

"lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon, And spiced dainties, every one, From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon,"

which are always more fresh and delicious than the coarse flavors of common life to the taste; and here those

"violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath,"

woo us with a perfume above the fragrance of mortal gardens. Here, too, Imagination, that master faculty of the soul, brings us into such close relation with some grand play or stress of human power and passion, that Cordelia and Hamlet, Beatrice and Faust, become henceforth more real to the mind than our nearest neighbors and companions.

As with the individual, so with nations, this power of making things that are not as if they were, stores mind and heart with persons, scenes, and events of its fashioning, whose reality, for pleasure and for good use too, experience may not

match in its own kind. The men and deeds of national legend and of ethnic myths come home to the wits, affections, humors, of the people. It is a blood-relationship; they are never alien, but always welcome in their old and natural haunts. It is with reason that a nation's ballads have been put, for living influence over social and civic life, above its laws. And it is in ballads, Volkslieder, and fables, songs of minstrelsy and the annals of story-tellers, that the life and fame of the real Arthur are set forth. They are the royal archives from whose records his chivalric glory and goodness draw the popular interest and liking, throughout a boundless realm of pleasant imaginings and day-dreams. Here, among the mind's marvels and the heart's delights, he holds a sovereignty beside which the remote and dim state of that petty British chief makes no show. The prophecy of his epitaph is fulfilled,-"Rex quondam, rexque futurus," - "Once king, and king to be;" for here he continually rules in the full splendor of his court and bravery of his Round Table, a real presence to all children of Saxon and British stock, and to as many of their elders as are fortunate or wise enough to retain still something of the child in their hearts, and to carry along with them a little of that happy credulity which, in the nursery, heard with favor,

# "When as King Arthur ruled the land, He was a goodly king,"

and which, cultured to a more delicate fancy, enables them to read with delight these new Idyls, where his goodliness and gracious times are so fairly set forth. Here he is always "Flos Regum," — the Flower of Kings, — in comparison with whose splendid bloom many historic potentates are but "kings of shreds and patches."

With this real Arthur the books at the head of this article have to do. Jeffry of Monmouth may be supposed to have gathered up in A. D. 1147, after his tedious way, and with feeble romancing of his own, a good deal of the floating story which for six centuries had been collecting around the name of the historic Arthur, and with fond exaggeration perpetuating the fame of his patriotism. This foolish chronicle of his

seems, however, to have done much good in this, that it set the fancy of singers and story-tellers to work. For shortly after his time many romances appear, written, for the most part, in the Anglo-Norman dialect, telling the tale of the "Queste du St. Graal," "Lancelot du Lac," and the "Morte d'Arthure," with the life and deeds of Merlin the enchanter, and of many knights and dames like Tristan and Galahad, Isoude and Guinevere. These romances, and a mass of legendary verse and prose on the same theme of Arthur and his chivalry, furnish to one Sir Thomas Malory, in 1470, material for the compilation of a book "oute of certeyne bookes of Frensshe and reduced into Englysshe," which William Caxton, in 1485, printed in the Abbey of Westminster, with the title "La Mort Darthur." Of this book many reprints have been made, the most famous of which is the elegant quarto edited by Southey. Beside these, certain translations of it into modern and readable English have appeared. Of these, the edition of 1634 furnishes Mr. Thomas Wright the basis of his handsome book, published last year in that "Library of Old Authors" in which the London publisher, Smith, has given us old Chapman's Homer, and many ancient books of worth, in a shape which fitly renews something of the quaintness of the original imprint.

This "La Morte d'Arthure" is the treasury of information concerning the king, his brave knights and lovely ladies, feasts, tourneys, wars, enchantments, and all the brilliant haps and sad mishaps of his life, court, and renowned Round Table. It is from this source that book-makers, story-writers, fabliasts, balladists, and poets have drawn their stories of Sir Tristram and his devotion to La Beale Isoude, and how Sir Lancelot and the queen joined their guilty loves,— of the young and pure knight, Sir Galahad, who was blessed with the sacrament from the holy chalice of the very blood shed by the Lord upon the cross, and how the Lady of Shalott died for love of Lancelot, and crafty Viviane shut up Merlin for herself,— with many other fables of strange adventure and magical fortune, fit to lead and please the fancy.

Yet it does not merely feed the childish appetite for marvels, but answers the more mature wish, which exacts of fiction that it should, even under the unsettled conditions of romance, keep something of the interest of that conflict which goes on by the mingled good and evil in men's hearts and fates. It is not Fancy run wild, but, with all her lawless magician-work and fairy extravagance, bound still to deal with and present, "after what flourish her nature will," some memorial of that strife of human affections, powers, and destinies, in which are born equally the prose and commonplace with the poetry and heroism of life. "Herein," says Caxton, in the Prologue to his edition, "may be seen noble chyvalrye, curtosye, humanyte, frendlynesse, hardynesse, love, frendshyp, cowardyse, murdre, hate, vertue, synne." So much semblance of the unfanciful truth of things and enforcement from actual humanity these fanciful stories of elfdom have, to give real pleasure and profit, and to bear out the pious conclusion of the Preface: "But al is wryton for our doctryne, and for to beware that we falle not to vyse ne synne, but texercyse and folowe vertu, by whyche we may come and attevne to good fame and renomme in thys lyf, and after thys shorte and transytorye lyf to come into everlastyng blysse in heven, the whyche he graunt us that reygneth in heven the blessed Trynyte. Amen."

From "La Morte d'Arthure" Mr. Bulfinch has largely drawn for his excellent "Age of Chivalry," which does for this portion of modern romance what "The Age of Fable" did so well for the old mythology. The same refinement of taste and simplicity of style which marked the former book distinguish this. It contains the best and most characteristic stories of Arthur and his knights, cleared of what is tedious and exceptionable. Perhaps the book can have no better praise than that it is sure of its place in the children's libraries, on the same shelf, and in the same attractive dog-eared and shabby condition with the much beread and belent Arabian Nights and Child's Own Book. But it will not lack the more discriminating favor of those who judge it by its literary merit. Its introductory information upon the manners and customs of chivalry, the original sources of the legends, and the mythic history of England, is valuable, and the stories selected are among the most remarkable and interesting. They will be

esteemed for themselves and the genial pleasure they give, apart from the value which attaches to them for the suggestion they have given to poets like Bulwer and Tennyson.

The second part of "The Age of Chivalry" is chosen out of the Mabinogeon, a rather ill-sounding Welsh word, which means Prose Tales, and is the title of a collection of Welsh legends, among which are many Round-Table stories. These, in manuscript, were known for years to be buried in various libraries, and were at last brought to light and printed by a patriotic Mr. Owen, to be now given to English comprehension in a translation by Lady Guest. They have an interest equal with, and rather fresher, than the fables of the Morte d'Arthure, and readers will gladly make the confession which the American compiler hopes, "that he has laid them under no light obligation." Among them it is pleasant to find the original of the first of the Idyls of the King, - "Enid." These Mabinogeon have a more popular flavor than those from the History of Arthur and his Round Table, which came to the English through chansons, romances, and fabliaux in the Anglo-Norman tongue. They are less for knights and more for the people; not minstrel songs so much as fireside stories. They have about them the cast of common life and ungentle manners, as well as of the splendor of chivalry and the bearing of nobles. There is a good deal of direct narration, sharp speech, and sturdy talk, with broad humor and practical joking, which smack of the people and their likings, and which appear so notably in ballads. In this fashion of the crowd. and in certain other respects, one is struck with a resemblance between these Welsh stories and the Oriental, those of the Thousand and One Nights, for example. In both are the same brisk talk and pointed reply, and a like cumulative exaggeration in description. This, for instance, seems much after the Oriental fashion, where Kay tells the giant's porter that he will know Bedwyr by the lance whose "head will leave the shaft and draw blood from the wind, and descend upon the shaft again;" - and where the maiden Olwen is described: "More yellow was her head than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer her hands and her fingers than the blossoms

of the wood-anemone amidst the spray of the meadow-fountain. The eye of the trained hawk was not brighter than hers. Her bosom was more snowy than the breast of the swan, her cheek redder than the reddest roses. Whose beheld her was filled with her love. Four white trefoils sprung up wherever she trod." Or where Kilwich rides out: "And in the youth's hand were two spears of silver, sharp, well tempered. headed with steel, three ells in length, of an edge to wound the wind and cause blood to flow, and swifter than the fall of the dew-drop from the blade of reed-grass, when the dew of June is at the heaviest. And there was precious gold of the value of three hundred kine upon his shoes and upon his stirrups, from his knee to the tip of his toe. And the blade of grass bent not beneath him, so light was his courser's tread, as he journeyed toward the gate of Arthur's palace." It would be worth while to have the comparison drawn for us between Northern and Gothic romance and fairy-story, and Eastern tales of magic. No branch of historic study is more interesting than questions of race and language. There is a certain sustained fascination in following any of the leads of ethnological research among those great Asiatic emigrations, and those pursuits of tribe after tribe - Scythian, Gothic, Slavonic — to the west and north of Europe. In this research all folk-lore of myths and traditions in song or story is found of express value. And in those Welsh stories, growing up among a people first known, out of Asia, about the Euxine, and called by Homer and Herodotus Κιμμέριοι, then named by the Romans Cimmerii, in Western Europe Kimbri, and at last in Britain known as Cymry, there should be discoverable some trace of family resemblance with the stories of Persia and India. But the moral difference is greater than any formal likeness, and very striking between the enervation of life, sentiment, and fancy in the one, and the masculine vigor in the other. It is the contrast between the Palm and the Oak, land of the Sun and land of Frost, passion and the controlled will, fatalism and self-reliance. Ali or Hassan, finding himself in love, is apt to have his reason wander, falls into a swoon at the sight of the loved one, and when he awakes

recites the dismallest verses, or, in absence, writes from "her emaciated slave":—

"The heart is contracted; and solicitude extended; and the eye sleepless; and the body wearied;

And patience cut short; and disjunction continued; and reason deranged; and the heart snatched away."

But in the North, Lancelot unhorses knight after knight, in loyalty to Guinevere; or, out of simple friendliness to lovelorn Elaine, will wear on his helmet into the thick of chivalrous fight her sleeve of scarlet set with pearls. The flower of the broom, foam of the wave, wood-anemone, meadow-fountain, and white trefoil, in the aspect of Cymryc Olwen, which is Eastern in the cumulation of its details, show with a tempered, cool, and pure loveliness, in characteristic contrast of North to Orient, with this hot, luscious beauty of the Lady Badoura of Balsora: "A fair damsel, like the moon when it appeareth in its fourteenth night, with joined eyebrows and languishing eyelids, and a bosom like two pomegranates; she had thin lips like two pieces of carnelian, a mouth like the seal of Solomon, and a set of teeth that would sport with the reason of the poet and prose-writer." Such differences in the surface-work of the external fancy are but typical of the deeper contrasts in the character of thought and feeling, and the quality and meaning of life, through the whole range of Northern romance, compared with Oriental fable. The similitudes are mostly formal, while the unlikeness is intrinsic and essential.

These Mabinogeon are entertaining stories, but, beside being pleasant to read, they are of worth and interest as fine specimens of the ancient legends which are at once the people's children and their teachers. In selecting them from the large and expensive English volumes, Mr. Bulfinch has rendered good service, and has done his work in a manner which seems to prove it a labor of love. We wish he might have given us more of them. The history of Charlemain and his peers, which he promises, will doubtless be given in the same excellent manner, and be received with like favor.

In all this legend which has gathered around the name of Arthur, making the mythic hero hold a more real place and power in the world than the historic king, the poets have, from the first, found abundant suggestion and illustration. Their works, from the sing-song ballad of "The Boy and the Mantle" to the stately cantos of "The Faerie Queen," have proved, with greater or less pretension and value, what an attraction this old stock of English romance has been to the finer and the coarser poetic fancy and sympathy. The greater poets, who have given up their quick and delicate wits to the attraction, have rendered the people's household word a charm in literature, — a word to conjure with, and furnish the poetry of our language with some of its most beautiful forms and heroic or gracious spirits, to adorn it with most splendid or lovely scenes, and to make it move in all the gracefullest motions or stateliest marches with the procession of sweet experiences or grand events.

Spenser's great poem shows how he drew from this ancient spring; and in his Preface we find him writing to Raleigh, that, having it in mind in his book "to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline," he has chosen the Historye of King Arthure as most fitte for the excellency of his person," and in him will "labour to pourtraict the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve Morall Vertues, as Aristotle has devised." Milton's fancy looked in this direction before his imagination sought the height of that great argument of his epic; for he confesses that his mind, "in the spacious circuit of her musing," among other attempts, cast about to see "what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero." We all know the appreciation which Scott, joining antiquarian zest with poetic feeling, had of our ancient stories, and we have all enjoyed his use of them. The two famous instances, in our day, of the favor in which the poets have held them are the "King Arthur" of Bulwer, and the "Idyls of the King" by Tenny-Such works prove the rich suggestiveness of that popular fiction, which to the North and its poetry has proved what the fable of Charlemain and his Paladins has been to the South. The first of them its author calls "the child of my most cherished hopes, to which I deliberately confide the task to uphold, and the chance to continue, its father's name." The "Idyls" are the large and charming fulfilment of the promise, in earlier volumes, of those excellent poems, "The Lady of Shalott," "Sir Galahad," and a few others on themes drawn from the same fair old traditions.

We cannot tell if, in the years since he first gave his "King Arthur" to its readers, Bulwer has found reason to doubt the soundness of this profession of faith in it, as the sustaining point of his repute in the world of letters. If, comparing the reception given to his poem, and the quality of it, with the value set upon his later novels and their excellence, he still stakes himself upon the verse rather than the prose, he only proves himself in that mistake into which so many authors have fallen, and which made Milton set his "Paradise Regained" above the greater "Paradise Lost."

"The Caxtons" seems the turning-point of his prose, where it enjoys relief - and the reader with it - from the artificialness, not to speak of graver faults, which is conspicuous in the structure, action, and sentiment of his earlier works. Not unduly forcing any contrast or resemblance between the poetry and the prose, we must say that the poem is not free from this It is dull, it must be confessed. And it is so, more than from any other reason, because it wants that reality which the exaggerated tale of magic or romance must have, equally with the solemn lifelikeness of a great tragedy, in order to command any large interest in its wild action, or lively sympathy with its fanciful actors. It lacks the reality of the maker's own presence within the circle of the people, deeds and events which he fashions and arranges, as it were, ordering his own life into their moods and motions, infusing something of his own personality, his passion, capacity, thought. emotion, will; and so, if not on the lower ranges and colored clouds of fancy, yet on the upper levels and in the rare ether of a soaring imagination, proving communion with the Infinite Artist, and the gift of His inspiration, by creations which are faithful semblances of His "living souls." The writer of "King Arthur" is not Poet in the old and deep significance of Maker. He has a deft hand at arranging what old-time story and song furnish, and a skilful wit in managing what his own new information from all quarters and his wide learning provide; a clever fancy, also, though not of the finest and most

delicate, to depict startling situations and pleasing or frightful scenes and scenery, with abundant sentiment of a rather conventional complexion, and some show of philosophy; manifest capableness and facility throughout, but not the higher freedom, force, and enjoyment of the mind in its deeds. "One of his best efforts," we might say in the common phrase, but with a touch of criticism and even satire in it. Plainly a work: though doubtless a labor of love, since none other would appear with so careful and benedictory a preface. He stands outside of his work, showing a nice constructive ability in its details, and apt management of its course, but with little of that power to penetrate within the order of the mind's fictions, to overrule with personal power and inspire as with spiritual life, which turns the work of faculty into the play of genius. We also, with him, stand outside, admiring his skill, - sometimes, it may be, lost in the beauty of the sight and interest of the action, - but "most like a tired child at a show," and rarely moved save as by puppet-play and painted scene.

The poem has the orthodox twelve books, and for interest hinges, for the most part, on the adventures of Arthur in his search, ordered by Merlin, after the diamond sword of the Lady of the Lake, the silver shield of Thor, and the young playmate-guide of his own infancy. The events of this search. proceeding in strange lands and in stranger caverns and waters under the earth, are complicated with the fortunes of Lancelot and Gawaine, who follow the king, and by the various movements of a war which, in his absence, rages between the Christian Britons and the infidel invading Saxons. With all the wonder truth must be inwoven, according to the canon of Gothic romance, "whose most prominent attribute," as the Preface states it, "is fondness for an interior or double meaning, and which, where it accepts a marvel, always insinuates a type." Therefore, the gem-falchion which Arthur seeks in the sparry caves of the lake is the sword of honorable repute, which gives to its owner the name of "Fame-conqueror in the halls of Time." The silver shield for which he journeys to the frozen North is the shield of Freedom, -a talisman which insures to him the liberty of his people, as prophecy and earnest of a free future to Britain. And the golden-haired playmate.

recovered at the iron gate of Death, is the guide to Happiness, incarnated in the form of the "destined soother," woman. like manner of Type always waiting upon Marvel, the war of Cymry with Saxon may typify the toils and glories of Patriotism; minstrel Caradoc may be the symbol of the poet's mission to inspire the people to noble deed and living; Lancelot may serve for an image of faithful friendship, and Gawaine show the humorous in life set off against its strifes and solemnities. He is the merry-man of the poem; yet, from the quality of the fun, rather slow of motion and of ponderous make, one might judge this Celtic name foisted on some sober Teuton. skeleton of a sketch can, however, intimate the chaos of fastfollowing events and thick-crowding personages, phantasmal scene-shiftings and theatric exits and entrances, which distract the attention, and preclude, if not all artistic grace, yet all artistic completeness.

There is still enjoyment to be derived from the book, — a good deal, if not of the finest kind. While it is a disturbed, unsatisfactory remembrance of conventional scenic artifice, and unartistic huddled confusion, which, on the whole, we have to carry away from its reading, yet many passages might be picked out, of musical rhythm, delicate fancy, pure sentiment, high thought. The learning in it is admirable, though not gracefully worn, like Milton's, which he carries off as grave embroidery on his singing robes, giving them more ample fall and richness. It is always praiseworthy, such gathering together of material as "King Arthur" shows, such command of resources, acquaintance with precedents, careful mingling of details, study of effects, nice structure of polished verse, - above all, such conscientious purpose and labor; but in it all, we have to confess the impression of mechanism and declamation. We are not moved to delight and admiration by that poetic insight which uses all useful things with an imperial sway, and is never encumbered or led The knowledge so remarkable here in astray by them. amount and range, and the skill so notable for the deftness of its handling, show the poet well informed, but not "the vision and the faculty divine."

The "Idyls of the King" do not claim a place among the greater products of the high poetic art, which, "submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind," rules the furnishings of nature and of information or experience to the service of ideas. Their maker is not, for this time and his present purpose, prophet or philosopher, ministering to fine incitement or deep instruction, but singer, to our delight. And his entertainment is satisfying,—not empty music, which plays about the ear, but song full of meaning, which reaches the heart and sets our sympathies vibrating to the sweet fancies, noble feelings, and brave or loving actions, the kind humanities, fair courtesies, and pure pieties, the idealized chivalry and gentlehood of that Golden Age of song and story, which puts the ideal into the practice of its men and manners.

These songs recall nothing of the pathos of buried affection which, in the "In Memoriam," pursues its solemn search, its sometimes morbidly anxious, agonized questioning of spiritual mysteries; nothing of the deep insight into the danger which dogs the unhallowed intellect, in the "Palace of Art;" nothing of the earnest warning drawn from moral loss and death, in the "Vision of Sin." They are not the poetic garb around the prose of a reform cause or movement in society, - as the parable of "The Princess" portrays the strife and reconciling of manly and womanly duties, rights and pleasures. Nor do they bring back a note of the perplexed discords to which sick passion, compounded of fierce hate and fiercer love, sets itself in "Maud." But, marked by a wonderful and characteristic fancy, in all its exuberant play of crowding incidents, scenes, and people, by a subtile dramatizing of quick and varied thought and feeling, by vividest speech and action, they rank with the "Mariana in the South" and "The Brook," with the "Ulysses" and "Enone." Reviewers have compared them to the songs of Homer. And, in the first flush of delightful reading, one says to himself that the old Greeks could have had no keener pleasure in the verse which chanted their ancient traditions. It is, however, a daring comparison between idyllic melodies and epic harmony. Yet if that Poet within a Poem, who sits with his friends, on a Christmas eve, in the earlier story, - "The Epic," - and,

"mouthing out his hollow oes and aes, Deep-chested music,"

reads to them "Morte d'Arthur," may be at all identified with Tennyson himself, (as we have lately heard of his reading, of a morning, one of these Idyls to his friends in his Isle-of-Wight home,) we have his own word for it that they are "Homeric echoes," though faint; and we consent to that, though not to their being

"nothing worth,
Mere chaff and draff, much better burnt."

All who have found their pleasure in that fancy which has borne these poems, and which seems the finest in our literature, except perhaps that which shows of so perfect a quality in "St. Agnes Eve," must remember those four poems, in Tennyson's earlier volumes, of subjects taken from our Arthur legends. Many have wished that the artist might work more deeply the quarry from which he had struck out such graceful and strong shapes. That wish the Idyls answer, with the same brilliant picture-play which is so captivating in the weird vision of "The Lady of Shalott," and so entrancing in the fair apparition of the very joy and song of spring in "Guinevere's Maying," - with the high tone of thought so impressive in "Morte d'Arthur," and with the religious sentiment so hely in "Sir Galahad." And that their so admirable gift may not suffer in its presentation, it is offered in a surpassing harmony and perfect adaptation of verse, and set forth with that perfection of art in which their author excels all poets of this day.

His is not only the structural art of external form, material fitness; but the essential art of interior coherence, moral and spiritual congruity. In these Idyls it appears in direct contrast with the artifice of the "King Arthur," and proves the difference between a poem and a rhymed novel. To Tennyson the old stories have been a cherished germ of poetic beauty and power, which, warmed by the glow of his mind and responding to every genial affinity and influence there, rewards its culture by a fair growth and symmetrical unfolding. To Bulwer they seem so much material to be made over;

as though from the old stock he had plucked as much bloom and greenness as he could find, or as little as he could appreciate, and placed it, with what formal ornament he had, in the dry garden of his artificial and fanciful design. poems are the antithesis of art and rhetoric. A subtile-witted friend says that the difference between them is the difference between a rose and a dahlia. There is in this more symbolic truth than fanciful analogy. A dahlia is the most artificiallooking flower in the garden, most often likened to wax or velvet, exactly rewarding and always suggesting the tampering of florists, - drawing the roving eye by superficial gorgeousness, not chaining long regard with sweet breath and fragrant sentiment: - a flower without the marvel of color which lies in delicate shading; without the grace of various form and bending stalk; with no reserve of beauty, but giving all its worth at once, within the formal set of its crimped leaves. But a rose always looks natural, grown up by its own sweet will, not put together and painted by the gardener's skill; even when he has done his best and curiousest, it asserts the triumph of Nature, showing how she deigns to reward and to tempt again the patience and labor of Art, and is still, in the conservatory as at the road-side, her darling and pride; it withholds its beauty, and makes a mystery of it, in the manifold curves and convolutions of its petals, - recesses where the color may lurk and deepen, inviting the search to the heart, where the

> "hue angrie and brave Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,"

or a tempered and soft delicacy of creamy tints falls upon the sight like healing; it is the most unconventional of flowers, never wearisome with monotonous obtrusion of one type, unfolding ever some new refreshment or charm.

This floral contrast touches the salient differences between the two poems. But if we were, out of the body of them, to select what might best express their unlikeness, we should take a characteristic song from each, and set them side by side. One should be Elaine's, where the lily maid of Astolat sighs out all the mingled and confused bliss and pain of her love-lorn state. It shows how genius can pluck out the heart of so fine a spiritual mystery, and put it in form with a delicacy in which there is no hint of jar or flaw:—

#### "THE SONG OF LOVE AND DEATH.

- "Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain;
  And sweet is death who puts an end to pain:
  I know not which is sweeter, no, not L
- "Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be: Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me. O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.
- "Sweet love, that seems not made to fade away, Sweet death, that seems to make us loveless clay, I know not which is sweeter, no, not I.
- "I fain would follow love, if that could be; I needs must follow death, who calls for me; Call and I follow, I follow!—let me die."

The other song should be the lament, in "King Arthur," where the Etruscans, in their secret glen of the Alps, mourn for the royal maid, Ægle, whose love also is fatal to her. It proves what may be done with consummate elegance by talent equipped with graceful and correct classic learning, and skilled in all precepts which may prevent any slip from traditional proprieties. We select four stanzas from "The Etrurian Næniæ":—

- "Where art thou, pale and melancholy ghost?

  No funeral rites appease thy tombless clay;
  Unburied, glidest thou by the dismal coast,

  O exile from the day?
- "There, where the voice of love is heard no more,
  Where the dull wave moans back the eternal wail,
  Dost thou recall the summer suns of yore,
  Thine own melodious vale?
- "Thine are the nuptials of the dreary shades,
  Of all thy groves what rests? the cypress tree!
  As from the air a strain of music fades,
  Dark silence buries thee!
  - "Slow swells the sorrowing Næniæ's chanted strain,
    Time with slow flutes our leaden footsteps keep;
    Sad earth, whate'er the happier heaven may gain,
    Hath but a loss to weep."

Beside Elaine's song, there are three others in these new poems of Tennyson, which, by melody of verse, fineness of sentiment, and exactness of expression, assert their place with those matchless songs in "The Princess." May not these four serve, in some sort, as index to the "Idyls of the King," and as illustrative of their poetic excellence? Enid's song of "Fortune and her wheel" may tell what poor estate and noble pride waited on her maidenhood, but recall also the equal dignity and steadfastness with which her wifely love patiently bore or joyfully met the turning fortunes of Geraint's frown or favor.

- "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud;
  Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
  Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.
- "Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, with smile or frown; With that wild wheel we go not up or down; Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.
- "Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands; Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands; For man is man, and master of his fate.
- "Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd; Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud; Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate."

Vivien's song of "Trust me not at all, or all in all," may summon the story of her harlot love, whose craft, feigning the persuasions of true affection, turns the wise man to a fool, and tempts Merlin, through his passion, to the loss of "life and use and name and fame."

- "In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours, Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers: Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
- "It is the little rift within the lute
  That by and by will make the music mute,
  And, ever widening, slowly silence all.
- "The little rift within the lover's lute, Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit, That rotting inward slowly moulders all.
- "It is not worth the keeping: let it go:
  But shall it? Answer, darling, answer, no.
  And trust me not at all, or all in all."

Elaine's song of "Love and Death," already quoted, may bring to mind that earlier swan-song of the Lady of Shalott, —

"a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darkened wholly,
Turned to towered Camelot;"

and narrate in little the long story and all the bitter-sweet of her true love (but fatal) for Lancelot. And the novice's song to the Queen, of "Late! so late!" may, in its long-drawn pleading and tearful lament of the foolish virgins, fixed in their doom of outer darkness, call up all Guinevere's guilty love, and her inexorable outlawry from Arthur's presence and from fair repute.

- "Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late! but we can enter still. Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
- "No light had we: for that we do repent;
  And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
  Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
- "No light: so late! and dark and chill the night!
  O let us in, that we may find the light!
  Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.
- "Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet?
  O let us in, though late, to kiss his feet!
  No, no, too late! ye cannot enter now."

The charm of these lyrics is matched by the charm of the poems in which they are set. Since their midsummer publication, that charm has worked with many among the hills and at the sea-side, where the loveliness or sublimity of nature mingled with the grace and power of their art, and criticism had no place. Yet, with any surroundings, even he who is nothing if not critical must cease from his office in the presence of so full and pure an enjoyment. It is the inherent purpose of the Idyls to give a refined and genial delight. And this they must continue to serve, with the large bounty of their joined poetic strength and beauty.

# ART. V. FRENCH PREACHERS.

Portraits Littéraires des plus Célèbres Prédicateurs contemporains, et Etudes sur la Prédication au XIXº Siècle. Par M. L'Abbé C. Martin. Paris. 1858. 8vo. pp. 384.

In a recent issue we offered some views of the modern French pulpit, and discussed the general characteristics of French preaching. The discussion of that subject seems to require, as an appropriate supplement, some notice of the most eminent pulpit orators in France, both in the Catholic and Protestant churches. Very few of these are familiar, even by name, to American readers, and of not more than three or four have any works been translated. The great French preachers, if known at all beyond the limits of the Empire, are known only by the merest fragments of their sayings. Channing is read by the Catholics of France, and their leading journals explain his views and illustrate his genius. But where is the Protestant journal, in England or America, which has taken heed of the recent loss to the French Church in the death of Father Ravignan, in every respect one of the most remarkable men of the present century, and comparable to. the best of Catholic saints? The American press has given a selection from the sermons of Adolph Monod, that gentle and charitable mystic, the John of the Oratoire; but in vain we look for any account in our tongue of Colani of Strasburg, a far more able thinker and eloquent writer than Monod. The best French preachers are not the best known; and most of the names that we mention will doubtless seem wholly new.

We shall be compelled, in the limited space allowed us, to confine our notices of the eminent French preachers to a dozen names among the Catholics and a half-dozen among the Protestants, though this number by no means includes all who are worthy of mention. There are twenty preachers in Paris alone who surpass, in all the qualities of good oratory, the Rev. Mr. Bellew and his associates, so graphically illustrated in the work of Rev. Henry Christmas. The Basils and Chry-

<sup>\*</sup> Examiner for July, 1859.

sostoms of London would be dull at St. Roch or Notre Dame. We shall restrict our notices to living preachers, omitting to speak even of the recent dead, whose eulogies have not ceased in the churches.

Of the Catholic preachers, the most famous, if not the most gifted, is the Dominican Lacordaire. We hardly know whether it is proper to class him among living preachers, since a loss of voice has practically excluded him from this function, and there seems to be but small prospect of his resuming his place in the pulpits of Paris. Excessive labors and hardships have worn upon a constitution never very firm, and at the age of fifty-seven he is an old man, and has outlived his power as a preacher. His life has been one of strange changes and inconsistencies. As a child, he was noted equally for his love of books and for his indifference to religion; and his profane jokes greatly disturbed the soul of his pious mother. At the college in Dijon, while he surpassed all his fellows and won all the prizes, he made no secret of his infidelity, and openly declared that Christianity was an absurdity and God a chimera. Admitted at nineteen years of age a partner with Guillemin, one of the leading lawyers of Paris, he startled this friend, at their first interview, by declaring that "he did not believe in God." 'The ability and industry of the young advocate were compensation, however, for his scepticism. He made a most successful entrance upon his career at the bar; and great hopes were formed of his future eminence; nevertheless, some eighteen months after he began his practice as a lawyer, he startled his friend again by announcing that he had made up his mind to leave the law and become a priest, - that the former infidel was now a Christian and a Catholic. How the change had come he did not tell. But his resolution was taken; he entered, as a pensioner, the Seminary of St. Sulpice; and, after three years of diligent study, varied by frequent disputes with his teachers and his fellow-students, who marvelled at and feared his free style of discussion, he took priest's orders in 1827, and became the chaplain, first of a convent, and then of a college in Paris. At one time, like most ardent and wayward French youths, he thought of emigrating to America and finding occupation as a missionary to the Indians; but he was

persuaded by Lamennais, whose intimate friend he had become, to relinquish this Quixotic project, and join in the noble task of regenerating the Catholic Church at home. After the Revolution of July he became one of the leading contributors to Lamennais's new journal, "The Future," the motto of which was "God and Liberty;" and shortly after amazed the Royal Court of Paris by petitioning to be allowed to return to the bar, that he might plead there more effectually the cause of the Church. He did not propose to relinquish his priestly functions, but only to join the functions of his former and his present office. This novel request was vehemently discussed, but in the end very properly refused. The next eccentricity of Lacordaire, in which he had the help of Montalembert and De Coux, ardent and enthusiastic young men like himself, was the establishment of a "free school," without leave or license, in which he proposed to give free education to children of both sexes and all classes, and save them from the immoral and infidel influences of the "government schools." The institution was opened, and pupils flocked to it from all quarters; when one day, in the midst of his class, Lacordaire was surprised by a visit from the commissary of police, with a notice to the pupils to disperse. A sharp conflict of words ensued; force was employed; the school was broken up; a prosecution was ordered; and, in spite of his brave and brilliant plea, the enthusiast had to pay a light fine as the penalty of his experiment.

In company with Lamennais, Lacordaire went to Rome in the year 1832, to vindicate their journal against the terrible sentence of the Pope. But instead of coming back, like his friend, a rebel and a foe to the Holy See, he came back a devoted servant, hastened to break friendship with the apostate, and to recant all his heretical opinions. He turned himself now to preaching, and with such success that in the year 1835 he was invited by the Archbishop to the pulpit of Notre Dame, the highest honor in this kind in France. The annual "Conferences" of this cathedral are attended, not only by a large, but by a highly cultivated audience, composed of the social and literary aristocracy of Paris. To preach in such a presence was a severe ordeal for one so new in the work. But

Lacordaire was equal to it, and his first series of sermons caused a sensation such as no similar discourses had caused within the century. The boldness of statement, the luxuriance of imagery, the introduction of all sorts of topics, political, educational, financial, - railroads, banks, and battles. - the utter defiance of all recognized rules of pulpit oratory, while they attracted crowds to the services, alarmed the guardians of the Church, and they sought how they might "chain this lion." It was impossible to calculate the extravagances of such an erratic genius. Another freak of Lacordaire soon relieved the Church of this difficulty. He determined to go to Rome, to renounce the regular priesthood, and to become a Dominican friar, vowing himself so the more firmly to the work of preaching, while he released himself from episcopal authority. After a reasonable noviciate in the Convent of the Minerva, in which Lacordaire was able to write a splendid biography of the Saint whose name he assumed, "Father Dominic" came back to his place at Notre Dame, and revived by new "conferences" the fame of his former eloquence. He had changed in form and countenance, so that they hardly recognized him; and his meagre body scarcely needed the additions of the tonsure and the white robe to take the guise of sanctity. But his weak voice grew stronger as he went on, his fiery eye kindled, and the wondering audience could see that change of vocation had not changed the man. Repeating his discourses in several of the provincial cities, everywhere he made the same impression; and it is said that at Nancy the people for sixty miles around came to hear him.

In spite of his rupture with Lamennais, Lacordaire retains many of the obnoxious ideas of the school of thinkers with which he was formerly associated. His most recent sermons, not less than his speech as a member of the Constituent Assembly in 1848, show that he is a republican at heart, and a romanticist in style. The ecclesiastical rulers dread his influence, while they are proud of his eloquence. The characteristics of his oratory are brilliancy of coloring, copious illustration, an intense force of expression, an extraordinary command of vast resources, and a love of sudden turns and startling paradoxes. He has in excess what the French call

esprit. One of his critics says of him, that he has this "des pieds à la tête, sur les lèvres, et jusqu'au bout des ongles; s'il osait, il en mettrait à toutes les lignes de ses discours." His manner is extemporaneous. He begins slowly, in a low tone, and with no animation or gesture; but warms as he proceeds, until his voice becomes strong and sonorous, and his whole frame quivers with passion. He loves controversy, and is never more at home than when conscious of pleading a difficult cause, or arguing against some popular fallacy. The five volumes of sermons which he has printed have no value as expositions of a system, or as specimens of close and consistent reasoning; but they are models of earnest, effective, and magnetic preaching. They remind us in more than one respect of the discourses of a preacher of our own body, whose views concerning the Theatre, the Suspense of Faith, and the Broad Church, have given rise of late to so much inquiry and debate.

Next to Lacordaire, perhaps the most remarkable living French preacher is the Jesuit Combalot. Few would imagine that the quiet occupant of a second-story chamber in the Rue Madame at Paris, living a half-romantic cenobite life with an only sister, and now rarely appearing in the pulpit except in the annual carême, was for ten years the rival of the great Dominican, justifying by his vehemence and his power the phrase of "a lion roaring against hell." He is the son of that Louis Combalot who saved his father's life before the Revolutionary tribunal, in 1793, by offering to die in his father's stead. The Abbé Theodore, born in August, 1798, and now sixty-one years old, was a preacher even in his childhood. At eight years of age he used to delight his schoolmates by off-hand sermons from the top of the staircase. His studies all tended to this vocation. At seventeen he received the tonsure; at twenty-two, by a special dispensation, he was ordained priest; and at twenty-four he was at the head of the Seminary at Grenoble, and widely known for his prodigious learning and his precocious genius. All at once he gave up his chance of preferment in the Church, and amazed his friends by joining the Order of Jesuits. He did this that he might have more time and freedom for missionary labor; and for five years he travelled as an itinerant preacher all over France, announcing the regeneration of faith, and confuting The influence of Lamennais, whom he adored, was visible in his ideas and his manner alike. The bishops were charmed to win such a coadjutor; the fame of his multiplied conversions came before long to the ears of the king, and he was sent for to preach the Lenten sermons in the chapel of the This series of discourses added to his renown; and when the Revolution of July broke out, many looked to him as a master spirit of the new order of things. excommunication which the Pope had fulmined against Lamennais was repeated by the Bishop of Grenoble against the friend of the heretic; and the Jesuit, who had furnished to L'Avenir some of its sharpest articles, was frightened, arrested in his course, and driven to more than concessions, to base and servile treachery. More contemptible vituperation and insult cannot be found in literature than the letters which Combalot addressed to his former friend. They show, indeed, in the words of his biographer, an "ulcerated" heart, and are in strange contrast with the pretended "charity" of this apostle. As the reward of his servility, Combalot has preached before the Pope, and has the honorable title of "Apostolic Vicar." He has published very little, - only a volume or two of dogmatic philosophy, and one volume of "Conferences upon the Attributes of the Virgin;" and his fame as a pulpit orator would suffer, if judged by this volume. His sermons—so says his biography—would not stand the test of printing. His power is in his delivery, - his voice, rich, deep, and varying in its tones, his imposing presence, his magnificent head, and his air of profound conviction. He seems in the pulpit a "Christian athlete." Sometimes he shocks his delicate hearers by vulgarities which are allowed by no models, and sometimes he alarms them by the fierceness of his oratory. This violence of expression has more than once brought him into trouble; and it gave him, on one occasion, a month's imprisonment. He keeps more closely to the Scriptures than Lacordaire, and has far less of fantastic imagery. His last public course of sermons which we have seen noticed was at St. Sulpice, in the Lent of 1855.

A preacher of a quite different order is Peter Louis Cœur,

Bishop of Troves, surnamed by one writer "the Cyprian of the nineteenth century." Few prelates of France have received more honors or won more praises from the cultivated classes. A fastidiously pure taste, close logical arrangement, and careful preparation, mark all his pulpit performances. He is never betrayed into any extravagance, and his manner is conversational rather than declamatory. Though his annual Lenten courses extend over a period of thirty years, he has published nothing but a few fragments of a work on "Rationalism and Mysteries," and the estimate of his gifts as a pulpit orator must come from the enthusiastic testimonies of those who have heard him. His address is to the educated and the refined, and not to the multitude. Poujoulat says of him: "When the Abbé Cœur discourses of God and heavenly things, you imagine yourself listening to a wandering archangel who has stopped on his journey for a moment among men." Cœur's mind is philosophic, and he has a strong antipathy to the pretensions of extreme Catholicism. He defends the Gallican against the Ultramontane Church, and has said many brave words in favor of liberty. The questions which he loves most to treat are the relations of reason to faith, of science to theology, and of God to the universe, - speculative rather than practical questions. In discussing these topics, if he is not always original, he is never superficial. Beneath his refined and classic diction there is a tone of pathos, indicated, indeed, by the grave and sad expression of his countenance. He owes little to external graces. His gesture is awkward and his voice not musical, but there is a dignity in his bearing which overcomes these natural defects. He is the child of a trading family in the district of Lyons, and is now in his fifty-fifth year.

The Abbé Deguerry, curate of the Madeleine Church in Paris, has for thirty-five years been known as one of the most distinguished of French preachers, though he too has published very little. A natural orator, he has improved and perfected his style by the use of approved rules, till the critics are able to find hardly any flaw in his method. He knows how to set off erudition and subtile pleading by all the charms of effective delivery. His eloquence keeps a sustained flow, which,

if it does not excite, never tires the hearers. His teachers prophesied his future eminence from his singular facility and insight in the lessons of theology and philosophy, which made him victor in all scholastic contests. After one of these contests, the venerable Abbé Jacques of Lyons, who presided in it, could not restrain the ardent exclamation, "Quis putas puer iste erit?" --- an exclamation which the subsequent eminence of his pupil has amply justified. Such judges of oratory as Chateaubriand, Villemain, and Berryer have assigned to Deguerry the highest rank. Soundly orthodox in his theology, his appeal is to the heart rather than to the reason; and he has abundance of what the French term la sensibilité. His most celebrated discourse is that which he preached in the palace before Charles X. in 1829, in which he pleads with a boldness worthy of Massillon for the rights of humanity, for the essential equality and brotherhood of men, denounces despotism as an insult to God, and maintains that no government can be stable which is not founded upon the Divine law, and guided by Christian precepts. It was a timely discourse. and, if it had been heeded by the king, might have saved him from his near downfall. Another discourse, on Joan of Arc, given at Orleans in 1825, excited vehement opposition, from its theory that the truth of God ought to be fully preached, without concealment or compromise. The City Council debated whether they should publish such an imprudent mani-Their hesitation, however, like the hesitation of similar bodies in our own land, only served to advertise the discourse and to benefit the orator. They even went so far as to doubt whether they ought to invite him to the public dinner. But a sensible man of their number made them see, "qu'il était essentiel de distinguer entre le sens du cru qu'ils avaient. et le sens commun qu'ils n'avaient pas, par la raison qu'ils avaient l'autre."

Deguerry has refused many lucrative and honorable offers, preferring to remain a simple preacher. He has had charge of the parish of Notre Dame, and is honorary canon of several cathedrals. He is sixty-two years of age.

The "Augustine of the French Church" is Plantier, Bishop of Nismes. He is still in the prime of life, in his forty-seventh

year. His first distinction was as a biblical scholar, and his success in teaching Hebrew literature in the University of Lyons caused his translation to the pulpit of Notre Dame, as the successor of Ravignan. He had already inaugurated the system of "pastoral retreats," gatherings of ministers for the purpose of hearing sermons about their own duties, and had visited in these retreats all parts not only of France, but also of Savoy. His two volumes of Conferences, preached at Notre Dame in 1847 and 1848, hardly warrant the opinion of his biographer, that he is "a safe model for all young preachers." The rhetoric is certainly chastened, and its severe simplicity would satisfy the late Professor Channing of Harvard; but it has not that emphasis and point which make an effective public address. Plantier's Conferences are in strong contrast with those of Lacordaire, whom he followed, or of Felix, whom he preceded, in the pulpit of Notre Dame. They are equally without passion and without philosophy; they are what Milman's History is in comparison with Gibbon on the one hand, and Neander on the other. Plantier's most remarkable sermon is that on "The Immaculate Conception," as the illustration of "opportunity."

In the former article we had occasion to speak of M. Charles de Place, the preacher to the imperial household. The preacher who was the first to fill that place after the new imperial régime began, and who still occasionally officiates in the chapel of the Tuileries, is Francis Joseph Lecourtier, Archpriest of Notre Dame. It is a remarkable fact, that, though he is sixty years old, he has always lived in Paris, the place of his birth. Usually the famous preachers of France begin in the provinces, and are transferred to the capital; Lecourtier, on the other hand, has risen in his own city from the lowest grade to the high station he at present holds. He has published five volumes of notes and discourses. His style is easy, natural, and conversational, and the flow of his argument is often broken by personal appeals and by Scriptural quotations. Yet he loves long sentences, and his periods are drawn out with a German prolixity. His "Lessons on the Beatitudes," preached in 1854 in the Court Chapel, must have been charming to his amiable and pacific imperial master.

The Savoyard Dupanloup, at present Bishop of Orleans, is perhaps the ablest preacher of the liberal school in the Catholic Church. His discourses are remarkable for their precision of logic, and for the absence of all superfluous ornament. One never sees on this orator's face perspiration in the midst of a discourse. In the early years of his priesthood, Dupanloup was not noted for eloquence, though his skill as a catechist was such as to excite the jealousy of his superior in the Church of the Assumption, in Paris, and to lead to his removal. Afterward, at St. Roch, he showed such power in the pulpit, that he was not only appointed to preach at Notre Dame, but was even made Professor of Sacred Eloquence at the Sorbonne. In 1849 he was made bishop, and in 1854 chosen a member of the Institute. He has the honor of reconverting Talleyrand, and was the confessor of the great diplomatist in the last days of his life. He has had hard battles to fight with the Catholic zealots, and has maintained the cause of liberal education with spirit and energy. His manners are very peculiar. He wears his hair cut short like the hair of a child, dresses like a student rather than a prelate, and stoops very much as he walks, rather from habit than from age, since he is not yet sixty. He has printed a good many works, mostly upon educational subjects. His best work, which the Abbé Martin calls "the vade mecum of the Christian," is entitled Christianisme presenté aux Hommes du Monde, in six volumes. Dupanloup's favorite author is Fénelon, and his theology has borrowed much from the Quietist school. His eloquence, however, is too unimpassioned to suit French taste, and he has never drawn crowds to his preaching.

There are those in Paris who place in the first rank of living preachers the Abbé Grivel, Canon of St. Denis. His admirers cannot bound their raptures when they speak of his melodious voice, his beautiful person, his eagle eye, so soft yet so piercing, and the physical gifts which render his presence so magnetic. We may give the Abbé Martin's "literary portrait" of his idol: "At the outset, Grivel is cold, calm, imposing, but without affectation. His word is slow, measured, clearly articulated. We notice, notwithstanding, a slight harshness, which disappears when the orator becomes ani-

mated, or rather which becomes a new charm, in giving their true expression to certain shades of sentiment which the human voice is not always capable of rendering well. graceful, simple, natural style of gesture is in harmony with this calm tone, so full of unction, which Grivel knows better than any one how to adopt at the beginning of his discourse. One would say that, reciting the sacred words, he repeats them with the respect which has penetrated him in reading them. But a man who feels and thinks as he does cannot long keep the cold, didactic tone, whatever the nobleness and purity of language which may clothe his teaching. His affluent and ornate genius is insensibly inflamed for the truth; the Gospel preacher becomes the ardent dialectician; and as the combat goes on, dissipating errors, his emotion becomes stronger, and he pours out in burning words, full of force and life, all that is aroused in his soul in these moments of religious enthusi-The hearer, fascinated by an eloquence which, without the ordinary methods of terror, is potent to captivate, subdue, and move the heart, feels as it were an electric shock, which ravishes his soul in admiration and love. If one had, then, self-possession to analyze all the action of the orator, his noble gesture, his expressive bearing, his sparkling eve, would render the force and the truth of his theme as much as his noble and poetic elocution." Grivel had the honor of preaching before Charles X., and also of pronouncing the panegyric on St. Louis before the French Academy. His popularity as a preacher was first won by his tour through the provinces. He was for some years the "Father Confessor" of regicide criminals, and accompanied Alibaud and Fieschi to the scaffold. He is not ascetic, either in his style of life or tone of discourse. His publications are limited to a small manual. He is now in his sixtieth year.

The mention of Grivel as the chaplain of Alibaud leads us to speak of the Abbé Montès, the "Prisoner's Friend" of Paris, the chaplain of the Conciergerie. He is not, as this phrase may imply to some of our readers, a bilious, tedious, cadaverous hanger-on upon the churches of that city, but a genuine apostle, who visits early and late the cells of the condemned, consoles their last hours, and seeks to bring them to repent-

ance and to trust in Christ. He has, in a high degree, the confidence of the ecclesiastical and civil authorities, and wears on his breast the star of the "Legion of Honor." He shrinks from no exposure, toil, or hardship, and will kneel by the side of the fatal axe to whisper words of comfort in the ear of the victim. Montès was chosen to this difficult duty on account of his gentle, warm, and persuasive power of appeal, which had given him influence over a class of men which no other preacher could move. In his youth he gave promise of high rank as a theologian and a scholar; but he soon gave up all other solicitude than that for the souls of the suffering and the abandoned. He is an angel of sympathy and hope in the chapel of the prison, and his white hairs only heighten the benediction of his presence.

A natural transition from sermons in prison is to "charity sermons;" and when a Frenchman hears "charity sermons" mentioned, he thinks at once of M. Bautain, who seems to have that department for a specialty. In this country Bautain is known as the author of an excellent work on extemporaneous preaching. Though he has preached a great deal, and has achieved a high reputation for the solidity of his discourses, he is not, properly speaking, a great pulpit orator. His mind and his style are philosophic. His reasoning is metaphysical, and he is so much concerned to be profound, that he is often obscure and dry. He is a great preacher rather from the substantial worth of what he has said and printed, and its redundant quantity, than for any strong impression which he makes upon congregations. As a teacher he is very eminent, and had, in the long time he was at Strasburg, a great influence upon the students of that college. His attachment to the doctrines of Cousin, of whom he was once a pupil, has interfered somewhat with his success in the Church. The dozen volumes which he has published from time to time are mostly on ethical and philosophical subjects. Bautain belongs rather to the professor's chair than to the pulpit. Yet few of the Lenten "Conferences" of Notre Dame are more famous than his discourses on "Religion and Liberty," in which he undertakes the strange and paradoxical task of proving that the Catholic Church is by constitution, ritual, morality, ideas, and history

the friend of freedom. The admissions of this series of sermons are more remarkable than its cogency. Bautain is now nearly sixty-four years old.

The "Father Taylor" of France is the Abbé Felix Coque-He was born in the year 1808, of aristocratic parentage on either side, was educated as a lawyer, and for three years divided his time between the abstruse studies of his profession and the dissipations of the capital. A sudden conversion arrested him, and the brilliant worldling all at once surprised his friends by becoming a candidate for holy orders. He was ordained priest at Rennes at the age of twenty-five. His first essays in preaching were very discouraging. mimicked, ridiculed, and pronounced a crack-brained enthusiast, and, after trial of several places, was forced to hide himself in a little village of the Sarthe province. Here his singular gifts gradually revealed themselves, and under the eccentric exterior, wise men, not less than the multitude, were not long in discovering one of the most fertile, original, and fervent of souls. In three years all the pulpits of Paris were ready to welcome the inspired youth, and the chief towns in the provinces pressed him with invitations. He visited in succession the great naval stations, Brest, Nantes, Lorient, and anywhere where he could have soldiers or sailors for his audience was ready to present himself. At the Lent season in Brest seats were engaged six hours previously to the commencement of the service, and a parting banquet was given to the preacher on board one of the ships of war. In 1840 he went to St. Helena, as chaplain of the Belle Poule frigate, to receive the remains of Napoleon, and published the next year, in an octavo volume, an account of the voyage. Through the influence of the Prince de Joinville, his friend, he was afterward decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and made Canon of St. Denis. For nine years past he has held the office of grand chaplain of the French navy, and has made several expeditions in this capacity, and taken part in a naval battle.

Coquereau's oratory, though exceedingly effective, offends sadly against the rules of the schools. He jumbles ideas together; flies from one topic to another; mixes metaphors;

sometimes envelops his thought in the most fantastic drapery of fine words, and sometimes throws it out in the most crude nakedness; startles now by his daring explanation of mysteries, and then melts the hearts of his hearers by pathetic appeals, and carries them away on the torrent of his passion. He does not disdain irony; and though the ground tone of his preaching is serious and searching, even morbidly so, its expression at times is almost comic, not to say profane. The subdued tones of his voice, the varying play of his features, and his rapid and incessant gestures, consist with his other qualities as an orator. His themes are always practical, and he preaches to the heart and conscience rather than the reason.

A notice of the actual Catholic preachers in France would not be complete without mention of the famous Ventura de Raulica, the favorite of the Imperial Chapel. Father Ventura's reputation is European, and belongs to politics and letters as well as to theology and the pulpit. He was renowned as a statesman, a patriot, a scholar, and a popular orator, before he was virtually banished from his native land, and compelled to adopt a foreign tongue. His mastery of this tongue, however, is admirable and complete, and few can discover the Italian Theatine in his graceful and finished French periods. Though tried by abundant labors, and depressed by many misfortunes and disappointments, Ventura still keeps, at the age of sixtyseven, all the freshness of youth. His literary activity is incessant. He is ready for any controversy, whether in defence of the Catholic faith or the rights of man, and every year is marked by some new work from his pen. In original power he is the only peer of Lacordaire in the French Catholic pulpit.

To this dozen of eminent preachers whom we have noticed might be added the names of Father Felix, the Jesuit preacher of Notre Dame; Dufêtre, Bishop of Neyers, an austere and rigid zealot, whose severities gained him the sobriquet of the "Black Archbishop;" Duquesnay, who was formerly Professor of Sacred Rhetoric at the Sorbonne, and has occupied in succession all the pulpits of Paris; Lavigné, the Jesuit apôtre des bagnes, whose persuasion not only converts the abandoned, but opens the purses of the charitable; the Abbé.

Lenoir, better known as an author than a preacher; the "Oratorian" Petétot, who not long ago relinquished his charge of Curate of St. Roch to become the head of his order; Souaillard, the Dominican, the pupil and friend of Lacordaire; and Dechamps, the Redemptorist, who, though Belgian by birth and residence, may be classed with the preachers of France, since he uses their language. All these names are of men of reputation and mark. Doubtless in the provinces there are other names quite worthy to be ranked with these. It is quite likely that, judged by Protestant and American standards, some of these might be rejected from the list of great preachers. They are enough, however, to show that the fame of pulpit eloquence is not fairly sequestered to the age of Massillon and Bossuet.

Before the special mention of the Protestant preachers of France, it may be well briefly to describe the relation of Protestantism to the dominant faith, and the state of parties within the Protestant communion. France is a Catholic country, and fourteen fifteenths of the people belong, at least nominally, to the Romish Church. Yet dissenting opinions are tolerated, organized, and in some cases subsidized by the government. The Protestant body is divided between the "Lutheran" and the "Reformed" Churches; the former of which numbers about a million of adherents, principally in the Rhine provinces, where a German patois is spoken; while the latter, to the number of a million and a half, prevails in the south and west of the empire. The Baptist and Methodist sects, which are so influential in England and America, are in France too insignificant to be noticed. Both the Reformed and the Lutheran Churches cover every shade of religious opinion, from the highest orthodoxy to the baldest rationalism. In the Reformed or Calvinist Church, out of more than five hundred pastors, one hundred and twenty are probably orthodox of the old stamp, one hundred liberals of the advanced party, and of the remainder, while one third inclines to orthodoxy, two thirds incline toward liberalism. In the Lutheran Church, out of more than two hundred and fifty pastors, not more than sixty can be reckoned as orthodox, and only ten of these as. extremists; while fifty, at least, at the head of whom is Leblois,

a minister in Strasburg, are no better than Deists. Of the remaining one hundred and fifty, more or less, most are by birth and education rationalists, holding the creed loosely, without positiveness of opinion. The preaching in the Lutheran Church is mostly in German, while that in the Reformed Church is exclusively in the French language.

Since the death of Adolph Monod, the ultra orthodox party in the Calvinist Church have had no distinguished leader, and certainly no great preacher. They have rallied round Grandpierre, one of the ministers of the Consistoire in Paris; but he has not, either by ability, zeal, or scholarship, a claim to their full confidence. He is narrow enough, but not strong enough, to be the leader of the party. Grandpierre has published numerous sermons and didactic volumes, but is chiefly known to Americans by a blundering record of his "four months" in this country, in which he abuses the Unitarians and glorifies Sampson Wilder. As a preacher he is correct and fluent, but tame and superficial. His best work is a manual of consolations for the use of the afflicted. His most popular work is a treatise on the "Christian Life." He is, or was until recently, the editor of "L'Esperance," a religious journal, the organ of practical orthodox theology.

In the party of moderate orthodoxy there are three names of eminence, - Bungener, Pressensé, and Frederic Monod. first of these, Felix Bungener, is entitled to rank with the most distinguished of controversial preachers, as well as the most learned of historical scholars. He is indefatigable both with tongue and pen. Though he belongs by descent and by residence to Switzerland, he is virtually a French preacher, and his published volumes of sermons were delivered in the churches of France. His most elaborate work is his History of the Council of Trent, which has passed through two editions. It is a fair resumé of the conflicting views of Pallavicini and Sarpi, and is as impartial as any work could be from so good a hater of the Romish faith. Another remarkable work of Bungener is that on "Julian, or the End of an Age," in four volumes; and hardly less affluent in scholarship is the work on "Voltaire and his Time," which has passed through two editions. His study on Ambrose, in a work which he published last year jointly with Count Gasparin and M. Pressensé, will compare worthily with the similiar studies of Villemain and Count Albert de Broglie. His latest work is a thick manual of evangelical controversy, entitled "Rome and the Bible," in which all the texts, from Matthew to the Apocalypse, that have been used in the discussion concerning the Roman Church, are collated and severally explained. It is a very valuable book and very ingenious, and deserves a more fit notice than we here can give it. Bungener's style is clear, strong, and graceful.

Edmond de Pressensé, still a young man, has been for many years the pastor of the Dissenting Evangelical Church in the Rue Taitbout, in Paris, and has been regarded as one of the pulpit celebrities of that city. The cause of the schism, which was analogous to that in the Presbyterian Church in Scotland. was the supposed tendency to rationalism in the established church. The orthodoxy of the leading pastors of the Consistoire, which owns in Paris and the suburbs some seven or eight chapels, was questioned, and the conscience of a few ministers would not allow them to remain any longer in fellowship with a church which tolerated heresy. The ten years which have passed since the schism was completed have exhausted its force. Losing the aid of the state, it has not flourished, and now it seems ready to be absorbed into the church which it left. Pressense, though naturally an ardent spirit, and easily blinded by prejudice, is yet too good a scholar to be a bigot. His early associations were with the liberal party, and he tries in the French Church to occupy the position of Neander in the German Church, whose "Practical Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians" he has trans-As editor of the Revue Chrétienne, a monthly journal, Pressensé has great influence with the moderate orthodox party, and is virtually their leader. He has printed numerous pamphlets, and two volumes of sermons, one on the application of Christianity to social questions, and another on the "Christian Family." His most recent effort is the History of Christianity in the First Three Centuries, a work of great merits and great faults, which, when completed, we shall hope to submit to an extended criticism.

Frederic Monod, also a seceder from the established Reformed Church, has for some years past relinquished pastoral duties. He is the elder brother of the late Adolph Monod, and for a long time shared with him the fame of winning and persuasive eloquence. The journal which he edited, Les Archives du Christianisme, was prized for its mild and Christian spirit, rather than for its learning or original power. His published sermons are too few and slight to sustain his reputation as a preacher. This family of Monod resembles in one respect the family of Beechers. The sons are all ministers, and the father, John Monod, was for a long series of years at the head of the Calvinistic Church in France.

The liberal party within the Reformed Church, which corresponds to old-school American Unitarianism, is headed by Athanase Coquerel, the only rival to Lacordaire among the Protestants. We have too often had occasion to speak of Coquerel to dwell here upon his splendid powers as a preacher, a writer, and an ecclesiastical organizer. The sixty-four years of incessant toil which he has lived through have not in the least diminished his capacity to labor, or dulled his enthusiasm. In this very year he is occupied with the rearrangement of the constitution of the Reformed Church, preaches almost every Sunday, and prints as fast as he preaches. Probably no living writer, not even the fecund Cumming, has printed so many sermons. His house is the centre and focus of French liberalism, and is besieged by visitors. Crowds wait upon his discourses, and follow him from chapel to chapel. Of all the French preachers that we have heard, he possesses in the highest degree the art to conceal his art; and his elaborately prepared homily is so carefully studied and committed to memory, that it has all the effect of an extemporaneous per-His use of "occasions" is especially striking. Whatever the topic or the emergency, he is equal to it, and he never disappoints expectation. To have heard Coquerel in the administration of the Lord's Supper is a memorable event in any man's life. His half-English education, and his perfect mastery of the English tongue, have familiarized him with the models of English preaching; and the influence of these models is evident in the structure of his discourses, which.

unlike most French discourses, suffer little by translation. Yet Coquerel's style is thoroughly French, as idiomatic as the style of Pascal or Voltaire.

In addition to his eight volumes of sermons, Coquerel has published many works of an historical, biographical, polemic, and practical character: an answer to Strauss, which was noticed and translated in Germany for its signal ability; two volumes of a Christology, which entirely overthrows the sacrificial theory of the person and work of Christ; and, within the present year, a beautiful book of meditations for private and domestic use, on the plan of the Erbauungs-bücher of the German preachers. He is editor-in-chief of the Lien, a weekly newspaper of small size, which advocates liberal principles, without directly attacking the creeds. Like John Monod, Coquerel seems likely to become the founder of an ecclesiastical family. Two of his sons, Athanase and Stephen, are associated with him as preachers of the Consistoire, and are already known as authors. The elder, though but little more than thirty years old, has published two volumes of sermons and several works of historical and artistic criticism, and has gained a high rank as a pulpit orator. His course of sermons on the Beatitudes invests those somewhat worn topics with a new freshness and beauty. The sons share the principles of the father, and have no inclination to the orthodox reaction which has manifested itself within a few years. Coquerel family, more than any other, give the tone and direction to the National Protestant Church of France.

If Athanase Coquerel may be regarded as the leader of the moderate Liberals—the old-school Unitarians—within the French Protestant Church, Timothy Colani is as certainly the leader of the progressive Liberals,—the new-school Unitarians. With no official position, and suspected by the ecclesiastical authorities, he is able, as the editor of the Nouvelle Revue de Théologie, to sway the opinions of the younger clergy by the force of his free, earnest, and powerful mind. His heresies have twice excluded him from the chair of philosophy in the College of Strasburg, and he holds only the place of teacher in some young ladies' boarding-schools, preaching by favor once a month, in French, in the German Lutheran

Church at Strasburg. Colani's father — the minister of a Reformed church in the village of Lemé (Department of the Aisne), in the north of France, and very active in his vocation - was a native of the Swiss Grisons in the Engadine, where his cousin, John Marchiet Colani, has long been famous as the most daring chamois-hunter of this century. His wife, the mother of Timothy, was the daughter of a Huguenot minister, and, born in a time of persecution, was carried to the cathedral immediately after her birth, to be baptized as a Catholic. In 1830, at the age of six years, the son was sent to Switzerland to be educated, subsequently spent four years in Germany in philological studies, and came to Strasburg in 1840 to study theology. The influence of the celebrated Professor Reuss, at that time teacher in Strasburg, soon weaned the young student from his pietistic associations, and changed his whole system of belief. In 1845 he finished his college course, and in 1847 received the prize of \$600 (3,000 francs) for a review of Strauss's Life of Jesus, offered by the Faculty of Theology. In this period of his studies Colani had become intimately acquainted with Edmond Scherer, a young scholar residing, with his English wife, at Strasburg. In 1845 Scherer was called away to teach in an orthodox school at Geneva; but he had been there but a little time before his views of inspiration and Biblical interpretation underwent serious change. and in 1850 he was compelled by conscience to resign his charge, giving his reasons therefor in a pamphlet entitled La Critique et la Foi, which caused a lively sensation in all the French churches. The religious public were unprepared for such views from one so rooted and grounded in the orthodox faith. Taking advantage of this sensation, Colani issued, in July of that year, the first number of the Revue de Théologie, with the motto, "Veritati cedendo vincere opinionem." The editors of the Revue were Colani, Scherer, Reuss, and Réville, a French minister in Rotterdam, the first two caring chiefly for the polemic and critical articles. All sorts and varieties of theological subjects were discussed; there was no plan, and each writer followed his own inspiration. continuing for more than seven years, the title and the motto were slightly changed, and it now appears monthly as the Nowvelle Revue de Théologie, with the device, "Fides quærens intellectum." It has relinquished, in great measure, its polemic character, and now professes to be only an organ for free religious thought and for scientific theology. Its signal ability all acknowledge. On this Review, and on the volume of sermons which he has published,—the most striking, on the whole, of any volume that has come under our notice,—rests Colani's claim to distinction. The volume has already passed through two editions in French, has been translated into German and Dutch, and an English translation is in press. In it the most striking and original thoughts are expressed in a style of singular purity. Not one page is tame or commonplace.

A few words on the *Jewish* Church in France may be added, since it numbers in the Empire not less than one hundred thousand. The Jewish clergy are salaried by the state, and their religion is on the same footing before the law as that of the Protestants. Their affairs are managed by a "Consistoire Centrale," which has its seat in Paris, and is composed of nine persons, three Rabbins and six lay members. The chief of these Rabbins has the title of "Grand Rabbin de France." The present incumbent of this office is Dr. Ullmann, a gentleman of great learning and influence.

Subordinate to this "Consistoire Centrale," there are five provincial "Consistoires," the seats of which are at Bourdeaux, Marseilles, Strasburg, Metz, and Paris. The organization of these bodies is the same as that of the superior body, with the exception that the junior Rabbins in the central body hold no other office, while the Rabbins in the provincial Consistoires are each at the head of a congregation, and take their seats in the assembly according to seniority.

Of the 100,000 Jews in France, 15,000 reside in Paris. The remainder are found principally in the east and south. In Alsatia they are a numerous and influential class. There are very few in the west,—probably not one organized congregation in all the province of Brittany and La Vendée. The congregations of Colmar, Verdun, Lyons, Nancy, and Strasburg are presided over by Rabbins of high reputation. Lambert, Rabbi of Metz, has written a popular history of the

Jews. In that city there is a Jewish college, subsidized by the state.\*

The principal Jewish congregations in the south of France are at Avignon and Bordeaux. The historian Salvador and the statesman Cremieux are natives of the former city; Furtado, Fonseca, and Pereira, the inventor of the system for teaching deaf mutes, were natives of the latter. In Paris there are two synagogues, the larger of which follows the German, the smaller the Portuguese ritual. The charitable associations, of which there are several, have also their places of stated prayer-meetings. The most eminent preachers among the Rabbins are Ullmann, Isidor, Vogue, Charleville, and Marx. A remarkable sermon on "Toleration," by Rabbi Isaac Levy, of Verdun, has recently come under our notice. The doctrine which it lays down harmonizes rather with the doctrine of Colani than of orthodox Judaism.

The Jews of France have three periodicals, the Archives Israélite, the Univers Israélite, and the Lien d'Israel, representing severally different parties and shades of opinion. Their most eminent scholar is Munk, one of the curators of the Imperial Library. Cahen and Vogue have translated the Bible. The future of Judaism in France is highly encouraging, and powerful influences in the Cabinet sustain the Israelite connection.

If these sketches of preachers and churches in France seem too long for the patience of readers, they are far too short and slight for the theme. Want of space has not allowed us to fortify our judgment of individual preachers by extracts from their sermons. We must not omit, in closing, to mention the most hopeful of all religious signs in France, the strong sympathy within the Catholic Church for liberal opinions in theology. A Unitarian movement within that Church is not altogether a new thing. It was tried as long ago as 1831, when the Abbé Ferdinand Chatel, in connection with the Abbé Louis Napoleon Auzou, undertook to establish a new Catholic body on the basis of "the natural law," rejecting fasting and abstinence, adopting the French language in prayer instead of the

<sup>\*</sup> The College of Metz has, by a very recent imperial decree, been removed to Paris.

Latin, and asserting the humanity, as opposed to the Deity, of This movement, after more than ten years of existence, was put down as schismatic and disorderly. recanted, and Chatel, after long controversies with the ecclesiastical authorities, was silenced by imprisonment. The doctrines which he proclaimed, however, took root in various parts of the land, and are to-day substantially maintained by the leading writers of the Revue des Deux Mondes, in our judgment the ablest review in existence. Ernest Renan. Edward Laboulaye, Charles de Rémusat, and Lucien Prevost Paradol, - four of the most accomplished scholars and most profound thinkers in Europe, - appear steadily as the defenders of that style of thought and study which is associated in England with the name of Martineau, and in America with the name of Channing. Scholarship and philosophy in France are coming more and more to the support of liberal Christianity.

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## ART. VI. - DR. FURNESS'S WORD TO UNITARIANS.

A Word to Unitarians. A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Sunday, September 4, 1859. Philadelphia.

To few among the living preachers of our land is liberal theology more indebted than to Dr. Furness, its indefatigable advocate in Philadelphia, and for more than a third of a century its sole official representative in that city. His presentation of Christ, analytically first and then synthetically, in the "Remarks on the Four Gospels" and in the "Life of Jesus," embodies some of the finest thought, and offers some of the most weighty suggestions, in American Unitarian literature. The development, especially in the first-named work, of the latent internal evidence for the verisimilitude of the Gospel story, we have always esteemed a masterpiece of criticism, unsurpassed in the moral force of its argument.

No one, on the whole, is better entitled, by service and position, to address a word of admonition to Unitarians, than Dr.

Furness. Such a word he pronounced at the late reopening of his chapel after the usual summer recess, and has now delivered to a wider congregation through the press. Not all of the body addressed in this discourse will sympathize with the author's alarms, or symbolize with the author's views; but all, we are sure, whom the pamphlet may reach, will listen with respect to counsels dictated by so fine a spirit, and read with interest words so glowing with lofty sentiment and earnest faith. Those who are least with him in the scope of his thought will see more to admire than to criticise in these pages. For ourselves, we heartly concur with the general principles here laid down, while questioning some of their applications.

Dr. Furness argues ably and justly against an over-estimate of the value and importance of forms and rites, as compared with the virtues of the Christian life. Every Unitarian will assent to that plea; and, indeed, all Christians will agree with him here, in theory at least, however their practice may belie their profession. But when he intimates that the tendency of the Unitarian body is toward this error, and that this is the danger which especially threatens this communion at present, we doubt if the general experience will confirm that sugges-For ourselves, we had supposed that the tendency lay in the other direction, and that forms in this communion were in danger of being unduly neglected, supposing them to have any value. Individuals, we are aware, have expressed their preference for the use of a liturgy or common prayer in the worship of the Church, and their wish that the churches might unite in something of this sort. But the question here is not concerning increase of forms, but concerning the kind of form. The question is, whether devotional offerings in which the congregation shall vocally participate might not be more edifying than the present use, which broadly and frigidly divides congregations into two distinct parties, affronting with dumb pews a vocal pulpit; and whether, also, a community of ritual offices might not serve as a bond of fellowship in a body whose former bond of theological sympathy is fast losing its consistency, and whose dissolution is threatened by the desiccation of the cement which originally bound it. Nor can we assent

to Dr. Furness's position, that "when creeds and rites are made much of, and regarded as indispensable things, the inevitable consequence is that justice and humanity and personal purity soon come to be undervalued and neglected." We believe, on the contrary, that the ages of moral decadence are coincident with those of decaying rites, and that spiritual life and ritual interest have flourished or languished together. Christ, it is true, enjoined no ritual, unless the Lord's Prayer and the Supper be regarded as such. And none was needed while the presence of the Bridegroom flooded the Church, and dissolved his own in spontaneous devotion. The Church's ritual, rightly conceived, is a cry for the absent Bridegroom, and an effort - happy or awkward, as the case may be - to represent him in ecclesiastical communion, as obedience to his precepts represents him in the life. Accordingly, we find the disciples of Jesus, under the guidance of the promised Spirit, in the very first days of the Church, uniting in liturgical worship; \* and probably there never was an age or a Church in which formal worship was more sedulously maintained than it was in the age and Church of the Apostles. What is really offensive in formalism, and what we really condemn by that name, is not the presence of forms, but the absence of the spirit which should animate them; and that is not a necessary result of the form, but an incidental accompaniment. The attempt to institute rites for æsthetic effect. which are not the product of the spirit, but deliberate manufactures of the understanding, - mere literary fabrics, - is justly condemned by the author of this Discourse as a vain attempt and a great mistake. But is it fair to presume this origin in every resort to liturgical uses by a hitherto unliturgical Church? Is not the fair presumption rather that in movements looking in this direction it is just the reviving spirit of worship, and a genuine thirst for church life, that craves this expression and strives to realize it?

Dr. Furness thinks he detects in the Unitarian body a disposition to resort to creeds, and "to those external symbols and observances which the Apostle Paul calls 'weak and beggarly elements.' . . . . . That this is the case in our denomination is beginning to be made manifest by most significant tokens. Leading and gifted men among us are publicly declaring, in so many words, that it is high time that a line should be drawn; that a ground should be taken beyond which when any man goes he is to be stigmatized as an infidel, having no claim to Christian communion and fellowship." We hardly know to what this charge refers, and we very much question if any such desire as is here imputed is seriously entertained by Liberal Christians, or any who claim that title. With regard to the imposition of creeds, we have no belief in the practicability of such a measure, were it deemed desirable. which we think it is not by those who may be regarded as the "leading and gifted men" of the liberal faith. It is felt, we know, on the part of some, and the feeling has been expressed, that an ecclesiastical body, pretending to stand and act as such, - aiming, that is, at corporate action and organic life, should have some understanding with itself as to first principles and the meaning of terms; an agreement such as shall preclude complication with every vagary, moral or theological, with every profession, Christian or extra-Christian, that may please to assume its name. One would say that such an understanding is a primary condition of corporate existence and organic action, - that that which actually excludes nothing as actually includes nothing, and has no existence, - is a mere chimera, not a thing. What is wholly undefined is not, except as a meaningless name. But such an understanding — a simple definition of a name — is something very different from a creed in the sense which usually attaches to that word; and equally different is it from taking a ground "beyond which when any man goes he is to be stigmatized as an infidel, having no claim to Christian communion and fellowship." If any one thinks we have stated the case too strongly, and that individuals calling themselves Unitarians may act together in that name without defining it, we still ask, Is it reasonable, is it likely in the nature of things, that those who differ in principle and faith more widely from each other than many of them differ from other ecclesiastical bodies, should continue to associate on such terms? To what purpose associate, and

with what effect, when views and aims are mutually and diametrically opposed? Whether such a definition as we have supposed is practicable, and whether, with the crude indocilities and stiff antagonisms which assume that name, an efficient organization of "Liberal Christians" is practicable, is a question we shall not attempt to discuss. We merely indicate the conditions under which alone, in our judgment, corporate existence and co-action are possible.

Dr. Furness appeals, in confirmation of his suspicion, to the action of the graduates of the Cambridge Divinity School, at a recent meeting, in refusing to entertain a resolution of sympathy for Mr. Theodore Parker; which action he strongly condemns. We think he misinterprets the bearing of that case, and we differ from him in our judgment concerning it. The association of Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School is an association of Christian ministers. Those who, having passed through the School, have not entered or have not remained in that ministry, are not usually considered, and do not consider themselves, as members of that fraternity. Mr. Parker, if we understand him, does not profess to be a Christian minister, but expressly and formally disclaims that position. We say this not in the way of reproach, but of definition.\* He may be something better, - he certainly is a more efficient agent, in his way, than most Christian ministers, but that precise character he does not bear nor profess to bear. Now, Christianity is certainly not the only tie between man and man. One may take a position outside of Christianity without necessarily forfeiting his claim to our good-will or his title to our respect. There is a point of view from which even Christianity, large as it is, must be regarded as a partiality. But this is not the point of view which an association of Christian ministers, acting as such, in their corporate capacity, are supposed to base their action upon. The question is not, as

<sup>\*</sup> Nothing can be further from our intent than — now especially in his absence and illness — to speak otherwise than kindly of one whom we cherish as a friend and honor as a man; but we understand Mr. Parker as decidedly rejecting the authority of Christ when defining his ground in the sermon preached to his congregation, Nov. 14, 1852, (see Parker's Additional Speeches, Vol. II. p. 312,) consequently as disclaiming the position of a *Christian* minister.

Dr. Furness intimates, a question of theological differences, as between theologians, but a question of fitness as to time and place. He overlooks a distinction which seems to us quite obvious. What individuals composing that fraternity might do and should do, acting as individuals, or acting as citizens, or as scholars, or as theologians even, is one thing; what they should do as a body of Christian ministers gathered for a specific purpose, is a very different thing. We may imagine meetings in which such a resolution would be perfectly in place, and where those who refused to entertain it on this occasion, we venture to say, would vote for it gladly; a meeting, for example, of some literary fraternity, or a meeting of the citizens of Boston, or a meeting even of the clergy of Boston, where the ministers would be understood to meet, not in their denominational, but functional capacity, and where Jewish as well as Christian preachers might be present. But if, on the other hand, the resolution were offered at a meeting of the Suffolk Bar, it would surely be deemed out of place, and no discourtesy toward its object would be implied in refusing to entertain it. Or if it were offered at a meeting of Baptist or Methodist ministers by some eccentric individual intruding himself into that body, we should not expect to see it adopted, or even entertained. Why, then, at a meeting of Unitarians? Because Unitarians profess no creed? But they do profess to be Christians.

But if it be claimed that Mr. Parker, as a graduate of the Cambridge Divinity School, is strictly a member of the association in question, we still maintain that the resolution, even in that view, was out of place. The association had never, in one instance before, entertained a resolution of the kind, although cases as urgent as that of Mr. Parker, supposing him to be one of the fraternity, were always before them at their annual meetings; not, we suppose, from want of sympathy with brethren who were suffering, but because the meeting has other objects, and but little time for its proper work, and because, moreover, the sympathy in such cases is to be presumed without a formal resolution to that effect. The formality means nothing, if impartially administered; if partial, it means too much. Such being the case, a resolution of sym-

pathy for Mr. Parker would have seemed to express an exceptional regard for that gentleman, and thus have misrepresented the fraternity, falsifying all its past. Other names might, as Dr. Furness suggests, to avoid singularity, have been coupled with Mr. Parker's in this resolution. But the aim of the mover, which was, as we suppose, to signalize the individual, would appear in spite of the amendment, the shift of which would have been transparent. Nor would such an amendment have covered the past. An association, it is true, and especially one of liberal Christians, should not be tied to foregone uses; but equally true is it, that such an association, in establishing a precedent, should have due regard to the fitness and claims, considered in relation to their own antecedents and objects, of the case selected for the new example. We believe the feeling entertained for Mr. Parker by the great majority of the liberal clergy of this country is one not only of perfect tolerance, but of pure good-will, unmixed with any root of bit-In the phrase of Paul, he is not "straitened" in them, however straitened in his own affections. views are different, their methods are different, their ground Neither party wishes to be confounded with the other.

Dr. Furness concludes with a glowing confession of "faith in the advent of the true Church; that Church which, turning away from the dry and mouldering symbols of the past, making no effort to galvanize creeds and sacraments, shall draw its life from the fresh springs of the human soul; that Church whose ceremonial shall be the acts and labors and sacrifices of earnest and living men, relinquishing property, popularity, and life itself, when the need is, for freedom and for humanity; that Church whose High Mass is a cup of cold water given to the panting fugitive at the risk of fine and imprisonment, and whose hymns and prayers and liturgies are the daily offices of human love faithfully discharged. . . . . Spiritual worship is the worship of life. The hand that is extended to do whatsoever of duty it finds to be done, that hand is the true religious symbol of faith and prayer. In the true living, invisible Church, every man of every religious name and of no religious name who by working righteousness manifests the love

of God in his heart, is an accepted worshipper in full communion with the saints on earth and in heaven. The visible temple of the spiritual Church is this holy and beautiful fabric of universal nature, with its blue unpillared dome over our heads, decorated all round with the tokens of infinite love, and resounding forever with the harmonies of a consummate and unbroken order."

If spirits like that which these sentences express, and which the life of the writer so nobly illustrates, should ever so far prevail as to shape the politics of any state, the "true Church" of Dr. Furness's vision would no longer be a dream of pure minds and loving hearts, but a present reality and a Church triumphant. Meanwhile this visible earthly Church with all its imperfections — the ministrant Church with its symbols and its sacraments, the militant Church with its failings and its feuds - must be the "schoolmaster" to bring us thither. this agency alone can the vision be realized. Nay, the vision itself is the product of this Church. It is the iris which blossoms at the point of incidence where the eternal sun-grace kisses the ever-breathing, ever-ascending aspirations of Christ's people. The seers and the prophets who divine most clearly the City of God, and plead most prevailingly the cause of mankind, are but what the Church has trained them to be, and prophesy but what she has taught them to see. Their highest inspiration has been caught from her lore, - they have sat at her feet and been nursed at her breast. There is not a word in their mouth but she knows it altogether. Dr. Furness would not be standing where he does, and uttering these fine sayings about the Church that is to be, had he not been so educated by the Church that is.

We will trust this visible Church so long as it produces such spirits and such lives, and such discourses too, though their posture seem averse and their look askance. And we will trust that this Church which reformers chide—and which is not the petrifaction their impatience deems it, but a pulsing organism, solid and yet moving, a fabric, yet a march, with "lively stones" and a lubricating Word—will yet overtake the foremost van of reform, and reclaim her dissentient children, and engage their zeal in a common cause, as the Church of the twelfth

century, when seemingly ready to burst with dissent, by wise accommodation retained and subsidized the wildest radicalisms of that prurient time. Where the spirit of the Lord is, there alone is true liberty; and the spirit of the Lord is once and forever pledged to his Church, and can never more be divorced therefrom. In vain would reformers reform by seceding. The branch that would bear fruit must abide in the Vine. Otherwise it "is cast forth as a branch, and is withered." Whatever tends to perfect the Church—even this visible Church—in its uses and ministrations, contributes so far to reform the world.

ART. VII. - REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1, 76, ... THEOLOGY.

WE are comforted, as critics, in the lack of works of larger pretension, by the very striking symptom of a diffused activity of mind in the pamphlets and discourses which embody so much of the best religious thinking of the day. The remarkable Address of Dr. Bellows, which we have already noticed, along with a good deal of ignorant and absurd comment, has called forth also a response, very loud and deep, from minds that have been moved by the questions it discusses, and either heartily accept or as strongly dissent from its suggestions. It is not hard to understand, on the one hand, the strong, manly protest of reason and common sense against the crudities of a popular theology and the errors of a shallow revival, such as we find in the discourses of Gerrit Smith.\* — a name honorably identified with so much that is noble in philanthropy, independent in politics, downright practical and sincere in matters pertaining to religious faith. On the other hand, there is a mood of mind less often analyzed, not so well understood or done justice to in the current criticism of liberal religionists, which it is equally important to know, if one would sound the deeper needs of our religious public, or apprehend at once the wants and the future of Protestant Christianity. Especially the question so often raised, and so variously discussed, respecting the prestige, power, need, and organization of the Church, -the "Church question," in the phase it has assumed with so many prominent and rarelygifted minds, - it may aid us somewhat to apprehend if we give a

<sup>\*</sup> Three Discourses on the Religion of Reason. By GERRIT SMITH. New York: Ross and Toucey.

little heed to the nearly related phenomenon of the secret longing, or need, or charm, which draws certain characters towards that embodiment of the central life of Christendom, "the Church."

For example, it will often be the case, not only with the speculative man, but also with the intelligent man of affairs who keeps pace with the general movements of human thought, that he looks back with a certain longing and half regret to the composed and quiet faith which he may have shared in his earlier days, and which is the portion now of multitudes happy in a belief which is no belief with him. What is said of the late Mr. Choate — that there were points of his early creed which he chose never to examine, because he shrunk from the pain of probing and dissecting, and perhaps changing them - speaks to the mood of many who have tried that process and found only weariness for the result. It is not without pain, too, that one sees the current of the world's life sweep by, — that life in which his own portion as a thinking and acting man is cast, — and feels it to be in some sense alien from the life of God, as shared by so many pious souls. In his lonely and still hours, he thinks with a sort of envy of those who have lived loyally and died peacefully in obedience to a creed which his intellect persists in regarding as outgrown, or swayed by motives which his common sense feels to be unsubstantial. The warm glow of pious emotion, like that of the mellowing year, clings to and makes beautiful the scenes where the heart lingers. The tendrils of the living vine are not detached without harsh compulsion, though it were from the rotting trunk and the ruined wall that would drag it on the ground in their own decay. And there are times when the man of critical and adventurous intellect would gladly surrender the joy of elevated thought, or the practical man the dazzling success of life, for an hour of the quiet and sure faith he associates with his memories of the Church, or his ideal of what the divine life of it might be.

Now, if we attempt to analyze the method and tone with which such a mood of mind as we have described is appealed to by the Church of Rome, — which in power, prestige, and executive skill so immeasurably distances every rival, — we shall find it to be something like the following. Without appealing directly to the reason, it suggests subtile trains of thought, whose clew leads to its seat of power. Without much enlightening or instructing the conscience, it takes advantage of the tremendous energy of the hurt moral sensibility. Without regulating or constraining much the tides of passion in the ordinary course of life, it meets them in the confessional with marvellous skill, in all their tortuous detail, by its external tasks of penance and its soulsubduing hints of absolution. It does not much to develop the energy, to heal the misery, or prevent the vice of a people, or to abate any social wrong of which the world is weary, — at least, infinitely little compared with the enormous resources of power at its command; but it offers the refuge of the convent and the imposing service of the cathedral, and teaches men to merge their sense of sin and sorrow in the impassioned exercise of faith. It opens no new avenue of earthly hope to the humble, the suffering, and the poor; but it drowns the sense

of all calamity in a hope that belongs to another world. To the remonstrance of reason or the protest of an enlightened conscience it hardly deigns an answer; but it substitutes a new order of thought, a different array of hopes and motives, and rests its claim and its power on a foundation that escapes the analysis of the thinker or the sturdier sense of the man of the world; and when they least expect it, they may find themselves helplessly surrendered to the all-powerful magnetism of its charm.

The state of mind so skilfully met by the Church of Rome exists very widely at the present day. In all Protestant lands the want is felt of some form or other of ecclesiasticism, and a current is setting in that direction. The discourse of Dr. Bellows already referred to has its value as one of the most striking and vigorous expressions, among the liberal party in theology, of that tendency. Naturally, its drift and tone were misapprehended by some who did not readily adjust themselves to the speaker's point of view, or did not enough appreciate his position, as addressing a congregation of thinkers and scholars, from the high vantage-ground of independent and philosophic criticism. And we think, too, that the very earnestness and directness of purpose in his essay betrayed him into some partial judgments of men and things, foreign from his own nature, and lending too ready a handle to those who opposed the main current of the address. We are glad. therefore, that he has followed it by another,\* in which, in timely, plain, and eloquent words, he reaffirms his faith as a liberal Christian thinker, disclaims any thought or wish to reimpose the yoke of church authority never so lightly, and avows himself most broadly and positively as sharing the life of the present and the future, rather than the past. Of great value and beauty, in our apprehension, are his criticisms of some points of American life, and his statement of the spiritual good to flow from the uniting of the continents, the mingling life of Europe and America, and the influences of past ages of culture and This is clad sometimes in images and illustrations which may be deemed over-fanciful, and which only the general dignity and force of rhetoric in the discourse rescues from the charge of extravagance even to grotesqueness in one or two instances. But as the clear, bold vindication of a personal conviction and position, — as a weighty, earnest, and powerful address to an audience "representing, 1. The Independent Congregation and Church over which I am set as minister; 2. The Unitarian Denomination; 3. The Protestant World; 4. The Nineteenth Century and this New Country," - it is a discourse of rare and peculiar value. We are sincerely glad of the discussion its author has provoked, into which it now enters as a fresh and vigorous element. And we anticipate, from this moving of the waters, a deepening, enriching, and purifying influence on the current of our popular religious life. Even the phrase "Broad Church" - which we do not remember Dr. Bellows using once, though it is the legend his work is cur-

<sup>\*</sup>A Sequel to "The Suspense of Faith." By HENRY W. Bellows, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

rently known by — we could be almost contented to accept, if it should signify the sweeping away of those hundred barriers of sect and creed and form, by the rising of the great tide-wave, obedient to the movement of the celestial spheres.

THE Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society in this city, making provision for Sunday morning services during the absence of their minister, certainly indulge in the spice of preaching, if variety is that ingredient. The acceptance of their multifarious invitations has already brought before them several representative men, and, we believe, representative women also. Popular lecturers have read. The left and right wings of several sects, and all the modifications of belief between, have furnished sermonizers; and the intimation is that the "liberty of prophesying" in Music Hall is to be still further enlarged. This is "proving all things;" but whether to the finding of any other "good" than that now cherished to "hold fast," doth not yet appear. One consequence of this diffusion of tongues brought the right man into the right place, to do the right deed, in a manly and Christian fashion. Highly esteeming and sympathizing in many respects with the Rev. Theodore Parker, Mr. Clarke wrote and then preached "in his individual capacity" a Discourse,\* dissecting the theology of his friend, in that friend's "own pulpit, to his own people, and with their full consent." The occasion and the speaker raised the expectation of a marked performance, which was not disappointed. The production has a rich flavor of idiosyncrasy; and, for that reason, will interest everybody, and be wholly acceptable to nobody. The tone is frank and goodtempered; the style lucid, vigorous, and condensed. But for the serious doubt whether the apotheosizing of mere intellectual greatness is not morally perilous, the preacher's iconoclastic zeal in regard to the eminent statesman and lawyer who have recently been eulogized and denounced above and below the truth might be deemed irrelevant. ever this may be, when Mr. Clarke passes from the "man to the theologian," from the region of hatred and love into that of pure, cold thought, he knows neither friend nor enemy. Thoroughly acquainted with the theology he examines, and holding his own theology as one who has carefully thought it out, he is pointed and decided in his agreements and disagreements with Mr. Parker, outlining his criticism with clean and bold strokes. His sentences are warm with the sincerity of conviction, and his arguments are evidently the honest arguments that give cherished satisfaction to his own soul. Loyalty to what he holds to be the truth keeps him from all compromises. Sixteen open pages of small pica do not afford room, as an hour's speech did not afford time, for an extended and complete discussion. Therefore the discourse is but a sketch, — a forcible and suggestive sketch. Salient points are stated which might be amplified to advantage; and in the maintenance of Christianity as a finality in religion, and a revelation

<sup>\*</sup> Theodore Parker and his Theology: a Discourse delivered in the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, September 25, 1859. By James Freeman Clarke. Second Edition. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1859.

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with supporting and illustrative miracles, and in the enunciation of a philosophy more comprehensive and truer to human experience than that which belongs to the theology under review, much more might have been written and said, without exhausting the subject. But the sermon is a contribution of thought which breeds thought; and the integrity of the criticism will command respect.

South Biblical CRITICISM.

The first edition of Winer's Grammar of the New Testament Diction \* was published nearly forty years ago. The learned author has been continually laboring for its improvement up to the year 1855, when the sixth and last edition appeared. While engaged in the preparation of this edition an affection of the eyes brought the author to the verge of blindness; and as his decease has since occurred, no further improvements can be expected from his hand.

We do but echo the voice of the whole theological world when we give our testimony in favor of the unrivalled excellence of this Grammar, and its vast practical usefulness in the critical study of the meaning of the New Testament. Since the appearance of the first comparatively small work, up to that of the sixth enlarged and improved edition, it has been deservedly regarded by the learned of every name as without an equal or a rival. A former edition of the work was translated in this country in a very imperfect manner, and contained numerous important mistakes in regard to the meaning of the original. This sixth edition appears to us to have fallen into the hands of a competent translator, so far as knowledge of the German is concerned. Many portions of it which we have examined are so well translated, that there would seem to be no want of ability to make the English a correct representation of the German. But there does appear in some passages a want of accuracy, and evident marks of haste and carelessness occur not infrequently. We trust that a future revision of so important a work will cause these blemishes to disappear. A grammatical manual surely ought to be wholly free from inaccuracies of every kind.

But in regard to two portions of the work we have a more serious charge to prefer,—a charge implying qualities in the translator which we do not like to name. The charge is, that in one page—namely, p. 118, § 19 of the Translation—Mr. Masson has omitted two brief, but important statements, and one important note, containing nineteen lines, without giving any notice in his Preface or notes of any such expurgation. In another page—namely, p. 170 of the Translation—an important paragraph relating to the same general subject is quietly expelled by Mr. Masson, and evidently for the same reason. The

<sup>\*</sup> A Grammar of the New Testament Diction, intended as an Introduction to the Critical Study of the Greek New Testament. By Dr. George B. Winer. Translated from the Sixth enlarged and improved Edition of the original. By Edward Masson, M. A. In two vols. Vol. I. Philadelphia: Smith, English, & Co. 1859.

reason is, that in the omitted passages the distinguished German grammarian has laid down principles, or expressed opinions, favorable to the doctrine of Unitarians, and adverse to that of Trinitarians, in relation to the Deity of Jesus Christ.

The passages under consideration in one of the above-mentioned pages relate to the usage of the Greek article in certain passages of the New Testament relating to the nature and dignity of Jesus Christ. It is well known that Granville Sharpe, Esq., Bishop Middleton, and some others, supposed that they had found a new argument for the Trinity in the omission of the Greek article in certain passages of the New Testament in which Christ is mentioned, and to which they give a different translation from that of the Common Version. Thus in Titus ii. 13, which in the Common Version reads "of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," Middleton maintains that, in consequence of the omission of the article τοῦ before σωτήρος, the rendering should be "of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ." The same doctrine he applies to some other passages, as Eph. v. 5; 2 Pet. i. 1; Jude 4. The doctrine of Middleton was, that "when two or more attributives, joined by a copulative, are assumed of the same person or thing, before the first attributive the article is inserted, before the remaining ones it is omitted."

Now Dr. Winer has abundantly proved, that, both in classical and New Testament Greek, the article is omitted before such attributives when they relate to a different person or thing from that which has the article, as well as when they relate to the same person or thing; that the omission of the article in such cases is perfectly accounted for, according to the well-known usage of the Greek language, when the latter appellative is made definite in some other way, as by a pronoun connected with it, or by its being so commonly applied to a person as to partake of the nature of a proper name, or by its being followed by a proper name, &c. The same thing has been demonstrated by the late Professor Stuart\* in a learned essay on the Greek article, and more recently by Alford in his note on Titus ii. 13.

Now, though Mr. Masson has not wholly concealed the opinion of Winer on this subject from a careful reader, yet it so happens that on one page in which it is discussed three important passages are expunged, and in another page Winer's explanation of a very important verse of Scripture has met with the same fate. Such treatment of an author by his translator, and that, too, without any notice given, seems to us to deserve the severest reprobation, even if no offence were committed against the cause of truth and good learning. One of the most distinguished scholars of Germany, who has bestowed the labor of nearly forty years upon the Grammar of the New Testament, and produced a work which theologians of all denominations have pronounced to be of first-rate excellence and of vast importance, suffers the hard lot of having his work expurgated by a translator, who has given so little attention and study to one of the pages which he has thus mangled.

<sup>\*</sup> See the Biblical Repository for April, 1834.

as, in the course of it, to fall into at least one important mistranslation, which makes absolute nonsense of a sentence!

But we must proceed to our specifications. In page 142 of Mr. Masson's translation occurs the following paragraph: "In regard to Titus ii. 18, ἐπιφάνειαν της δόξης τοῦ μεγάλου θεοῦ καὶ σωτήρος ἡμῶν Ἰησοῦ Χριστού, the word σωτήρωs does not appear to me a second predicate of θεοῦ, as if Christ were first styled μέγας θεός, and then σώτηρ. My reasons for taking this view of the passage are grounded on Paul's teaching. The article is omitted before σωτήρος, as the apposition precedes the proper name: of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Now what Winer actually says (p. 118) is this: "I hold, on grounds which lie in the doctrinal teaching of Paul, that σωτήρος is not a second predicate together with beoû, as if Christ were first called à méyas beós and then σωτήρ. The article is omitted before σωτήρος, because this word is made definite by the genitive ἡμῶν, and because the apposition comes before the proper name, &c." Now by translating the German preposition neben "of" instead of "together with," thus making Winer speak of a second predicate of θεοῦ, Mr. Masson has, in the connection, made simple nonsense of the sentence. For the only question in the case is that which relates to the predicate or predicates of Ίησοῦ Χριστοῦ; in other words, the only question in the case is,. whether θεοῦ is, or is not, a predicate of Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ. Again, Mr. Masson, by expunging — whether by design or accident — the clause, "because this word [σωτήρος] is made definite by the genitive ἡμῶν," has taken away by far the most essential part of the sentence; that is, by far the most important reason for the omission of the article before σωτήρος. If this expurgation stood alone on this page, we should certainly attribute it to accident. But only a few lines below occurs in the German original this sentence: "So in Jude, verse fourth, two different subjects [namely, δεσπότην and κύριον] may be referred to, since κύριος, being made definite by ἡμῶν, does not need the article to express the meaning, 'Jesus Christ, who'is our Lord.'" This whole paragraph relating to the verse in Jude is omitted by Winer's translator, if we may not rather say expurgator.

Again, on the same page, Mr. Masson has omitted a note of Winer, nineteen lines in length. It relates to Titus ii. 13, and states in substance that, though σωτῆρος ἡμῶν might be considered a second predicate with θεοῦ in relation to Jesus Christ, if the sense demanded it, yet no grammatical principle requires it to be so regarded. On the contrary, he maintains in this note, that no usage of the Greek article lies in the way of our understanding "our Lord Jesus Christ" as another subject or person, distinct from "the great God." In this note he also expresses his conviction that the Apostle Paul could not, in consistency with his teaching in all his epistles, have called our Saviour Jesus Christ the great God. This whole note Mr. Masson has expunged, no notice

being given of it.

Again, in page 142 of the original German occurs a passage which should be in page 170 of the translation. It relates to 1 John v. 20, and is as follows: "In 1 John v. 20, οδτός ἐστιν ὁ ἀληθινὸς Θεός, [This

is the true God, obros [this] refers not to the immediate antecedent, Χριστός, as the older theologians, under the influence of dogmatic considerations, supposed, but to ὁ θεός. For, in the first place, ἀληθωνός θεός [the true God] is the constant and exclusive epithet of the Father. In the second place, it is followed by a warning against idolatry; and άληθινος θεός is ever used in contradistinction from idols." This whole passage relating to 1 John v. 20 is expunged from the translation by Mr. Masson, and that without notice. Here, too, the presumption and recklessness of the translator appear the greater, when we consider that Dr. Winer's view of this passage has been maintained by many eminent expositors, Trinitarian as well as Unitarian, among whom are Erasmus, Grotius, Wetstein, Michaelis, Morus, Archbishop Newcome, Macknight, Davidson, Lücke, DeWette, Meyer, Neander, Düsterdieck, and Hofmann. If Mr. Masson had merely chosen to express in a note his dissent from the view of Dr. Winer, no one would have found fault. But the suppression of the passage, and that, too, without notice to the reader, merits the severest condemnation.

A Grammar of the diction of the New Testament, the production of a scholar who was regarded by Professor Stuart as "at the head of the severe and critical school of sacred philologists," pronounced by Dr. Hodge of Princeton as "a work of the highest authority," receiving similar praise from the most distinguished professors, clergymen, and reviews of all theological opinions, - such as Stuart, Hodge, Turner, Gibbs, Ripley, Schmucker, the English Eclectic, the Biblical Repertory, the Methodist Quarterly, the Southern Presbyterian, and many others, - must be mutilated and expurgated, because the author. though no sectarian, living in a country where Trinitarians and Unitarians are not known as constituting distinct sects, has expressed his unbiassed conviction, founded solely on philological principles, first, that the Apostle Paul did not regard Jesus Christ as "the great God," and never called him so, and, secondly, that no usage of the Greek article, whether in the New Testament or classical literature, favors such a doctrine. This is a specimen of the obstacles with which Unitarians have constantly to contend in the propagation of their faith. The very grammars of the Greek language must be expurgated when they seem to favor the doctrinal views of Unitarians.

The facts we have brought to light are very significant. Unitarians have sometimes been accused of relying on abstract reason in their theological investigations, rather than on philology and grammar. But here the very prince of grammarians and sacred philologists has pronounced the doctrine of the Apostle Paul to be that of Unitarians, so far as to forbid us to regard or call Jesus Christ "the great God." Here, too, the same distinguished grammarian and critic has unanswerably exposed the weakpess of an argument for the Trinity which has been much relied on both in England and this country. May we not hope that it will soon be acknowledged that Unitarians have grammar and philology on their side, as well as reason and common sense?

One remark more. We hope the numerous orthodox divines who, in the publishers' advertisement, have bestowed such unbounded praise

on Winer's Grammar, will use their influence to remove the stain which the work has received from the translator. Let the pages whose adulteration we have exposed be given in a future edition as they were written by the unrivalled New Testament grammarian and critic. Surely the cause of truth, which is the cause of the Almighty, cannot in the end be promoted by such practices as that which we have brought to light. It is proper to add, that only the first volume of the work has reached this country. If, in the preface to the second volume, the translator should give some notice of the expurgations which he has made, his own character would appear in a better light, though the thing itself would be equally censurable.

Since writing the preceding notice, two new Grammars of the New Testament idiom have come into our possession; one by Professor Alexander Buttmann,\* which is designed to be a supplement to the celebrated Greek Grammar of his father, Philip Buttmann, which has gone through more than twenty editions in Germany and several in this country. So far as we can judge by a very cursory examination, the work is well executed, and a worthy appendix to the Classical Greek Grammar of the author's father. He does not expect that it will supersede the Grammar of Winer, on which he bestows the highest praise. It is about half the size of Winer's, and, so far as we are able to judge, illustrates and confirms the results arrived at by that distinguished New Testament critic. As to every principle and every passage of Scripture on which we have commented in the preceding notice, Buttmann fully supports the conclusions of Winer, as an excellent index has enabled us to ascertain at once.

The other New Testament Grammar † was published some years ago by a member of the Church of England, the author of a valuable work noticed in our number for November, 1858. This Grammar affords new evidence of the interest in Biblical learning which has been awakened in that Church within a few years. Works such as those of Jowett, Stanley, Conybeare and Howson, Alford, Ellicott, and Green confer honor and influence on any church from which they proceed. Mr. Green has, we think, made a valuable contribution to our means of studying the language of the New Testament, though for fulness and completeness it will not bear a comparison with that of Winer or Buttmann. In repudiating Middleton's doctrine of the Greek article, Mr. Green entirely agrees with Winer and Buttmann.

C. Z. D. PREACHERS AND SECTS.

WE had supposed that Rev. Henry Christmas had made the poorest book about "Preachers and Preaching" that could be made, but the

<sup>\*</sup> Grammatik des Neutestamentlichen Sprachgebrauchs. In Anschlusse an Ph. Buttmann's Griechische Grammatik. Von Alex. Buttmann, Professor. Berlin. 1859.

<sup>†</sup> A Grammar of the New Testament Dialect. By the Rev. Thomas Sheldon Green, A.M., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. London. 1842.

Rev. William Wilson, M. A., fairly surpasses him in this kind. His treatise on "The Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church" is indorsed as a proper book for "Sunday reading." It will certainly meet one Sabbath idea, and be an aid to sleep on the day of rest. Fathers of the Church are sometimes heavy reading, as we have had occasion to know; but their narcotic quality is tenfold more potent in Mr. Wilson's preparations. He has the faculty of selecting the weakest passages, and his biographical preface is thinner still, — water very slightly dashed with milk. The epithets of the title-page were discouraging. It was something new to hear the florid Gregory Nazianzen styled "the Genial Theologian," and the acute Augustine styled "the Homely Preacher;" but we read on, hoping to find some new views where the titles were so original. All in vain. Flat, unprofitable, and vulgar were the lucubrations of this Master of Arts. He does not understand one of the six Fathers whom he treats, is always weak, and frequently wrong, and the excuse for his errors, while it is the condemnation of the book, is that he has probably never read a page in the original Greek and Latin of the writers he describes. He only dilutes a few of the most accessible extracts.

We give a few specimens in justification of this harsh judgment. Of Cyprian's treatise on the "Grace of God," Mr. Wilson says that "it smacks more of the class-room of belles-lettres than of the pulpit." In another place he says, "Deacons kicked against the authority of presbyters." On p. 24 he calls the bishops who ordained Fortunatus "ragamuffin bishops." On p. 29 we are informed that, though Cyprian's intellectual and theological culture was somewhat scanty, his oratory must have been pleasing and powerful!" "Full-blown" is the epithet used to describe Cyprian's views on the Church and the Roman bishop; who was moreover (p. 38) "equipped with slender intellectual furniture." Theodore Parker and others are said (p. 106) to hold that "your scoundrel and your saint are alike divine." We are accustomed," it seems (p. 126), "at this day to pooh-pooh the strifes of ecclesiastical councils in the past." When Gregory Nazianzen came to Athens he was "pounced upon by the students," who, "to try his mettle," attempted "to bamboozle and browbeat him in argument." Gregory's works, we learn (p. 233), would have had incalculably more value for posterity if they had "smelt less of the oil and of the schools of human learning;" and "in laying the foundations," it seems, "he did a fair stroke of work." What he says of Gregory on p. 216 exactly describes his own work, - "to draw from the treasures of ancient lore gaudy plumes with which to deck out bare and borrowed platitudes, were the great ends aimed at."

These bricks are a specimen of the structure.

WE should be glad, out of respect to the memory of one so recently

<sup>\*</sup> The Popular Preachers of the Ancient Church. Their Lives, their Manner, and their Work. By the Rev. WILLIAM WILSON, M. A. London: James Hogg and Sons. 16mo. pp. 308.

called away, to speak well of Dr. Belcher's History of Hymns.\* it is impossible to praise a book so superficial, feeble, inadequate, incorrect, and bigoted. The only really good thing in it is the first extract of the Introduction, which gives Henry Ward Beecher's thought on the influence of sacred poetry. All the rest is best described as fragmentary platitude and blunder. The omissions are as extraordinary as the admissions, and the critical judgments are equally false and ludicrous. What are we to think of a writer, who, inserting among hymnists Mrs. Anderson, Dr. Baldwin, William Budden, Ingram Cobbin, Richard Furman, Eliel Davis, and some score of others of whom no one ever heard, omits all mention of such writers as Bulfinch, Frothingham, Mrs. Hemans, Henry Moore, Pierpont, Roscoe, Thomas and Walter Scott, E. H. Sears, Sprague, John and Emily Taylor, Sir Henry Wotton, and others of equal note? What shall be said of a scholar, who gravely informs us that Charlemagne is a lyric poet, and the author of the "Veni Creator" of the Catholic Church, though some pages farther on, and borrowing from another authority, he makes Ambrose the author of that hymn? Dr. Peabody of Portsmouth will be surprised to learn from this volume, not only that he is "Professor in the Cambridge University," but that he is the author of the funeral hymn heretofore credited to the late Dr. Peabody of Springfield, and that he is also the author of other hymns. Mr. Longfellow will be edified to know, that, "like the rest of his Unitarian brethren, he is sadly lacking in the noble, generous, high spirit of evangelical truth." Of Whittier we are told by Dr. Belcher, that "we have no expectation that any of the hymns he has written will be sung in the worshipping assemblies of coming generations. They want the glowing ardor and the evangelical unction which only can make hymns popular with the Christian masses. We should delight to see the honest Quaker possessing the piety of our old Friend, Joseph John Gurney; for then he might write hymns on 'Christ and his Cross,' which might live till the death of time." Henry Ware's hymns are "lovely in their spirit, but seem to us defective as to the great doctrines of evangelical religion." It was precisely the hymns of Henry Ware, on the contrary, that led many to claim him as orthodox. They did not believe that these could come from a cold Unitarian. On the other hand, Dr. Belcher is pleased to remark of Dr. Bowring, to whom he devotes just eight lines, that it would not be inferred from his hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," that he is a Unitarian. He patronizes and apostrophizes Francis Xavier, quoting John Angell James as saying that it would be "the dregs of bigotry not to admire his martyr zeal." Mr. James has here furnished a phrase which describes very exactly the temper of Dr. Belcher's book. It is "the dregs of bigotry." Even a good extract is made absurd when Dr. Belcher handles it.

Dr. Belcher divides his volume into three parts. First we have forty pages of "Historical Sketches," which tell us scarcely anything

<sup>\*</sup> Historical Sketches of Hymns, their Writers and their Influence. By Joseph Belcher, D. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 1859. 12mo. pp. 415.

that we want to know. Next we have notices of the Authors of Hymns, mostly in short notes, cast from a stereotyped pattern. And finally come the jokes and the stories, the pious and the humorous anecdotes about hymns, of which those that are good are hackneyed, and those that are new are flat. We are constrained to say that the best things in the volume are the excellent indexes, type, and paper. It is discreditable to the scholarship, good sense, good taste, and good feeling of its author.

No racier book has appeared for some time than Milburn's Ten Years of Preacher Life; \* none more packed with adventure and suggestive of social progress in America. His own early trials through loss of eyesight, the rudeness of ministerial experience on the frontiers of civilization, the original men and women with whom he was constantly in contact, the heroic energy with which he seized on circumstance and bent it to his service, notwithstanding an occasional exaggeration of statement, throw an unflagging interest over his freely written page. A Methodist circuit-preacher's career in the wilder West is pictured to the life. Some of the strangest instrumentalities Christianity ever employed are exhibited with a simplicity which engages our faith and a fervor which wins our admiration. It is a pity that he has preserved, in a volume likely to have extensive circulation at home and abroad, some very questionable stories about our great men, not at all to their credit, apparently for the purpose of adding interest to an autobiography which needs no such adventitious attrac-His genuine enthusiasm for his hard-working brethren often crops out in such allusions as this to their labors among the enslaved heathen at the South: "I am proud to say that Methodism has felt this claim from the beginning; and, accepting this as its special field, and beginning with unwearied energy, has gathered therein its most precious harvest. From the sickly rice-fields and deadly soil of the sea-island cotton, on the coast of the Carolinas and Georgia, to the swamps of the Red and Ouachita rivers, over which malaria hangs as a canopy, on the sugar estates of the Attakapas and the cotton plantations of the Mississippi, wherever a negro quarter rises, and the people are toiling in furrow, brake, or forest, there you will find my brethren, regardless of privation, hardship, cold, heat, hunger, pestilence, and death, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, and in his name praying men to be reconciled to God. . . . . They are in their duty, be out of it who may."

The "Compendium of the Origin, History, Principles, Rules and Regulations, Government and Doctrines, of the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing," † presents nothing specially new regarding the condition or prospects of the Shakers. Commenced not quite eighty years ago, at New Lebanon, N. Y., under the auspices of "Mother Ann," with the first fruits of a revival of religion in that

<sup>\*</sup> Ten Years of Preacher Life. By WILLIAM HENRY MILBURN.
† Shakers and Shakerism. By F. W. Evans. New York: Appleton & Co.
1859.

place, they now number eighteen societies and but about five thousand members, and are evidently destined to dispersion among "the Gentiles" in another eighty years, to which their well-known accumulation of property, their possession of highly-tilled farms and the finest cattle in the world, will greatly contribute. Few of the children whom they adopt consent to continue in such monastic monotony when they are permitted to choose for themselves; the process of weeding human nature entirely out of the young proves an utter failure; more stirring ideas will creep in within their narrow pale, notwithstanding the sleepless jealousy of very shrewd managers. Because marriage is accounted a crime and the separation of the sexes a primary duty among the Shakers, were they to prevail, the world would necessarily come to an end, when, as they suppose, the visible kingdom of Christ will be set up. As during the last twenty years their numbers have decreased a thousand persons, as the utmost severity employed to deserters cannot prevent the active-minded from abandoning them at every sacrifice, and as there are no other affiliated associations of the kind throughout the world, it is wonderful that they seem to have no suspicion of their approaching fate, — that they are not appalled by the daily spectacle of the aged, whom Providence will soon remove, confederated with the young, who will soon long to remove themselves, compensated only by immense pecuniary success, by fat acres and fattening herds, by admirable gardens and perfect barns, by the best tillage and the most thorough economy the world can boast.

For so small and stationary a company, — not more than come under the charge of a single clergyman at times, - they are marvellously exclusive and denunciatory. The Roman Church is, of course, "the beast great and terrible" which John saw "rise out of the sea;" but the Protestant Church "differs from it in no important practical principle, both holding to marriage, private property, union of church and state, ambition, oaths, persecution, war, slavery, monopoly of the life elements, and salvation as an unmeaning something in a distant unknown; both inheriting all the diseases of Egypt, and utterly destitute of gifts of healing." "Monks and nuns are dead bodies of the Roman Church; Dunkers, Waldenses, Methodists, Baptists, Quakers, are some of the dead bodies of the Protestant." Turks and Catholics, unbelievers and Protestants, they consider alike "children of the world," in contrast with themselves, who are "the resurrection," having a present inspiration, and possessed still with the apostolical gift of healing. Some of their religious services resemble those of the Eastern dervishes; the Apocalypse is their pet Scripture; the jubilee of Judaism, the period in which they profess to live now.

And BIOGRAPHY.

MR. RIVES has made an important and welcome contribution to our historical literature in his Life of President Madison.\* Though Madi-

<sup>\*</sup> History of the Life and Times of James Madison. By WILLIAM C. RIVES. Vol. I. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. xxi. and 660.

son was one of the leading members of the Convention of 1787, where he exerted perhaps a larger influence than any of his associates, and was for eight years at the head of the government which he had helped to found, no adequate memorial of him has ever been published. Three large volumes of the Madison Papers were indeed issued by order of Congress nearly twenty years ago, and have become part of our permanent political literature; but they were published without any biographical introduction, and the copious notes by which they were accompanied threw little light on the life and character of the author. Madison was a man of too much ability and intellectual acuteness, and acted too conspicuous a part in some of the most important periods of our national history, not to leave in the recollections and writings of his contemporaries many personal anecdotes. Many of these recollections, however, were of a perishable nature, and were fast becoming obscure, or fading entirely away. Hence Mr. Rives's work possesses, besides other and greater claims on our favor, the merit of being a timely publication. We live near enough to Madison's time to possess, in the memory of persons still living, much unwritten material for his biography; and we are at a sufficient distance from the discussions and controversies of his more active life to be undisturbed by the heats of former contests.

In the preparation of his memoir Mr. Rives has had access to all the printed authorities, and to many unpublished documents, and he has brought to his task a mind well trained by various study and experience. He has scrutinized conflicting statements with care and fidelity, and by a diligent comparison of authorities he has endeavored to render his own narrative impartial and trustworthy. In this attempt we are inclined to believe, from an examination of the first volume of his work, that he has been very successful; but a more positive opinion must be reserved until its completion. In the mean time, it is sufficient to say that his style is clear and vigorous, and that the integrity of his purpose is everywhere apparent. Indeed, the only criticisms we are now disposed to make have reference to the scale of magnitude on which the work is composed, and to the lack of strictly biographical details. According to the publishers' advertisement, Mr. Rives hopes to complete his labors in three or four volumes, and we see no reason to suppose that a smaller number will suffice for the proper development of his plan. But certainly the life and character of Mr. Madison could have been satisfactorily elucidated in much less space, and the record would probably have been much more enduring. There is a growing disposition on the part of biographers to expand their memoirs to an unnecessary length; and we regret that Mr. Rives should have fallen into the same fault. In regard to our second complaint, it must be conceded, we think, that Mr. Rives has been somewhat too chary of personal details, and that he has sacrificed the private and personal interest of his subject to his desire to give fulness to the sketch of Madison's public life.

ART. 2, 4, 77.7: L

WE are by this time quite used to hearing Mr. Ruskin called arrogant and dogmatic. And certainly a man lays himself open to this charge who writes, as in one of the appendices of this new volume,\* after this strain: "My readers may depend upon it, that all blame which I express in this sweeping way is trustworthy. I have often had to repent of over-praise of inferior men; and continually to repent of insufficient praise of great men; but of broad condemnation, never. .... Whenever the reader is shocked by what I say, he may be assured every word is true." "I am an entirely safe guide in artjudgment, and that simply as the necessary result of my having given the labor of my life to the determination of facts, rather than to the following of feelings or theories." These words, read out of their context, have a haughty enough sound. Still more, read out of that wonderful contexture of learning, fine artistic and literary culture, penetrative imagination, and deep religious feeling, which, from the memorable appearance of the first volume of "Modern Painters," have set apart that "Graduate of Oxford" as the art-critic and essayist of the times, these words must seem vainglorious and overweening.

But a man may be proud for his deed's sake, though not for his way of doing it. "I have been very jealous for the Lord," said one of the older prophets. And all who have of right any instalment of the prophetic work to do in the world, as having to teach a higher idea of duty in some respect of labor and life, may reasonably assume something of the large, authoritative prophet-manner. It is possible to be very humble before the great and exigent work one has set about, to give to it with all earnestness the best of his life, and still to show little touch of humility in teaching its worth and proving its importance. With all his seeming haughty censure, and aggressive criticism, and prevailing self-trust, Mr. Ruskin is too reverent not to own some measure of that spirit which he sees in men greater than himself, as the true artist must always be far above his best critic: — something of that "curious under-sense of powerlessness which they have, feeling that the greatness is not in them, but through them, — that they could not do or be anything else than God made them."

Some such thought as this must be kept in mind to secure a fair judgment of this book. For being made up of lectures written for delivery rather than printing, they are especially marked by that plain-speaking and confident statement which, as often as they have appeared, have from the unthinking and prejudiced drawn down upon the author much inconsiderate and foolish criticism.

Apart, however, from any dislike of its dogmatism, or like of its assured strength, we have to express our satisfaction that we have in this book a set of lectures to art-students, pupils of schools of design, pattern-drawers, in the special interest of "Decoration and Manufac-

<sup>\*</sup> The Two Paths. Being Lectures on Art, and its Application to Decoration and Manufacture, delivered in 1858-59. By John Ruskin, M. A., Author of "Modern Painters," "Stones of Venice," etc. New York: John Wiley. 1859.

ture." It is just this class of workers who need all possible encouragement to the study of Nature and true Art, because it is so easy for them to be guided, or to fall into those vicious traditional and mechanical practices which are the degradation of Art. It cannot be that the wise instruction of these addresses should fall to the ground out of the hearers' minds. Let us hope that it may not, in the larger audience this side the water, fall out of the readers' minds. Their high wisdom is not so much in their nice suggestion of ways and means of doing, or their criticism upon what has been done well or ill, or their technical knowledge and advice, as in that ground-tone, notable in each, of moral direction and incitement. That the worker must bring some moral force and culture to his work, and thereby leave his mark upon it, is the gist of the counsel to him, and the demand upon him, in these Lectures. Now is it not plain, to one who marks the make-shifts which go by the name of work here in America, that conscience, added to faculty, is the word to be preached to our workmen, — and, indeed, to all workers, professional, artistic, commercial, as well as mechanical, albeit not numbering themselves in the working classes? If his spoken or written word might effect this, what a wise thing and profitable investment it would be to make Mr. Ruskin our public exhorter and censor.

In each of the five Lectures of which the book is made up, we may notice and should prize the calm self-reliance which comes by knowledge and honesty, and the high moral tone which comes by a reverent feeling toward all human work, as convertible, by the spirit in the

worker, to service of God.

The first of these may peculiarly bear the title of "The Two Paths." For it is in this that the critic specially sets forth the evil of following the way of falsehood in Art, where tradition is guide and conventional use companion, and the good of pursuing the other path of truth, where the designer or the artist is guided by a careful and painstaking "study of organic form." For negative argument against conventional art, and example of its "deteriorative power over nations," he draws the contrast between the Hindus and the Scotch, "the races of the jungle and of the moor," — the one with exquisite delicacy of art, seen in pagoda-domes, shawls of Cashmere, embroideries, carvings, but the other "almost incapable of art, their utmost effort hitherto reaching no further than to the variation of the position of the bars of color in square checkers." Yet the one people, unsurpassed in decoration by brilliant colors and delicate lines, are unsurpassed also in degradation, craft, and cruelty, while the other, with almost no decorative art, are a noble nation, frank and brave. Carrying out this contrast, with great skill, in that vivid and picturesque way which belongs to him, he deftly engages the patriotic sympathy of his audience by bringing to their minds those battle-fields in the East where the two nations met to try issue between bravery and ferocity, and asks them to decide, from the history of that Hindu rebellion and its punishment, "whether these rude checks of the tartan, or the exquisitely fancied involutions of the Cashmere, fold habitually over the noblest hearts." The contrast is then briefly carried out in other historical examples, to show that "the

period in which any given people reach their highest power in art, is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin."

Rather a discouraging point to be reached by a lecturer upon Art to art-students. But Mr. Ruskin has a fine solution of the difficulty ready in this law, which, with its strength and comfort, he draws from his discouraging premise of historical observation: "Wherever art is practised for its own sake, and the delight of the workman is in what he does and produces, instead of what he interprets or exhibits,—there art has an influence of the most fatal kind on brain and heart, and it issues, if long so pursued, in the destruction both of intellectual power and moral principle; whereas art, devoted humbly and self-forgetfully to the clear statement and record of the facts of the universe, is always helpful and beneficent to mankind, full of comfort, strength, and salvation."

Here is the divergence of the "Two Paths." And the lawgiver goes on to show by the "Theseus" of the Elgin marbles, the "Theology" of Raphael, and the "Marriage in Cana" of Veronese, that the Greek, the Florentine, and the Venetian school did their greatest and best, brought forth works of true, fine art, by the diligent and painful study of fact, and that, as long as they kept to it, they benefited men and served God.

Then, passing to Gothic architecture, he shows how, from the barbarism of the sculpture of the eighth century, in Milan, to its culminating truth and beauty of the thirteenth century, in Chartres, the great masters of this art were found in that right path, building out of their love and study of the truth of nature; but that afterwards degradation followed, because the artist sought to glorify himself rather than his art and its inspirer, asking himself, not, "What can I represent?" but, "How high can I build?"

Yet the hearer of the lecture or reader of the book is not left with the dictum only that, to be in the right way, the artist and the designer must "study fact," reverence "the truth of nature." The best rule requires, to the bringing about great results, judgment, talent, imagination, genius, in those who follow it. What second-rate capacity, ignorant of the meaning of the law, what even admirable ability may do by a fanatical faithfulness to its letter, is plain to those who have had a chance to be surprised at the power and range of ugliness presented in many of the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite school. They show what can be done against art by men who "bolt" such a rule, without regard to the modifications of it in other laws and principles.

Mr. Ruskin is, therefore, careful to lay down here the "collateral necessity" of this law, in which are pointed out the paths to high and to degraded art. This is, "the visible operation of human intellect in the presentation of truth." With the law and this comment, he thinks none need go astray. And, certainly, if we bear in mind the scope given in this equal demand for the rights of nature and the authority of the intellect, there need be no fear that art or artists will be narrowed in the school, if there is to be one, of Ruskin.

Finally, to bring this instruction to the practical point, suited to the need of those workers for whom the lecture was written, we further learn that, as "Truth first, plan or design founded thereon," is the one regulation for the higher, so also for the lower forms of art. It is as good for furniture and manufactures as for architecture, for a chair or carpet as for a cathedral. Cellini, Holbein, and Michel Angelo show their greatness, the greatness achieved in the right path of study of organic form, as well in the turn of a vase-handle, the embroidery of a robe, the massing of pillars, as in the finer examples of their genius, the Florentine "Perseus," the "Manger Madonna," and the "Pensiero" of the Medici tomb. These men of genius brought it to the school of natural truth. So let men of skill bring their faculty under the same right discipline, learning from these great masters that in dutiful study and conscientious purpose is their safety, the success of their work, and the magnifying of their office.

This admirable lecture closes with this exhortation, which condenses the wisdom of the teaching and the fine enthusiasm of the teacher, and is worthy of inscription on the walls of all schools of design, and in letters of gold, were it not that its own "purple diction" does not need any such splendor to set it off: "Make, then, your choice, boldly and consciously, for one way or other it must be made. On the dark and dangerous side are set the pride which delights in self-contemplation, — the indolence which rests in unquestioned forms, — the ignorance which despises what is fairest of God's creatures, and the dulness that denies what is marvellous in his working: there is a life of monotony for your own souls, and of misguiding for those of others. on the other side is open to your choice the life of the crowned spirit, moving as a light in creation, - discovering always, illuminating always, gaining every hour in strength, yet bowed down every hour into deeper humility; sure of being right in its aim, sure of being irresistible in its progress; happy in what it has securely done, - happier in what, day by day, it may as securely hope; happiest at the close of life, when the right hand begins to forget its cunning, to remember that there never was a touch of the chisel or the pencil it wielded, but has added to the knowledge and quickened the happiness of mankind."

The other lectures—on "The Unity of Art," "Modern Manufacture and Design," "Influence of Imagination in Architecture," and "The Work of Iron in Nature, Art, and Policy,"—exhibit the same richness as the first. They are all cumulative argument for that law of art which points out "The Two Paths," and offer further illustration of the artist's danger and disgrace in one, of his honor and safety in the other. They abound in judicious counsel to the student, with wise direction to the workman on technical matters and methods, enforced by telling examples of what has been done most worthily in art, and most nobly by masters, and adorned with that marvellous beauty and glow of style which Ruskin has taught us to look for in his books, and which are commensurate with the excellence of his thought and sentiment. Their material and structure are too rich and fine to allow an abstract of them in the space of a "notice." Indeed, one is apt to leave them with too excited an admiration of their suggestive instruction and de-

lightful manner for any cool gathering together the links of their plan. And whatever opinion is held of the theories on which they proceed, heartiest praise may be given to what we must hold as the crown of their work, the claim they make for a moral power and spiritual significance in art, and their demand, to this end, from the artist, of dutiful culture of the fine faculties of his soul and the pure feelings of his heart.

There is a book called "Beauties of Ruskin." There might be one as valuable, if not so pleasing, called "Truths of Ruskin." Would not justice to his great theory require that this title precede the other? To both of them this present small volume might contribute in a measure quite disproportioned to its size. We would, however, place its true things before its pleasing, - Vera pro gratis. We might spare the charming description of the part which iron plays in nature, from the clod or stone to the blush on the flower or the cheek; the profuse and splendid grace of the passage which tells to what a school of design Florence invited her artists; the vivid setting forth, to the architect's love and enthusiasm, of the bountiful suggestion which the outward world offers, that he may stand the interpreter of its strength and loveliness; — we might spare the noble language, so satisfying for its clearness and vigor, so persuasive in its graceful phrase or majestic flow, into which seem to have passed, as if to reward so true a love and reverence of Nature, her own large exuberance, and ever-changing, yet constant beauty. But we could not spare the truth which lies side by side with, and is more than, the beauty. The spiritual and moral wisdom in these lectures, which is, as remarked before, not for designers, pattern-drawers, and artists only, but for all workers in this working world, is the one eminent thing about them. This the reader will not be likely to let go, though he forget the ample magnificence in the style. That appeal, quoted above, to students of art to choose the right path, may stand as the type of the presentation of just and high views of labor in life, which appears all through the book, in set maxims, but more, by the way and not with intention, in its noble and religious spirit.

It is the appearance of this spirit which gives to "The Two Paths" a memorable interest and worth. For it is this which changes work, done by hand, by brain and hand, by heart, brain, and hand together, into service done, like Milton's, "as ever in the great Taskmaster's eye." It is this spirit, so excellently and handsomely set forth in the criticism, counsels, and teaching of this book, which gives a real and beautiful meaning in the lives and works of mechanics and manufacturers, doctors of law and of medicine, artists and decorators, theologians and preachers, to all the estates of the commonwealth of work. For it gives to "work" its dignity, and makes it eternally different from "labor." Labor, indeed, is work without this spirit,—and because it wants it, it cannot have the dignity which a canting optimism has sought for it. This spirit will lift "labor"—always wearing and debasing, as the very etymology of the word shows—into "work," such as follows the faithful when he ceases from his labor, even to the throne

of God.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

BAYARD TAYLOR cannot write a dull book, nor one which is not sure of eager readers by the thousand. Greece and Russia have found in him the same adventurous spirit, cheerful endurance, comprehensive good-sense, and hearty preference of home, as Norway, China, or Egypt.\* If there is less that is remarkable in the new volume, if one sometimes wearies in mere narrative of ordinary steamboat experience, it is because the ground is so familiar that even his graphic pen seems to repeat a thrice-told tale. Crete, however, which he thoroughly explored, with no little suffering and exposure, has been less visited, and attracts one not a little in his vivid picture of Turkish improvement. The Modern Greek does not inspire his enthusiasm. The absence of tolerable roads, the proverbial untruthfulness, the conspicuous vanity, frivolity, laziness, and superstition in all parts of Otho's dominions, make him look doubtingly on the future of emancipated Hellas. He thinks that the Greek Church, by its perpetual holidays, its severe fasts, and stupid clergy, is greatly chargeable with the degradation of the people.

Not one fifth of the present population, he thinks, can be called Greeks: the rest being Slavonians, Albanians, and Turks, with a mixture of Venetians, whom he especially despises. He says that a few deeds of splendid heroism have thrown a deceitful halo over the darker features of the Greek war; that most of those who bend in reverence to the name of Bozzaris do not know that his uncle stole supplies from his own troops to sell to the Turks; that, while Canaris and Miaulis were brave and incorruptible, Colocotroni filled his purse and made cowards of his men, — while Karaiskakis was honorable, others broke the most solemn vows of their religion, and murdered the captives they

had sworn to spare.

He finds intelligent natives, in public life and positions of influence, justifying the neglect of every rational measure of national development, excusing the waste of finances, the servility to the court, the immensely disproportioned army, and the absurd palace which sunk so much of the revenue wrung from an impoverished people. He laments that, while the real patriots are kept in the shade of neglect, court popinjays are rewarded for fawning with immense salaries and accumulating honors. The king's personal charge for governing only a million of people is one hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars per annum; in the navy there is one officer to every two and a half men; in the army of only nine thousand men, there are seventy generals! Of course, with such a foolish waste of the three millions of revenue, it is in vain to expect even a decent police, far less a proper development of almost unknown resources.

And yet immense progress has been made in commerce, for which the Greek has a natural aptitude. The blue cross now floats in nearly every European port. Greek commercial houses are respected in America, as well as in England, France, and Austria. But this alone

<sup>\*</sup> Travels in Greece and Russia, with an Excursion to Crete. By BAYARD TAYLOR.

does not seem a sufficient pledge that the race will regenerate the Orient. Agriculture is in the rudest possible state. The old Homeric plough merely-scratches over the soil. Wood sells at Athens for a cent a pound, while the grand oaks of Doris are rotting idly away. The country is poorer now than under the Turkish sway, and Bavarian stupidity looks down in satisfaction from its marble halls.

WE are glad to welcome an American edition of Miss Crawford's excellent book about Tuscany,\* and only have to regret that careless proof-reading has admitted so frequent typographical errors, and that such a tasteless illustration deforms the page at the heading and end of the chapters. A ten months' residence in Tuscany, with ample facilities of intercourse with all classes, high and low, and in various villages and cities, enables Miss Crawford to speak intelligently about the customs, temper, and tastes of the Tuscan people. Her judgment is, in our opinion, just, though it is too moderate to suit those who believe that Italy is fit for a republic, ready for unity, hostile to the Church, and full of intellectual life. She believes that the masses of the people have a sincere faith in the traditions and superstitions of the Roman Church, and a sincere reverence for its services. The experiment of a republican government seems to her to prove that monarchy is the rule under which most contentment, order, and security will be realized by the Tuscans. Recognizing their native courtesy, she is not inclined to consider them a superior race, either by force of talent or of industry. She testifies emphatically to their hatred of the Grand Duke, yet does not seem to think that this is all deserved. And her general views concerning the condition and prospects of that part of Italy seem to us reasonable.

With a little superfluous effort at fine writing, Miss Crawford's descriptions of scenes in Tuscany — at the Baths of Monte Catini, Lucca, and Viareggio, the ordinary death-stillness and the carnival rioting in the streets of Pisa, the outdoor and indoor life of Florence, the habits of the peasantry, the state of the convents, and the fraternity of the Misericordia — are admirably drawn and colored. are spared all the usual narratives of sight-seers. Not one word is said about the great picture-galleries, very little about churches and palaces, nor are we treated to fragments of history. But a hearty tribute is paid to Galileo, and Michel Angelo is fitly remembered. The spirit of the book is equally free from querulousness and rapture; from glorification over beauties and complaint at discomforts. Yet it is evident that Miss Crawford enjoyed the Tuscan sunsets and abominated the Tuscan cookery as much as her countrymen generally. Without pretension, she tells a good many facts which are new, while she corrects some false impressions. Her observations on the condition of women in Tuscany are well worth reading, and sadly confirm the common notion about their unfortunate moral state. The reasons which Miss Crawford gives for this are worth considering.

<sup>\*</sup> Life in Tuscany. By MABBL SHARMAN CRAWFORD. New York: Sheldon and Blakeman.

IF Rogers's Italy could, without treason or irreverence, be called "a rhymed guide-book," certainly Mrs. Sweat's "Highways of Travel" can, with justice, come into the same category, - except that it is not in rhyme, for which let us be duly thankful. Its prose is pure, unmixed, generally excellent, and as Saxon as falls to the lot of mortals in these latter days. There could scarcely be a stronger contrast than that between "Ethel's Love-Life" and this new venture of Mrs. Sweat. We do not remember a book of travels which so entirely confines itself to the facts of every-day life as this. Without going into too minute detail, it gives us a clear and distinct impression of all that one would be likely to see in a summer's absence from home, - during which, to use her own expression, it was incumbent to "do" France, England, Germany, the Low Countries, the Alps, Northern Italy, and the "Exposition Universelle." There are in it no raptures, no overpowering emotions, no rhapsodies, no gushes of feeling. On the contrary, we are frequently reminded that the author is a fellow-mortal by the information that at such or such a place, while wandering through the galleries of the Tuileries, or driving about the picturesque city of Antwerp, at Arnheim, on board the steamer, — everywhere, in fact, she was hungry, or dined with zest, or had a nice supper. Indeed, one of the chief pleasures which seems to await us, on these "Highways of Travel," is the constant succession of breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, and generally pretty good ones. It is worth while to travel for the pleasures of foreign cookery, as well as to enjoy the famous sights and stirring associations of the Old World. Yet one finds on almost every page some shrewd observation, or practical suggestion, or genial witticism, which lingers long in the memory, and often compels a second reading.

One is impressed, also, with the quantity of things seen and described by Mrs. Sweat. Nothing seems to have escaped her observant eyes. And, withal, it is a thoroughly good-natured book, - not the amiability of laziness or indifference, but the active cheerfulness of a cultivated and appreciative mind, which takes a sober and serious inside view of things, instead of a merely flippant glance at the exterior. We have not seen a better statement of the feelings caused by Sunday in Paris than she has given, - without any cant, pietism, or appeal to false sen-The description of the ascent of Mount Rhigi, and of the sunrise from its summit, of Lago Maggiore, of the crossing of the Simplon, — in fact, all the descriptions of scenery, — show a lively appreciation of natural beauty, a quick observation, and excellent taste. Mrs. Sweat has certainly fulfilled the hope which she expresses in the Preface, that her book "may be of some value to those who, having visited the scenes of which it treats, have yet neglected to set down their impressions, and that for those who have not seen them, it may help to make more distinct the mental pictures they possess of foreign countries."

<sup>\*</sup> Highways of Travel: or, A Summer in Europe. By MARGARET J. M. SWEAT, Author of "Ethel's Love-Life." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1859. pp. 364. 12mo.

We cannot omit a word of decided praise of the manner in which the publishers have done their part of the work. It is really a treat to turn over the tinted pages, and see the fair and elegant type. The index at the end is a valuable addition, and contributes much to the usefulness of the volume.

6. 6. Smith MISCELLANEOUS.

THOUGH Mr. Masson has been a frequent contributor to the North British Review and other periodical publications, he is best known on this side of the Atlantic by an elaborate Life of Milton, of which only the first volume has yet been given to the public. He has also published some other works which have had a limited sale in this country, and he may be fairly regarded as one of the more prominent of the rising men of letters in England. Born in Scotland in 1823, he began his literary career at the early age of nineteen, and since that time he has been almost constantly engaged in literary pursuits. The volume now before us a is, we believe, the latest production of his pen, and comprises four lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Society in the early part of the year 1858, and now printed with large additions. The first lecture is introductory in its character, and is devoted to some general considerations on the relative value of prose and verse as vehicles of expression, and on the nature and history of the novel, with some critical remarks on the Morte d'Arthur, Sidney's Arcadia, and other early works of fiction. From this general view of his subject, Mr. Masson passes, in his second lecture, to an examination of the British Novelists of the eighteenth century, including in his view Swift. De Foe, Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and some others. The third lecture offers a very Scotch estimate of Scott and his Influence, in reference to which Mr. Masson in his Preface, with characteristic shrewdness, asks his readers "to remember specially that it was prepared for an Edinburgh audience." The last lecture brings under notice the Novelists since Scott, and discusses the characteristics of Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Thackeray, Miss Bronté, Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, and others, closing with some general observations suggested by the ground over which he has travelled. It must be conceded that Mr. Masson's rejudgment of the popular favorites offers little that is striking. Still his book is a suggestive contribution to an interesting department of letters, and is not unworthy of his reputation. Doubtless it would have been more elaborate and less rhetorical if it had been originally designed for publication, and not for delivery before a popular audience.

THE fatal influence of monastic life, its depressing effect upon the soul, the wrong which it does at once to the intellect and the heart, have

<sup>\*</sup> British Novelists and their Styles: being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction. By David Masson, M. A., Professor of English Literature, University College, London, Author of "The Life and Times of John Milton," etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. 16mo. pp. 312.

never been better painted than by Madame Reybaud in her last tale.\* The impression of the tale is throughout painful and gloomy. Yet the very gloom and mystery lend to it fascination. The calmness of its tone and the moderation of its statements prevent is from suspecting any vindictive or personal motive. The larger part of the story passes within convent walls, and all of it is fastened to the idea of monastic life, which forms the basis of the discussions and the burden of the thought. A young boy, the offspring of illicit and adulterous love, is devoted from his birth to the seclusion of the cloister, is educated to that cenobite state, enters upon it naturally as the normal and proper condition of his being, choosing it as the best privilege, and only regretting that it separates him from his fond mother. His first years of novitiate life confirm his prejudice. He takes the vows, becomes a monk, and is exemplary in all his duties. But with the years of service within the convent walls a new sentiment springs up, which deepens and hardens into loathing and hatred of this secluded life, and a determination to escape from it. The escape is finally accomplished. The young monk is restored to life, to love, and to the pleasures of the world; eludes for a while the vigilance of his monastic guardians; but is betrayed, after a few weeks of rapturous worldly life, and restored to years of imprisonment in the dungeons of the cloister. The French Revolution, abolishing convent life, releases him, but only to expose him to those new dangers which await an aristocrat, a scion of nobility. He is compelled by the "Terror" to a new and more distressing seclusion, from which he ventures out only to find her he loves in prison, and to see her die by the guillotine. He returns then voluntarily to the life he had quitted, finding in it his only relief. Such is the outline of this dark and sad, but very powerful story. The tints of the picture are those of Rembrandt.

Besides this main thread, there are several finely drawn accessory Madame Godefroi, aunt of the monk Estève, a true type of the female philosopher of the last century, whose death-bed is consistent with her life; M. de Blanquefort, the noble of the last century, proud, careless, jealous, and selfish; Adelaide, the passionate devotee; Father Timothy, the blase noble, turned monk in disgust with the world, but more disgusted with himself for his mistaken choice; Madame de Champreaux and her granddaughter, specimens of the best society in the old régime; — these side-sketches set off admirably the central figure of the convent, and its silent, grim, desolate monotony of prayer and labor, fast and penance. These are the lamps which illumine its darkness, and make the dreadful outlines of its walls more clear upon the sky.

ANY book is timely which may serve to explain the delusion so current now under the name of "Spiritualism." It is evidently the purpose of M. Blanc's little volume to show what the religious insanity is, by

<sup>\*</sup> Le Moine de Chaalis. Par Mme. CHARLES REYBAUD. Paris: Hachette. 1859. 12mo. pp. 321.
 † De l'Inspiration des Camisards. Recherches Nouvelles sur les Phénomènes

showing what it was a century and a half ago. The "Camisard" extravagances have parallel in our time, not only in "Spiritualism," but in the phenomena of "revivals." There were the same contortions, spasms, gifts of prophecy, ejaculations in unknown tongues, insensibility to pain, pretences of inspiration, which are now so marvellous. M. Blanc's conclusion, after a thorough and impartial examination of all the traditional accounts, Catholic and Protestant, of all the theories, medical and theological, concerning the cause of the manifestations, and of the character and acts of the pretended prophets, is, that the phenomena were real, that no physical explanation of their cause is adequate, that they must be referred to a supernatural cause, and that this supernatural cause is certainly not the Holy Spirit. He leaves it to Father Ventura to maintain boldly that Satanic possession is the cause of these ravings, and that they are identical with the "lunacy" of the Scriptures.

One of the noteworthy facts in this volume of M. Blanc is the catalogue of more than forty works concerning the fanaticism of the Camisards which he has given. No part of French history has been more frequently or more ably treated, than this delusion of a few Calvinist peasants in the Cevennes. It is not so much one of the dark chapters as one of the curious chapters in French history. We cannot, however, believe that all the Catholic statements concerning these madmen are reliable. Some of the crimes of which they are accused are evidently invented, and others are exaggerated. It is certain that the Camisard excesses will not compare with those of the St. Bartholomew massacre, or of the later revolutions. If some of the leaders, as Roland, Conderc, and Cavalier, were violent men, ready for any crime, others, like Astier and Elie Marion, were not less Christian in their methods than the priests whom they were impelled to denounce. fact that English influence supported the Camisard insurrection, and that the exiled leaders were received with honor in London, is proof that it was not altogether the whim of a brutal madness. In its inception, the Camisard revival was such as the revivals of Methodism in England, Lutheranism in Sweden, and of many sects in America have been. It was driven to excess only by the circumstances of the time, and by the persecutions which Protestants in France had to suffer in the reign of the Great Louis.

M. Blanc's book is simply written, with no superfluous ornament, and is interesting rather from its facts than its style.

WE have received another handsome volume of selections from that storehouse of educational matter, Dr. Barnard's Journal of Education.\* It contains biographies of thirty-two distinguished American

extraordinaires observés parmi les Protestants des Cévennes à la Fin du XVII<sup>e</sup> et au Commencement du XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle, pour servir à l'Intelligence de certaines Manifestations modernes. Par HIPPOLYTE BLANC. Précédé d'une Lettre adressée à l'Auteur. Par le T. R. P. VENTURA DE RAULICA. Paris: Henri Plon. 1859. 16mo. pp. 223.

\* Memoirs of Teachers, Educators, and Promoters and Benefactors of Education,

teachers, and is illustrated with twenty-six admirable steel portraits. Besides those honorably distinguished for success in this calling, the list contains the names of many who have largely aided in promoting the interests and increasing the effectiveness of our popular system of education,—pre-eminent among them that of Horace Mann. The brief sketch here given (originally published in Livingston's Law Journal) is the best account we have of one whose name will endure as a benefactor of his country long after the ephemeral fame of hundreds of popular favorites shall have perished forever. We trust the time is not far distant when this brief sketch will be superseded by a faithful and adequate biography.

It is an indication of the part New England plays in the educational history of this country, that, of the thirty-two distinguished teachers whose names are here given, twenty-eight are New England born and bred; and of these twenty-eight, fifteen are from Massachusetts and

eight from Connecticut.

The portraits contained in the volume deserve a word of notice. They are admirably engraved, and truly adorn the work; and, so far

as we are qualified to judge, are excellent likenesses.

WE are glad to notice, among recent English publications, the Life of Rev. George Armstrong, late of Bristol,\* in a handsome and good-sized volume. Mr. Armstrong was one of the marked and strong men of his profession and sect. In theology, — having seceded from "the Established Church of Ireland," — an able and earnest expounder of old-school Unitarianism, and a worthy successor of the honored ministry of Lant Carpenter; as a preacher energetic and commanding, if not of the highest order of eloquence, or of the finer shades of spirituality; vehement and even radical in antislavery conviction; and a prominent leader among those who sought to give denominational strength and coherence to the Unitarian communion. A man more marked, perhaps, in character than in special graces or forces of intellect, and therefore of more account to his own generation and people than to posterity and strangers. Yet it is a brave and good man's life, and this magniment of it richly deserves its place.

Cittle, Brown, & Co. have published a third volume of Everett's Orations and Addresses.† Since the Address before the Phi Beta Kappa in 1824, the printed words of which we read in the light of the still lingering tradition of their brilliancy and grace, there has hardly been any marked occasion or event or man among us that has not been commemorated by Mr. Everett's ample and accomplished rhetoric. This volume, beautifully printed, with a copious index to all

Literature, and Science. Reprinted from the American Journal of Education, edited by Henry Barnard, LL. D., Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin. Part I. Teachers and Educators. Volume I. United States. 8vo. pp. 524. New York: F. C. Brownell. 1859.

<sup>\*</sup> A Memoir of the late Rev. George Armstrong. By ROBERT HENDERSON. London: E. T. Whitfield. 8vo.

<sup>†</sup> Orations and Addresses on Various Occasions. By EDWARD EVERETT. Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

three, has accordingly a special value, as a richly illustrative monument of the period which it covers, and as the permanent witness of its author's fame.

SHELDON & Co., of New York, render a timely and valuable service in their series of brief biographies,\* - manuals for popular reading, yet not compilations, but chapters from standard historians. "Hannibal" is the portion of Arnold's Rome which bears testimony to his rather undue admiration, as we think, of the genius and patriotism of the great Punic captain; and "Thomas à Becket" is one of the noble chapters from Milman's masterly History of the Church of the Middle Age. The great histories can never quite become the popular ones; and the general public is excellently served by such an introduction 1.76.01. to them.

In Mr. White's brilliant volume of French History † is just the encouragement and help one needs in tracing his way through the perplexed and enormous annals of Modern Europe. If the life of any one nation is to be taken for the central and leading one to connect the tale of ancient civilization with our own, surely it is that of France; and yet there is none, perhaps, for which it has been so difficult to refer to a satisfactory guide. The very multitude of admirable and copious recent histories in French has hitherto made it still more perplexing. This volume is strictly meant for popular reading, — is lively, racy, witty, evidently well booked, but sacrificing nothing to the dignity of history; if it has a fault, it is in being a little over "smart," and if anything is likely to mar the clear, vivid impression of its paragraphs, it is the multiplying of proper names inevitable when a thousand years are told in half as many pages. We trust the publishers will speedily follow this by a republication of Mr. White's "Eighteen Christian Centuries."

THE seventh volume of the "New American Cyclopædia" almost merits a special notice under the department of History and Biography, so rich is it incidentally in these departments. An alphabet is as arbitrary a thing as statistics; yet, like these, it groups its material in unexpected and not quite irrational ways. The series of historic Edwards and Edwardses, Elizabeths and Francises, with the great chapters of England, France, and Europe, and the American names of Everett and Franklin, here found, are illustrations of this subtile fact. We have spoken already of the literary and mechanical style of this most serviceable publication; and need only record the fact of its steady progress towards completion.

It is with regret that we have been obliged to pass by the really extraordinary series of novels and tales in which recent English literature displays such wealth and vigor. We trust at least to record and

<sup>\*</sup> Hannibal; Thomas a Becket. New York: Sheldon & Co.
† History of France, from the Earliest Times to 1848. By Rev. James White. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 571.

characterize those few which have been conspicuous in the book-lists of these past months. The school of fiction to which the present period is giving birth seems to us as marked a phenomenon as that presented by any one age or school of literature. The last, and one of the very best, is a New England story,\* just put forth in its completed form, of which we only chronicle the publication, presuming it to be already familiar to all readers.

A VERY pleasant sort of parlor literature receives an addition in the volume of "Home Dramas"† collected by Mrs. Follen. Our old friends, Berquin and Miss Edgeworth, are introduced here to new generations of children; and along with them we have a very entertaining collection of plays, charactes, &c., helping out the intellectual, witty, and painstaking fashion of home diversions so happily in vogue.

The "Vicissitudes of Italy" has been pronounced to be the best summary that has appeared of recent Italian history. It is detailed enough, accurate, and on the whole well told, although we miss the picturesqueness and life that the subject would admit of. The point of view is the moderately conservative, and the sympathies are with the Sardinian monarchy. But, while full praise — and none too high — is awarded to D'Azeglio, Cavour, Garibaldi, and Victor Emanuel, Mazzini and his followers are throughout treated, not merely in a spirit of antagonism, but with bitter, and we think unfair hostility. It should be considered that Charles Albert's conduct, which can now be explained, but could not at the time, gave Mazzini good reason to distrust him, and that Mazzini is as honest in his republicanism as D'Azeglio in his preference for a monarchy. Mazzini's present position proves that he is not an impracticable visionary, as represented.

In the late Dr. Alcott's forty years' experience \( \) we find a great amount of shrewdness, good sense, and entertaining anecdote; a good deal, also, of that sincere, half-morbid, one-sided, and crotchety notion of men and things,—forbidding meats, and holding that no apology can justify the use of butter,—so common with a large class of popular medico-critics. For some of Dr. Alcott's writings we have a sincere respect, and for his "Young Man's Guide" in particular, recollections of personal gratitude besides. But his experience as a man of unhealthy habit, struggling with disease as well as ignorance and error, in the capacity of patient too as well as doctor, is no fair gauge of the sensations of robuster men. The book is a very curious and amusing picture of a rather obscure side of modern New England life, and is a mark honestly made in a needed direction.

<sup>\*</sup> The Minister's Wooing. By Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Boston: Brown, Taggard, and Chase.

<sup>†</sup> Home Dramas for Young People. Compiled by ELIZA LEE FOLLEN. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co.

<sup>†</sup> The Vicissitudes of Italy since the Congress of Vienna. By A. L. V. Gretton. London and New York: Routledge, Warner, and Routledge. 1859. 16mo. pp. 320.

Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co.

Or the same class are two little works sent us, on Alcohol and Tobacco, - two, certainly, of the great mischief-breeders in the highwrought, unwholesome mode of civilization in which too many among us Their argument is doubtless needed and timely. Physiologists and historians have concurred in speaking with seriousness, and even alarm, of the past and probable effect of these violent medical agents, which have become great staples of trade and luxury. But even the briefest popular treatise ought, for its best effect, to speak in the calm, unexaggerated language of science, and proceed mainly by a strict exposition of authentic and average facts.

THE death of the author of "Aguecheek" is a real loss to our literary community. His ability, genial spirit, and graceful style would no doubt have been turned to good account had he lived. The volume before us is made up, in about equal proportion, of reminiscences of travel and of miscellaneous essays, - on the whole very pleasant reading. The fault of the book is its ultra-conservative tone, altogether unworthy of a young American. We are pleased with his hearty vindication of French and Italian character and manners, so often unjustly aspersed by American writers, and glad that he does not spare the faults and foibles of his own country; but are sorry that he does this, not in an appreciative, American spirit, but in that of an admirer of despotism. It is one thing to vindicate Napoleon III. from unfair judgments, another to eulogize him as the greatest and best of sovereigns, and to justify his disregard of oath in seizing the crown by comparing it with Washington's breaking the allegiance implied in his acceptance of a commission under Braddock. The author disregards historical truth in speaking of "the sanguinary and sacrilegious Roman republic," and exhibits throughout the work the spirit, not of a judicious conservative, but of a blind reactionaire.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

#### THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

A Commentary, Explanatory, Doctrinal, and Practical, on the Epistle to the Ephesians. By R. E. Pattison. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 244.

Life's Morning; or, Counsels and Encouragements for Youthful Christians.

Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 16mo. pp. 266.

Lessons from Jesus; or, The Teachings of Divine Love. By W. P. Bal-

fern. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 324.
Smooth Stones taken from Ancient Brooks; being a Collection of Sentences, Illustrations, and Quaint Sayings, from the Works of that renowned Puritan, Thomas Brooks. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. 18mo. pp. 269.

Sunday Morning Thoughts; or, Great Truths in Plain Words. Sunday Evening Thoughts; or, Great Truths in Plain Words. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 219, 206.

God in His Providence. A Comprehensive View of the Principles and

<sup>\*</sup> Aguecheek. Boston: Shepard, Clark, and Brown. 1859. 12mo. pp. 336.

Particulars of an Active Divine Providence over Man. By Woodbury M. Fernald. Boston: Otis Clapp. 12mo. pp. 437.

#### ESSAYS, ETC.

Moral Philosophy, including Theoretical and Practical Ethics. By Joseph

Haven, D. D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 366.

British Novelists and their Styles: being a Critical Sketch of the History of British Proce Fiction. By David Masson. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 16mo. pp. 312. (See p. 461.)

Political Economy: designed as a Text-Book for Colleges. By John Bascom, A. M., Professor in Williams College. Andover: W. F. Draper. 12mo.

Logic of Political Economy, and Other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey.

Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 387.
Orations and Speeches on Various Occasions. By Edward Everett. Vol. III. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 8vo. pp. 847. (See p. 464.)

Historical Vindication. A Discourse on the Province and Uses of Baptist History. By S. S. Cutting. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 224.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Forty Years in the Wilderness of Pills and Powders; or, The Cogitations and Confessions of an Aged Physician. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 12mo.

pp. 384. (See p. 466.)

The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism. By Abel Stevens. Vol. II. From the Death of Whitefield to the Death of Wesley. New York: Carleton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 520.

A Memoir of the late Rev. George 'Armstrong, of Bristol, (England,) with

Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. By Robert Henderson. London: Edward T. Whitfield. 8vo. pp. 400. (See p. 464.)

The History of the Reformation in Sweden. By L. A. Anjou, Councillor to the King of Sweden. Translated from the Swedish by Henry M. Mason. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 668.

Historical Sketches of Hymns, their Writers and their Influence. By Joseph Belcher, D.D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. 12mo. pp. 415.

(See p. 449.)

Life of Hannibal. By Thomas Arnold, D.D. Life of Thomas à Becket. By Henry Hart Milman. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 320, 246. (See p. 465.)

History of the Life and Times of James Madison. By William C. Rives.

Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 660. (See p. 451.)

The Monarchies of Continental Europe. The Empire of Russia, from the Remotest Periods to the Present Time. By John S. C. Abbott. New York:

Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 528.

The Puritans: or, The Church, Court, and Parliament of England during the Reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. By Samuel Hopkins.

3 vols. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 549.

Leaders of the Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Latimer, Knox, the Representative Men of Germany, France, England, and Scotland. By John Tulloch, D.D. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 309.

#### GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Life in Tuscany. By Mabel Sharman Crawford. New York: Sheldon & Blakeman. 12mo. pp. 353. (See p. 459.)

Highways of Travel: or, A Summer in Europe. By Margaret J. M. Sweat.

Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 364. (See p. 460.)
Fiji and the Fijians. By Thomas Williams and James Calvert. Edited by
George Stringer Rowe. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 551.

#### POETRY AND FICTION.

The Works of William Shakespeare, &c., &c. By Richard Grant White. Vols. VI., VII., VIII. (Histories.) Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1859. 8vo. pp. 564, 468, 453.

The Rectory of Moreland; or, My Duty. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

12mo. pp. 339.

My Third Book; a Collection of Tales. By Louise Chandler Moulton.

New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 434.

Henry St. John, Gentleman, of "Flower of Hundreds," in the County of Prince George, Virginia. A Tale of 1774-75. By John Esten Cooke. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 503.

Peterson's Cheap Waverley. The Highland Widow; The Surgeon's

Daughter.

Peterson's Cheap Edition of Charles Dickens. Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Almost a Heroine. By the Author of "Charles Auchester," &c. Boston:

Ticknor & Fields. 12mo. pp. 399.

Germaine. By Edmond About. Translated by Mary L. Booth. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 12mo. pp. 341.

#### EDUCATION.

A Natural Philosophy, embracing the Most Recent Discoveries in the Various Branches of Physics, and exhibiting the Application of Scientific Principles in Every-Day Life. By G. P. Quackenbos. New York: D. Apple-

ton & Co. 12mo. pp. 450.

The I. II. Philippics of Demosthenes. With Historical Introductions and Critical and Explanatory Notes. By M. J. Smead. New Edition, re-

vised. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 249.

The Student's Hume. A History of England from the Earliest Times to the Revolution in 1688. By David Hume. Abridged. Incorporating the Corrections and Researches of Recent Historians, and continued down to the Year 1858. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 789.

#### JUVENILE.

Emilie the Peacemaker. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. New York: Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 179.

Jessie Allison; or, The Transformation. By Mary A. Richards. New York.

Sheldon & Co. 16mo. pp. 234.

Home Dramas for Young People. Compiled by Eliza Lee Follen. Boston:

James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 441. (See p. 466.)

Harry Lee; or, Hope for the Poor. With eight Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 381.

Mary Lee. By Kate Livermore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo.

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The Boy's Own Toy-Maker. A Practical Illustrated Guide to the Useful Employment of Leisure Hours. By E. Landells. With numerous Engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 153.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea, viewed Classically, Poetically, and Practically; containing numerous Curious Dishes and Feasts of all Times and all Countries, besides three hundred Modern Receipts. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 851.

Rab and his Friends. By John Brown, M. D. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

pp. 31.

Chambers's Encyclopædia. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the

People. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Parts 4, 5.

Alcohol; its Place and Power. By James Miller (Professor of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh). From the 19th Glasgow Edition. 12mo. pp. 179;—and The Use and Abuse of Tobacco. By John Lizars. From the 8th Edinburgh Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. pp. 138. (See p. 467.)

A Plea for the Indians; with Facts and Features of the Late War in Oregon. By John Beeson. New York: John Beeson. 18mo. pp. 148.

Recollections. By Samuel Rogers. Boston: Bartlett & Miles. 12mo-

pp. 253.

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. VII. Edward — Fueros. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 792. (See p. 465.)

#### PAMPHLETS.

Transactions of the New England Methodist Historical Society. No. 1. Introduction of Methodism into Boston. A Discourse by Rev. S. W. Coggeshall. Boston: George C. Rand & Co. pp. 53.

The Right of Property in Man. A Discourse delivered in the First Congregational Unitarian Church, Sunday, July 3, 1859. By W. H. Furness. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son. pp. 23.

Three Discourses on the Religion of Reason. By Gerritt Smith. New

York: Ross & Toucey. pp. 85. (See p. 439.)

The Broad Church. Some Considerations upon "The Suspense of Faith," (an Address by Rev. Dr. Bellows,) originally published in the Boston Courier, August 20, 1859. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. pp. 23.

Popular Sovereignty in the Territories. The Dividing Line between Federal and Local Authority. By Stephen A. Douglas. New York: Harper &

Brothers. pp. 40.

A Sequel to "The Suspense of Faith." By Henry W. Bellows, D.D. New

York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 48. (See p. 441.)

The Coming Church and its Clergy. Address to the Graduating Class at the Meadville Theological School, June 30, 1858. By Samuel Osgood. 2d Edition. New York: Christian Inquirer Office. pp. 32.
Discourse on the Life and Character of Joseph Brown Smith, late Professor

of Music in the Kentucky Institution for the Blind. By John H. Heywood.

Louisville, Ky.: Hanna & Co. pp. 16.

Theodore Parker and his Theology. A Discourse delivered in the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Sept. 25, 1859. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston:

Walker, Wise, & Co. pp. 23. (See p. 442.)

The Moon Hoax; or, A Discovery that the Moon has a vast Population of Human Beings. By Richard Adams Locke. New York: William Gowans. (A thing of a good deal of celebrity in 1835; rather a poor curiosity now.)

Address commemorative of Rufus Choate. By Theophilus Parsons. livered before the Students of the Law School of Harvard University. Bos-

ton: Little, Brown, & Co. pp. 40.

A Church Memorial; consisting of the History of the First Unitarian Congregational Society in the City of Nashua, N. H., &c. Beard. pp. 89.

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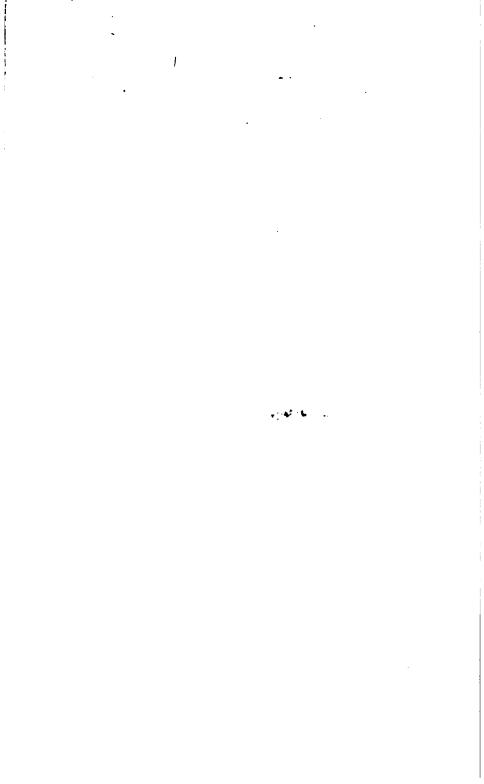
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